SHARED PRINT RETAINED ITEM
DO NOT REMOVE FROM COLLECTION
PRIOR
TO
2032

DO NOT REMOVE FROM COLLECTION
SHARED PRINT RETAINED ITEM

HOLY NAMES UNIVERSITY

PAUL J. CUSHING LIBRARY
library.hnu.edu
34681000752094

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/sinkingoftitanic0000jayh

MEMORIAL EDITION

SINKING OF THE "TITANIC"

MOST APPALLING

OCEAN HORROR

WITH GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF HUNDREDS SWEPT TO ETERNITY BENEATH THE WAVES; PANIC STRICKEN MULTITUDE FACING SURE DEATH, AND THRILLING

STORIES OF THIS MOST OVERWHELMING CATASTROPHE

TO WHICH IS ADDED VIVID ACCOUNTS OF HEART-RENDING SCENES, WHEN HUNDREDS WERE DOOMED TO WATERY GRAVES, COMPILED FROM SOUL STIRRING STORIES TOLD BY EYE WITNESSES OF THIS TERRIBLE HORROR OF THE BRINY DEEP

BY JAY HENRY MOWBRAY, PH.D., LL.D.

The Well Known Author

Profusely Illustrated with a Great Many Photographs of Thrilling Scenes in this Fearful Catastrophe

TO WHICH IS ADDED ACCOUNTS OF OTHER GREAT DISASTERS

G530
T6M7

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1912, BY
GEO. W. BERTRON
THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.

01459

PREFACE.

"WE are as near Heaven by sea as by land," cried Sir Humphrey Gilbert, ere his ship sank with him; and the hundreds who perished in the ocean within reach of the exultant welcome and the festal preparation of the shore have found Paradise as surely, and in giving "the last full measure of devotion" have gone as brave men would wish to go.

Sorrow that is too deep and strong for words clutches the heart-strings of humanity and the Nation mourns for the heroic dead, who were carried down into the sea with the crushed "Titanic." They faced death with high hearts, making the Supreme Sacrifice so that the women and the helpless little ones might live.

It is a heart-rending story, redeemed and ennobled by the heroism of the victims. Its details are appalling. The world is full of mournings for the dead. Nature has conquered again, destroying with ruthless hand the most marvelous ship that ever floated on the bosom of the deep.

It is the worst disaster that ever befell any vessel. It is the wrecking of a whole armada within one hull of steel, vaunted as unsinkable.

The sinking of the "Titanic" is an appalling catastrophe, in the contemplation of which any words that can be uttered are as futile as in the presence of the awful majesty of the Angel of Death.

The maiden trip of the newest, staunchest and greatest of the modern ocean greyhounds has thus apparently ended in the most appalling marine disaster ever recorded.

The first advices brought word of the safe removal of all the passengers and the possible success of the crew in their endeavor to bring the noblest ship afloat to shallow water. Another triumph of the wireless telegraph was hailed, and from both shores went up a paean of thanksgiving that the overwhelming loss was not of life but of things material, that, however valuable, are far less dear and can one day be replaced.

But now as a bolt from the blue, and as a forecast of the final mortal terrors of the Day of Judgment, comes the message that of 2300 souls aboard, but 700—chiefly women and children—have been saved.

All earthly concerns beside this calamity seem to fade into littleness and nothingness. The sole redeeming circumstance is that heroes met their death like men, and that human love was victorious over human terror, and mightier than Death and the open grave of the remorseless deep.

The one alleviating circumstance in this terrible tragedy is the fact that the men stood aside and insisted that the women and children should first have places in the boats.

There were men who were accustomed merely to pronounce a wish to have it gratified. For one of the humblest fishing smacks or a dory they could have given the price that was paid to build the immense ship that has become the most imposing mausoleum that ever housed the bones of men since the Pyramids rose from the desert sands.

But these men stood aside—one can see them—and gave place not merely to the delicate and the refined, but to the scared woman from the steerage with her toddler by her side, coming through the very gate of Death and out of the mouth of Hell to the imagined Eden of America.

To many of those who went it was harder to go than to stay there on the vessel gaping with its mortal wounds and ready to go down. It meant that tossing on the waters they must wait in suspense, hour after hour, even after the lights of the ship were engulfed in appalling darkness, hoping against hope for the miracle of a rescue dearer to them than their own lives.

It was the tradition of Anglo-Saxon heroism that was fulfilled in the frozen seas during the black hours of the night. The heroism was that of the women who went, as well as of the men who remained.

The sympathy of all the world will go out to the stricken survivors of the victims of a world-wide calamity.

INTRODUCTION.

THE human imagination is unequal to the reconstruction of the appalling scene of the disaster in the North Atlantic. No picture of the pen or of the painter's brush can adequately represent the magnitude of the calamity that has made the whole world kin.

How trivial in such an hour seem the ordinary affairs of civilized mankind—the minor ramifications of politics, the frenetic rivalry of candidates, the haggle of stock speculators. We are suddenly, by an awful visitation, made to see our human transactions in their true perspective, as small as they really are.

Man's pride is profoundly humbled: he must confess that the victory this time has gone to the blind, inexorable forces of nature, except in so far as the manifestation of the heroic virtues is concerned.

The ship that went to her final resting place two miles below the placid, unconfessing level of the sea represented all that science and art knew how to contribute to the expedition of traffic, to the comfort and enjoyment of voyagers.

She had 15 watertight steel compartments supposed to render her unsinkable. She was possessed of submarine signals with microphones, to tell the bridge by means of wires when shore or ship or any other object was at hand.

There was a collision bulkhead to safeguard the ship against the invasion of water amidships should the bow be torn away. In a word, the boat was as safe and sound as the shipbuilder could make it.

It was the pride of the owners and the commander that what has happened could not possibly occur. And yet the Titanic went down, and carried to their doom hundreds of passengers and men who intimately knew the sea and had faced every peril that the navigator meets.

In the hours between half-past 10 on Sunday night and half-past 2 Monday morning, while the ship still floated, what did the luxuries of their $10,000,000 castle on the ocean avail those who trod the eight steel decks, not knowing at what moment the whole glittering fabric might plunge with them—as it did plunge—to the unplumbed abyss below?

What was it, in those agonizing hours, to the men who remained aboard, or to the women and children placed in the boats, that there were three electric elevators, squash courts and Turkish baths, a hospital with an operating room, private promenade decks and Renaissance cabins? What is it to a man about to die to know that there is at hand a palm garden or a darkroom for photography, or the tapestry of an English castle or a dinner service of 10,000 pieces of silver and gold?

In that midnight crisis the one thing needful was not provided, where everything was supplied. The one inadequacy was—the lack of lifeboats.

In the supreme confidence of the tacit assumption that they never would be needed, the means of rescue—except in a pitably meagre insufficiency—was not at hand. There were apparently but 20 boats and rafts available, each capable of sustaining at most 60 persons.

Yet the ship was built to carry 2435 passengers and 860 in the crew—a total of 3295 persons.

Whatever the luxuriousness of the appointments, the magnificance of the carvings and the paintings that surfeited the eye, the amplitude of the space alloted for the promenade, it seems incredible no calculation was made for the rescue of at least 2000 of the possible floating population of the Titanic.

The result of the tragedy must be that aroused public opinion will compel the formulation of new and drastic regulations, alike by the British Board of Trade and by the Federal authorities, providing not merely for the adequate equipment of every ship with salvatory apparatus but for rigorous periodical inspection of the appliances and a constant drill of the crew.

Let there be an end of boasting about the supremacy of man to the immitigable laws and forces of nature. Let the grief of mankind be assuaged not in idle lamentation but in amelioration of the conditions that brought about the saddest episode in the history of ships at sea.

The particular line that owned and sent forth the vessel that has perished has been no more to blame than others that similarly ignored elemental precautions in favor of superfluous comforts, in a false sense of security.

When the last boatload of priceless human life swung away from the davits of the Titanic, it left behind on the decks of the doomed ship hundreds of men who knew that the vessel's mortal wound spelt Death for them also. But no cravens these men who went to their nameless graves, nor scourged as the galley slave to his dungeon.

Called suddenly from the ordinary pleasure of ship life and fancied security, they were in a moment confronted with the direct peril of the sea, and the absolute certainty that, while some could go to safety, many must remain.

It was the supreme test, for if a man lose his life he loses all. But, had the grim alternative thought to mock the cowardice of the breed, it was doomed to disappointment.

Silently these men stood aside. "Women first," the inexorable law of the sea, which one disobeys only to court everlasting ignominy,, undoubtedly had no place in their minds. "Women first," the common law of humanity, born of chivalry and the nobler spirit of self-sacrifice, prevailed.

They simply stood aside.

The first blush of poignant grief will pass from those who survive and were bereft. But always will they sense in its fullest meaning this greatest of all sacrifice. Ever must it remain as a reassuring knowledge of the love, and faithfulness, and courage, of the Man, and of his care for the weak.

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Hymn for Survivors of the Titanic.

By HALL CAINE;
The Great English Novelist.

[To Tune of "God Our Help in Ages Past."]

Lord of the everlasting hills,
God of the boundless sea,
Help us through all the shocks of fate
To keep our trust in Thee.

When nature's unrelenting arm
Sweeps us like withes away,
Maker of man, be Thou our strength
And our eternal stay.

When blind, insensate, heartless force
Puts out our passing breath,
Make us to see Thy guiding light
In darkness and in death.

Beneath the roll of soundless waves
Our best and bravest lie;
Give us to feel their spirits live
Immortal in the sky.

We are Thy children, frail and small,
Formed of the lowly sod,
Comfort our bruised and bleeding souls,
Father and Lord and God.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE. iii

INTRODUCTION. v

CONTENTS ix

GREAT MARINE DISASTERS FROM 1866 TO 1911. xiii

HYMN FOR THE SURVIVORS OF THE TITANIC, BY HALL CAINE, THE GREAT ENGLISH NOVELIST xvi

CHAPTER I.

FROM A DAY OF DELIGHT TO DEATH.

April 14, 1912, a Fateful Date—Lulled to False Security—Peaceful Sabbath Ends in Dire Disaster—Hopes Sink Beneath the Cruel and Treacherous Waves of the Atlantic—Man's Proudest Craft Crumbles Like an Eggshell 17

CHAPTER II.

HEART-RENDING SCENES ON CARPATHIA.

The Next Day—Caring for the Sick—Meeting of the Survivors—Personal Wireless Messages Gives Precedence—Marconi's Appeal Fruitless—Quartermaster Tells Story 35

CHAPTER III.

BAND PLAYED TO THE LAST.

Suffering in the Lifeboats—Statement by Ismay—Would not Desert Husband—Thirty on Raft in Icy Water—Colonel Astor a Hero—Joked Over Collision—Officer Saves Many Lives 45

CHAPTER IV.

NEGLECT CAUSED DISASTER.

Tardy Answer to Telephone Call—Lookout's Signals Not Answered—Ship Could Have Been Saved—Three Fatal Minutes—Ismay Accused—Women Help With Oars—Ship Broken in Two—Band Played Till Last 57

CHAPTER V.

BELIEVED SHIP UNSINKABLE.

Shots and Hymn Mingle—Titanic Settled Slowly—Best Traditions Upheld by Passengers and Crew—Boiler Explosions Tore Ship Apart—Anguish in the Boats—Survivors Carried to Carpathia—Not Enough Provision Against Accident 68

CHAPTER VI.

HOW SURVIVORS ESCAPED.

Managing Director Accused—Stoker Makes Direct Charge—Supported by Many Survivors—Tells About It—"Please Don't Knock"—Demanded Food—Brave Lot of Women—First Officer Shot Himself 81

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN'S THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Barber Says Good Word for Accused Shipowner—Claims He was a Witness—Saw the Whole Scene—Woman Tells Different Tale—Mrs. Carter's Thrilling Narrative—Barber's Story Differs From Ismay's Own 91

CHAPTER VIII.

SURVIVORS' STIRRING STORIES.

Survivors' Stirring Stories—How Young Thayer Was Saved—His Father, Second Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Drowned—Mrs. Straus' Pathetic Death—Black Coward Shot—Countess Aids in Rowing Boat 103

CHAPTER IX.

HOW ASTOR WENT TO DEATH.

How Astor Went to Death—"I Resign Myself to My Fate," He Said—Kissed Wife Fond Farewell—Lifted Cap to Wife as Boat Left Ship—Crushed to Death By Ice—Famous Novelist's Daughter Hears of His Death—Philadelphia Millionaires' Heroism—Last to See Widener Alive—Major Butt Dies a Soldier's Death 113

CHAPTER X.

NOTABLE WOMAN SAVED.

Praises Captain and Crew—Bids President of Grand Trunk Railway Good-bye—In Water for Six Hours—Saved by Cake of Ice—Boats not Filled, she says—Millionaire Died to Save Wife's Maid—Heroic Sacrifice of Railroad Official 126

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR BUTT, MARTYR TO DUTY.

Major Butt Martyr to Duty—Woman's Soul-Stirring Tribute—Died Like a Soldier—Was the Man of the Hour—Assisted Captain and Officers in Saving Women—Cool as if on Dress Parade—Robert M. Daniel Tells of Disaster and Death of Heroes—Tiny Waifs of the Sea . 138

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. ASTOR'S BRAVERY.

Showed Wonderful Fortitude in the Hour of Peril—Sailors in Lifeboat Tell of Her Heroism—Pleaded to Remain With Husband—Change Clothes to Embark—Seamen Confirm Murdock's Suicide—One Heartless Fiend—Williams Killed as Funnel Fell 148

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFEBOATS BUNGLINGLY HANDLED.

Widow of College Founder Scores Management for Lack of Drill—First Thought Damage was Slight—Aid May Have Been Near—No Oil in Life Lamps—Hudson, N. Y., Woman's Pathetic Recital—A. A. Dick, of New York, Talks 159

CHAPTER XIV.

NOT LIKE BOURGOGNE DISASTER.

Lone Woman Survivor Makes Comparison—Does Not Like "Law of the Sea"—Families First, It Should Be, She Says—Husband Greeted Like the Hero He was—Privations and Horror Hasten Death . 171

CHAPTER XV.

BOY'S DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Plunged Into Icy Sea—Did Not See Berg—Parted From Parents—Saw Many Jump Overboard—Leaped Into Ocean—Eight Year Old Boy's Narrative—Was "Very Quiet After He Was In Boat"—Another Lad Tells How He Saw His Uncle Die 188

CHAPTER XVI.

CARPATHIA TO THE RESCUE.

Cunarder's Race to Titanic's Aid—Captain Rostrom's Unvarnished but Dramatic Report—Knot in Operator's Shoelace Saved Hundreds of Lives—Was About to Retire, But Slight Delay Enabled Him to Hear Message—Icebergs Defied in Desperate Rush 199

CHAPTER XVII.

REFUSED TO LEAVE HUSBAND.

"Where You Are I Shall Be," Says Mrs. Isidor Straus—He Begged Her in Vain to Enter the Waiting Lifeboat—Women Row Lifeboats—Stokers no Oarsmen—Crazed Men Rescued—Collapsible Boats Failed to Work 205

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY DUFF-GORDON'S EXPERIENCES.

Says it was as if Giant Hand had Pushed Ship Down—Realistic Picture of Titanic's Death Plunge—The Long, Dreary Wait—Man at Wheel Tells of Crash—Told by Phone "Iceberg Ahead" Just as Ship Struck—Saw Captain on Bridge 216

CHAPTER XIX.

SENATORS HEAR STARTLING STORIES.

Senators Hear Startling Stories—Probing Committee Took Prompt Action—Special Investigation to Forstall Spiriting Away of Witnesses—Prominent Persons on Stand—Carpathia's Captain and Head of White Star Line Chief Witnesses—Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy Also Testifies 205

CHAPTER XX.

SURVIVING OPERATOR'S EXPERIENCES.

Surviving Operator's Experiences—Tells Senator How He Escaped—Tale of Suffering and Death—Managing Director's Flight Balked—Long Hours and Low Wages for Wireless Men—Refused Helf from Frankfurt—Called Its Operator a Fool—Laxity of Wireless—Denies Sending "Saved" Message—Gave Warning of Ice 248

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FUNERAL SHIP AND ITS DEAD.

116 Buried at Sea—Nearly all Sailors—No Prominent Men Buried—No Bullet Wounds Found—Halifax's Bells Toll for Dead—Astor's Body Identified—Death Ship's Voyage—The Captain's Story—Canon Hind's Narrative. 258

CHAPTER XXII.

INQUIRY BY UNITED STATES SENATE.

Loading at the Rail—Inadequate Life-saving Appliances—No Extra Lookout—Searchlights Blinding—Wireless Rivals Not All Aroused—Went to Death in Sleep—Scratch Seamen—Cries of Agony—A Pitiful Story—Senators Ascertain Pertinent Facts—Much Good Accomplished. 271

List of Titanic Passengers Missing and Rescued 281

GREAT MARINE DISASTERS FROM 1866 TO 1911.

Among the great marine disasters on record that have resulted in loss of lives and vessels are:

1866, Jan. 11.—Steamship London, on her way to Melbourne, foundered in the Bay of Biscay; 220 lives lost.

1866, Oct. 3.—Steamship Evening Star, from New York to New Orleans, foundered; about 250 lives lost.

1867, Oct. 29.—Royal Mail steamships Rhone and Wye and about 50 other vessels driven ashore and wrecked at St. Thomas, West Indies, by a hurricane; about 100 lives lost.

1870, —Indian Line steamship City of Boston left New York with 117 passengers and was never heard from.

1871, July 30.—Staten Island ferryboat Westfield exploded in New York hurricane; about 1000 lives lost.

1873, Jan. 22.—British steamship North Fleet sunk in collision off Dungeness; 300 lives lost.

1873, Nov. 23.—White Star liner Atlantic wrecked off Nova Scotia; 547 lives lost.

1873, Nov. 23.—French liner Ville du Havre, from New York to Havre, lost in collision with ship Lochearn; sank in 16 minutes; 110 lives lost.

1874, Dec. 26.—Immigrant vesse! Cospatrick took fire and sank off Auckland; 476 lives lost.

1875, May 7.—Hamburg Mail steamship Schiller wrecked in fog on Sicily Isles; 200 lives lost.

1875, Nov. 4.—American steamship Pacific in collision 30 miles southwest of Cape Flattery; 236 lives lost.

1877, Nov. 24.—U. S. sloop of war Huron wrecked off North Carolina coast; 110 lives lost.

1878, Jan. 31.—Steamship Metropolis wrecked off North Carolina; 104 lives lost.

1878, March 24.—British training ship Eurydice, a frigate, foundered near the Isle of Wight; 300 lives lost.

1878, Sept. 3.—British iron steamship Princess Alice sunk in collision in the Thames; 700 lives lost.

1878, Dec. 18.—French steamship Byzantin sunk in collision in the Dardanelles with the British steamship Rinaldo; 210 lives lost.

1879, Dec 2.—Steamship Borusia sunk off coast of Spain; 174 lives lost.
1880, Jan. 31.—British training ship Atlanta left Bermuda with 290 men and was never heard from.
1881, Aug. 30.—Steamship Teuton wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope; 200 lives lost.
1883, July 3.—Steamship Daphne turned turtle in the Clyde; 124 lives lost.
1884, Jan. 18.—American steamship City of Columbus wrecked off Gay Head Light, Mass.; 99 lives lost.
1884, April 19.—Bark Ponema and steamship State of Florida sank in mid-ocean after collision; 145 lives lost.
1884, July 23.—Spanish steamship Gijon and British steamship Lux in collision off Finistere; 150 lives lost.
1887, Jan. 29.—Steamship Kapunda in collision with bark Ada Melore off coast of Brazil; 300 lives lost.
1887, Nov. 15.—British steamship Wah Young caught fire between Canton and Hongkong; 400 lives lost.
1888, Sept. 13.—Italian steamship Sud America and steamship La France in collision near the Canary Islands; 89 lives lost.
1889, March 16.—U. S. warship Trenton, Vandalia and Lipsic and German ships Adler and Eber wrecked on Samoan Islands; 147 lives lost.
1890, Jan. 2.—Steamship Persia wrecked off Corsica; 130 lives lost.
1890, Feb. 17.—British steamship Duburg wrecked in China Sea; 400 lives lost.
1890, March 1.—British steamship Quetia foundered in Lorres Straits; 124 lives lost.
1890, Sept. 19.—Turkish frigate Ertogrul foundered off Japan; 540 lives lost.
1890, Dec. 27.—British steamship Shanghai burned in China Sea; 101 lives lost.
1891, March 17.—Anchor liner Utopia in collision with British steamship Anson off Gibraltar and sunk; 574 lives lost.
1891, April 16.—British ship St. Catharis wrecked off Caroline Island; 90 lives lost.
1892, Jan. 13.—Steamship Namehow wrecked in China Sea; 414 lives lost.
1892, Oct. 28.—Anchor liner Romania wrecked off Corsica; 113 lives lost.
1893, Feb. 8.—Anchor line Trinalria wrecked off Spain; 115 lives lost.
1893, June 22.—British battleship Pretoria sunk in collision with the Camperdown off Syria; 357 lives lost.
1894, Nov. 1.—Steamship Wairaro wrecked off New Zealand; 134 lives lost.
1894, June 25.—Steamship Norge wrecked on Rockall Reef in North Atlantic; nearly 600 lives lost.

1895, Jan. 30.—German steamship Elbe, sunk in collision with British steamship Grathie in North Sea; 335 lives lost.
1895, March 11.—Spanish cruiser Reina Regenta foundered in Atlantic at entrance to Mediterranean; 400 lives lost.
1898, July 2.—Steamship Bourgogne rammed British steel sailing vessel Cromartshire and sank rapidly; 571 lies lost.
1904, June 15.—General Slocum, excursion steamboat with 1400 persons aboard; took fire going through Hell Gate, East River; more than 1000 lives lost.
1905, Sept. 12.—Japanese warship Mikasa sunk after explosion in Sasebo harbor; 599 lives lost.
1907, Feb. 12.—Steamship Larchmont in collision with Harry Hamilton in Long Island Sound; 183 lives lost.
1907, Feb. 21.—English mail steamship Berlin wrecked off the Hook of Holland; 142 lives lost.
1907, Feb. 24.—Austrian Lloyd steamship Imperatrix, from Trieste to Bombay, wrecked on Cape of Crete and sunk; 137 lives lost.
1907, Jan.—British steamship Pengwern foundered in the North Sea; crew and 24 men lost.
1907, Jan.—Prinz Waldemar, Hamburg-American line, aground at Kingston, Jamaica, after earthquake; 3 lives lost.
1907, Feb.—French warship Jean Bart, sunk off coast of Morocco.
1907, March.—Steamship Congo sunk at mouth of Ems river by German steamship Nerissa; 7 lives lost.
1907, March.—French warship Jena, blown up at Toulon; 120 lives lost.
1907, July.—Steamship Columbia, sunk off Shelton Cove, California, in collision with steamship San Pedro; 50 lies lost.
1908, Feb. 3.—Steamship St. Cuthbert, bound from Antwerp to New York, burned at sea off Nova Scotia; 15 lives lost.
1908, April 25.—British cruiser Gladiator rammed by American liner St. Paul off Isle of Wight; 30 lives lost.
1908, July.—Chinese warship Ying King foundered; 300 lives lost.
1908, Aug. 24.—Steamship Folgenenden wrecked; 70 persons lost.
1908, Nov. 6.—Steamship Taish sunk in storm off Etoro Island; 150 lives lost.
1911, Feb. 2.—Steamship Abenton wrecked; 70 lives lost.
1911, April 23.—Steamship Asia ran aground; 40 lives lost.
1911, Sept. 5.—Steamship Tuscapel wrecked; 81 lives lost.
1911, Oct. 2.—Steamship Hatfield in collision and sunk; 207 lives lost.
1911, April 2.—Steamship Koombuna wrecked; 150 lives lost.

HUNDREDS WEEP AT MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD FOR "ARCHIE" BUTT.

Fifteen hundred sincere mourners for Major Archibald W. Butt, lost on the Titanic, wept unashamed at his home in Augusta, Georgia, on May 2, when President Taft called his former aid affectionately by his first name and choked with tears as he paid a personal tribute to the army officer.

It was at a monster memorial service for the soldier, where all Augusta paid homage to his memory. President Taft was the main speaker. He was deeply affected by the solemn ritual.

"If Archie could have selected a time to die he would have chosen the one God gave him," the President said, his voice broken with emotion.

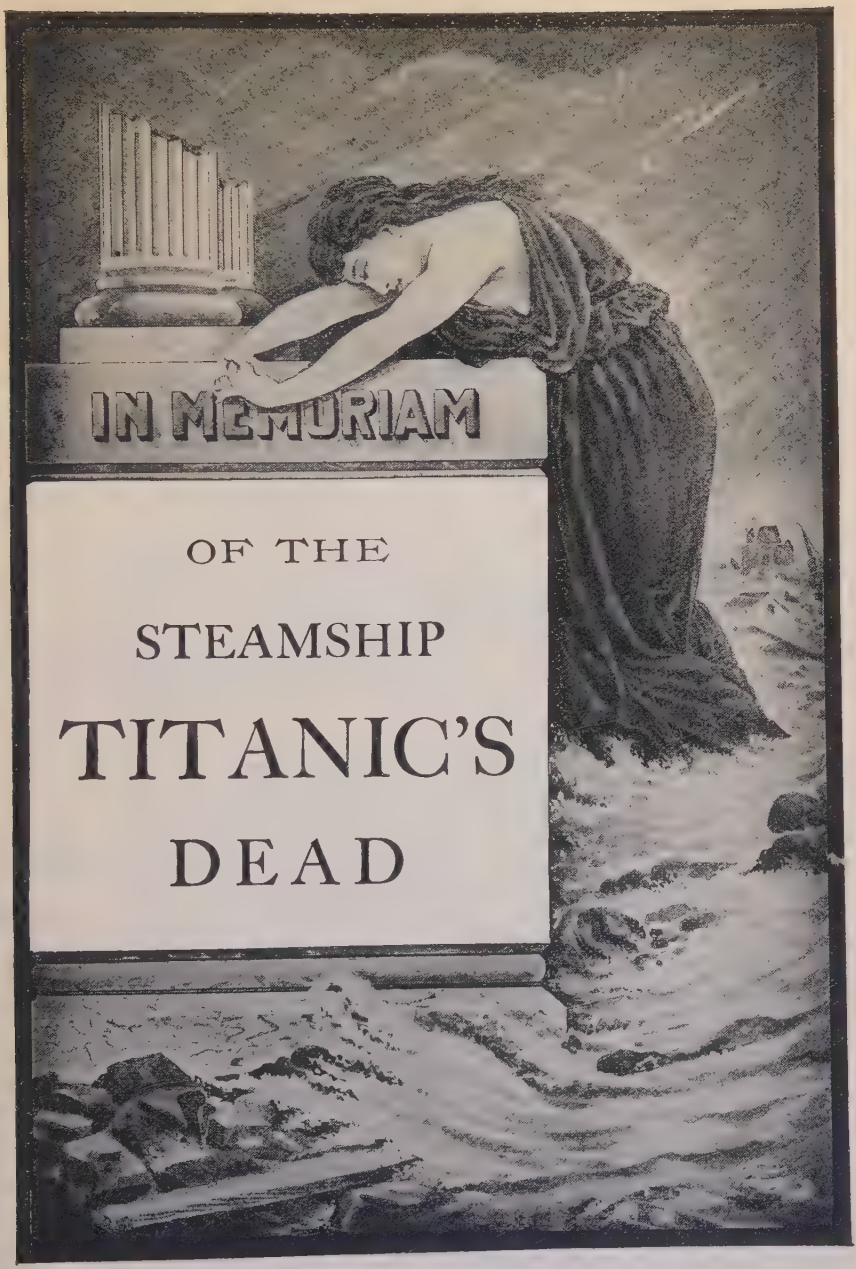
"His life was spent in self-sacrifice, serving others. His forgetfulness of self had become a part of his nature.

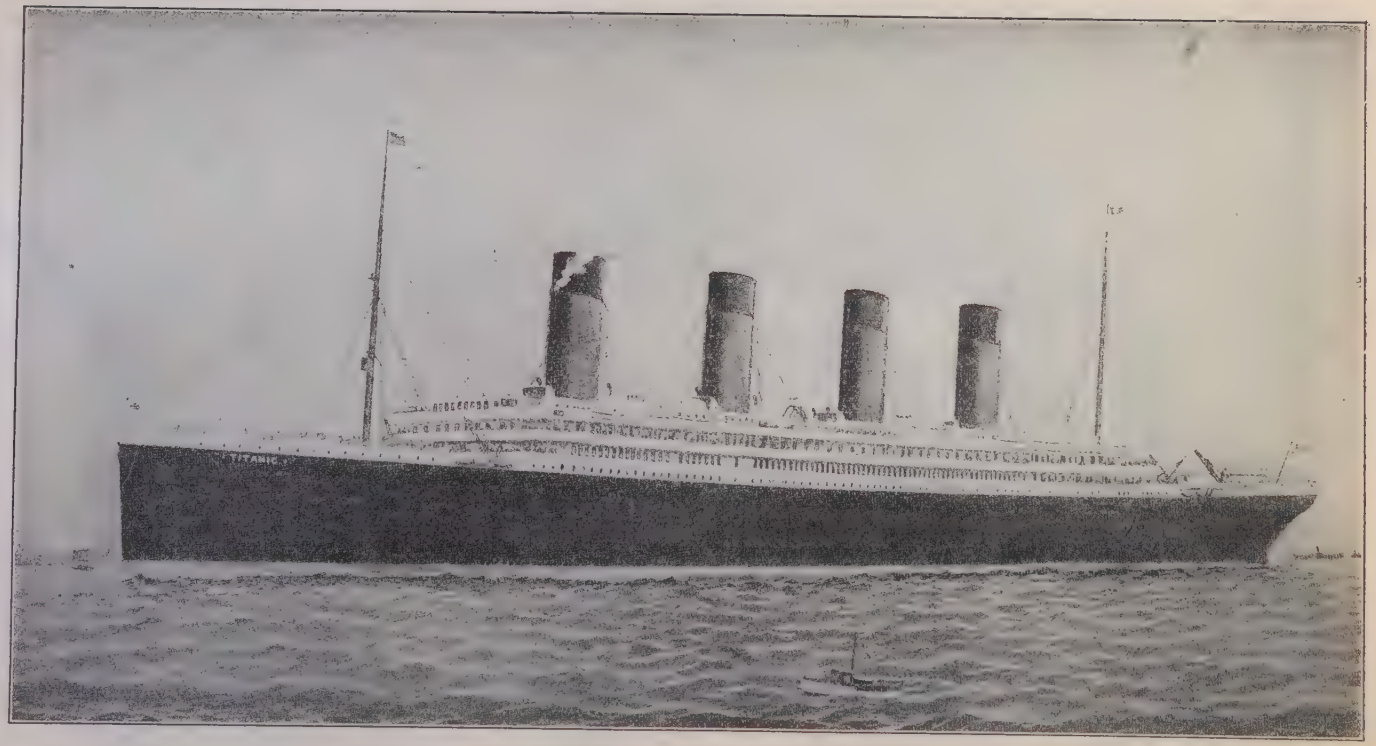
"Everybody who knew him called him Archie.

"I couldn't prepare anything in advance to say here," the President continued. "I tried, but couldn't. He was too near me. He was loyal to my predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt, who selected him to be military aid, and to me he had become as a son or a brother."

Taft pictured a new side to Major Butt's character—his love for his mother.

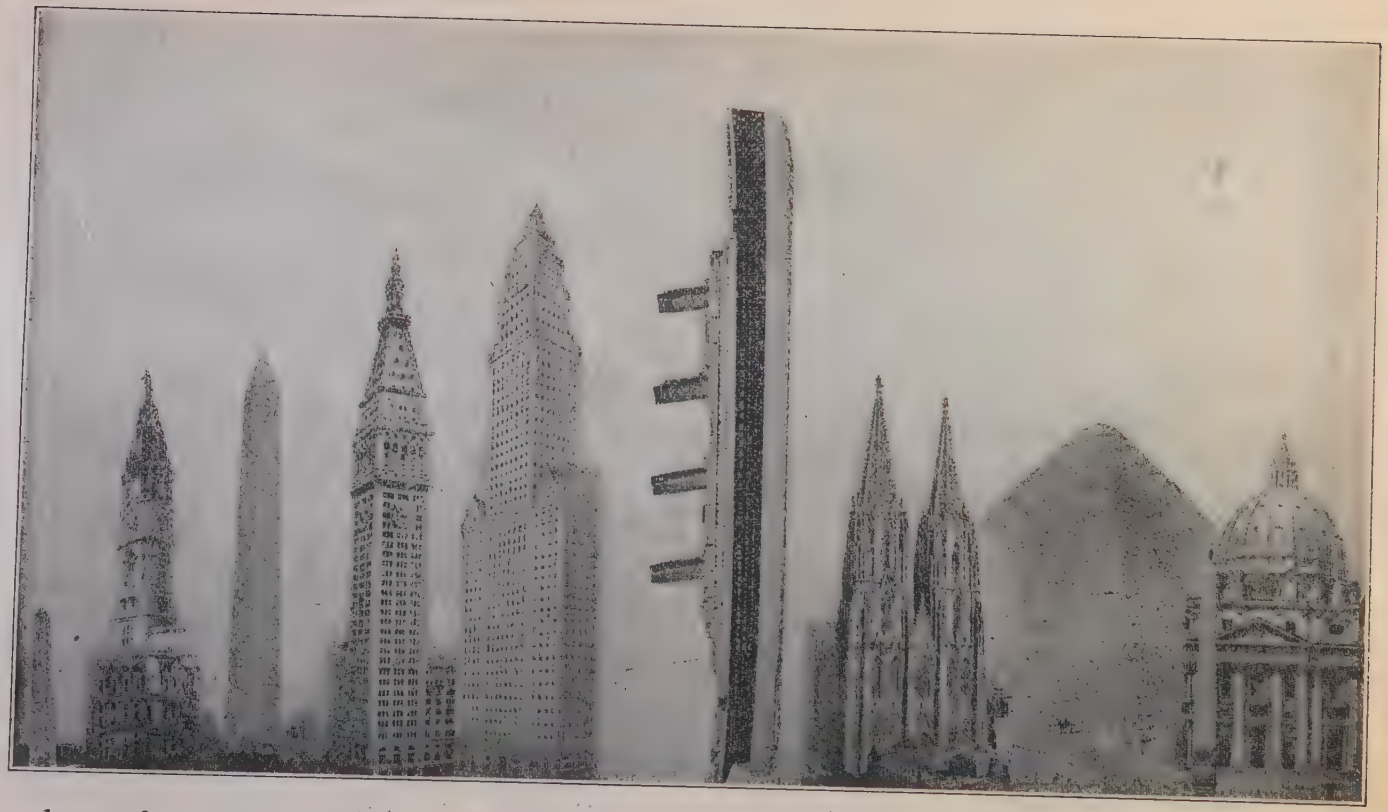
"I think he never married because of that love for her who was taken from him two years ago," the President declared.


IN MEMORIAM
OF THE
STEAMSHIP
TITANIC'S
DEAD



TRIPLE SCREW STEAMER "TITANIC" WAS THE LARGEST AND FINEST VESSEL IN THE WORLD: 882½ FEET LONG, 45,000 TONS REGISTER, 92½ FEET WIDE

Life boats of the "Titanic" which would only hold one third of the passengers. All could have been saved had there been a sufficient number of boats. These few boats rescued all that were saved from this appalling disaster.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

STEAMSHIP "TITANIC" SHOWING LENGTH AS COMPARED WITH HIGHEST BUILDINGS.

1	Bunker Hill Monument, Boston	221 Feet High	6	White Star Line's Triple Screw Steamer "TITANIC"	882½ Feet Long
2	Public Buildings, Philadelphia	534 Feet High			
3	Washington Monument, Washington	555 Feet High	7	Cologne Cathedral, Cologne, Germany	516 Feet High
4	Metropoliton Tower, New York	700 Feet High	8	Grand Pyramid, Gizeh, Africa	451 Feet High
5	New Woolworth Building, New York	750 Feet High	9	St. Peter's Church, Rome, Italy	448 Feet High

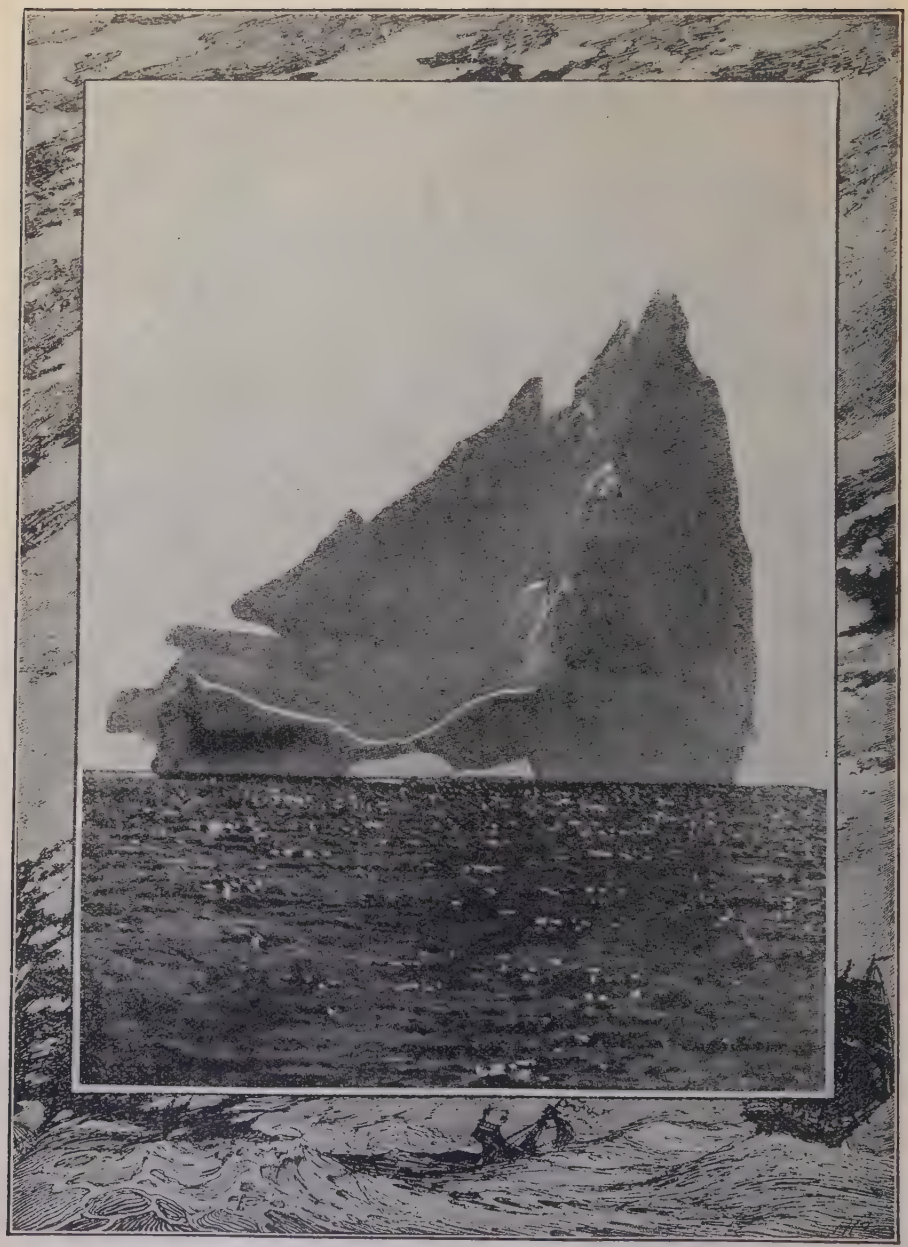
ENTRANCE HALL AND GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE "TITANIC."

A striking introduction to the wonders and beauty of the "Titanic" is the entrance hall and grand staircase in the forward section where one begins to realize for the first time the magnificence of this surpassing steamer. It is the largest and finest steamship in the world. It is indeed a floating palace.

CAPTAIN ROSTRON, OF THE "CARPATHIA," WHO RUSHED HIS SHIP TO THE RESCUE OF THE "TITANTIC'S" PASSENGERS AND BROUGHT THEM TO NEW YORK. THIS BOOK CONTAINS MANY THRILLING STORIES THAT WERE TOLD BY PASSENGERS WHILE ABOARD THIS RESCUE SHIP

WILLIAM T. STEAD OF LONDON, ENGLAND

EDITOR REVIEW OF REVIEWS, WHO STOOD BY CAPTAIN SMITH WHEN THE SHIP WAS SINKING AND WITHOUT TREPIDATION WENT TO A WATERY GRAVE



HUGE ICEBERG AS PHOTOGRAPHED ABOUT 100 MILES NORTH OF THE SCENE OF THE "TITANIC" DISASTER.

ISADORE STRAUS

THE NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE MERCHANT AND PHILANTHROPIST WHO LOST HIS LIFE ON THE GIANT TITANIC

A TYPE OF MAGNIFICENT OCEAN GREY HOUND. THE STEAMSHIP "KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA" OF HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

This steamer is 700 feet long, 77 feet wide and 54 feet deep. She has accommodations for 550 first-class passengers, 350 second-class, 300 third-class and 2300 steerage passengers, making altogether a floating city of 3500 population.

MAIN DINING ROOM, STEAMSHIP "KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA," OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

It has promenade decks, large cabins with lower berths only, grand combination suites of rooms, and in addition to the grand dining saloon a perfectly equipped restaurant. Small tables have been provided in place of the long tables that have for many years been in use on steamships.

SEEKING INFORMATION ABOUT LOST RELATIVES AND FRIENDS AT THE OFFICE OF THE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

EFFECT OF THE MIRAGE AS SEEN AMOMG THE ICE FLOES.

THE SINKING "TITANIC" CARRYING HUNDREDS OF SOULS TO WATERY GRAVES BEFORE THE EYES OF TERRIFIED SURVIVORS IN LIFEBOATS. THIS AWFUL TRAGEDY SENT A MAGNIFICENT SHIP THAT WAS CALLED "UNSINKABLE" TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN AFTER RUNNING INTO AN ICEBERG

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

THESE BRIGHT LITTLE FRENCH CHILDREN WERE RESCUED FROM THE "TITANIC;" MISS HAYS, HERSELF A SURVIVOR, IS TAKING CARE OF THEM. THEY WERE COMING TO AMERICA WITH THEIR FATHER, WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP

SINKING OF THE "TITANIC." THERE WAS A MIGHTY ROAR WHEN THE SHIP WENT DOWN. THE BOW SANK FIRST, WITH STERN POISED IN THE AIR, WHEN SUDDENLY IT PLUNGED OUT OF SIGHT, CARRYING HUNDREDS OF SOULS TO ETERNITY

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

CAPTAIN SMITH, OF THE "TITANIC" WHO HEROICALLY DID ALL HE COULD TO SAVE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND THEN LIKE THE TRUE HERO HE WAS WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP.

COL. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

GRANDSON OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ASTOR FAMILY IN AMERICA, AFTER PUTTING HIS YOUNG BRIDE IN A LIFE BOAT HE REMAINED ON THE SHIP AND DIED AS A HERO.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

CUNARD LINE STEAMSHIP "CARPATHIA," WHICH HEARD THE WIRELESS CALL OF DISTRESS AND WAS FIRST TO REACH THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AND TAKE ON BOARD THE SURVIVORS WHO WERE FOUND IN THE LIFEBOATS

RESCUED PASSENGERS IN ONE OF THE "TITANIC'S" COLLAPSEABLE LIFE-BOATS WAITING TO BE TAKEN ABOARD THE CARPATHIA.

SCENE ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE "TITANIC," SHOWING LIFE BOATS AS THEY ARE CARRIED BY ALL STEAMSHIPS. ALL THE PASSENGERS COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED IF THIS SHIP HAD CARRIED THREE TIMES AS MANY LIFEBOATS.

WIRELESS OPERATOR SENDING MESSAGES. BUT FOR THE WIRELESS, THE "TITANIC'S" PASSENGERS WOULD SURELY HAVE ALL BEEN LOST, AS THEY COULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED IN SMALL BOATS WITH ICE ALL AROUND THEM

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

BRIDE OF COLONEL ASTOR WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE TITANIC.

MAJOR ARCHIBALD BUTT, THE FAMOUS MILITARY AIDE OF TWO PRESIDENTS — ROOSEVELT AND TAFT. HE BATTLED FOR THE RESCUE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN UNTIL THE LAST LIFE BOAT HAD LEFT THE SHIP AND THEN WENT DOWN WITH THE "TITANIC" LIKE A TRUE HERO.

ONE OF THE DE LUXE ROOMS ON THE "TITANIC," SUCH AS WERE OCCUPIED BY JOHN JACOB ASTOR AND HIS BRIDE AND MANY OTHER MULTI-MILLIONAIRES WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

VIEW OF THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE ILL-FATED WHITE STAR LINER "TITANIC." THIS DECK EXTENDS NEARLY THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE SHIP, AND IS USED AS A PROMENADE FOR PASSENGERS.

PART OF THE MAGNIFICIENT CONCERT ROOM OF THE STEAMSHIP "TITANIC," WHERE WOMEN PASSENGERS SPENT MUCH OF THEIR TIME IN READING AND LISTENING TO THE MUSIC.

LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED SMOKING ROOM OF THE "TITANIC," WHERE MEN SPENT MANY SOCIAL HOURS BEFORE GOING TO THEIR WATERY GRAVES

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

CAPTAIN SMITH OF THE "TITANIC," WHO SAVED MANY WOMEN AND CHILDREN, AND THEN, LIKE A TRUE HERO, WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP. THIS PICTURE ALSO SHOWS TWO OF HIS OFFICERS

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

INTERIOR OF CUNARD LINE PIER, ALL CLEARED OUT READY TO RECEIVE THE SURVIVORS OF THE "TITANIC," ON ARRIVAL OF THE "CARPATHIA," WHERE THEY WERE MET BY RELATIVES, PHYSICIANS, NURSES AND OTHERS.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

A MOST REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY A PASSENGER ON THE "CARPATHIA," SHOWING MR. AND MRS. HARDER, A YOUNG HONEYMOON COUPLE. WHEN THE CRY CAME TO GET IN THE LIFE BOATS, THEY, AS A LARK, THINKING THERE WAS NO DANGER, JUMPED IN THE FIRST BOAT LOWERED.

J. BRUCE ISMAY, WHITE STAR LINE MANAGER.

MR. ISMAY WAS ON THE "TITANIC" AND HAS BEEN SEVERELY CRITICISED FOR HIS ACTIONS IN CONNECTION WITH THIS GREAT CALAMITY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM A DAY OF DELIGHT TO DEATH.

April 14, 1912, a Fateful Date—Lulled to False Security—Peaceful Sabbath Ends in Dire Disaster—Hopes Sink Beneath the Cruel and Treacherous Waves of the Atlantic—Man's Proudest Craft Crumbles Like an Eggshell.

The hands of the ship's clock pointed to 11.40. The beautiful day of April 14, 1912, rapidly was drawing to its close.

A solemn hush brooded over the ocean, the stillness broken only by the swish of the waters as they protested against being so rudely brushed aside by the mammoth creation of man. Then, too, the soft cadences of sacred music from the ship's orchestra sent their strains dancing o'er the billows to mingle with the star beam and intensify rather than mar the stillness.

Above, the stars and planets twinkled and glittered as they beam only in the rarified atmosphere of the far northern latitudes.

The day had been one of rare beauty. A soft and caressing breeze had kissed the sea and rocked the waves in a harmonious symphony against the steel-ribbed sides of the world's largest, greatest and most luxurious floating palace, the majestic Titanic, the newest addition to the trans-Atlantic fleet of the White Star Line of the International Navigation Company.

The star-sprinkled dome of heaven and the phosphorescent sea alike breathed forth peace, quiet and security.

Despite the lateness of the hour, aboard the Titanic all was animation. A few, to be sure, had wearied of Nature's marvels and had sought their slumber, but the gorgeous quarters of the first cabin and the scarcely less pretentious sections set apart for second class passengers were alike teeming with life and light.

Meanwhile, as they had for days past, the mighty engines of this monster of the sea pulsed and throbbed, while the rhythmic beat of the Titanic's great bronze-bladed propellors churned up a fast and steadily lengthening wake behind the speeded vessel.

"We'll break the record today," her officers laughed, and the passengers gleefully shared their mirth.

A record; a record!

And a record she made—but of death and destruction!

But who could know? And since no mortal could, why not eat, drink and be merry?

Britain's shores had been left behind far back across the waste of waters. America, the land of hope, was almost in sight ahead.

TALK OF HOME AND FRIENDS AND LIFE.

Small wonder that hundreds still strolled the Titanic's spotless, unsullied decks and talked of home and friends and life and joy and hope. Small wonder that other hundreds lounged at ease in her luxurious saloons and smoking rooms, while other scores of voyagers, their appetites whetted by the invigorating air, sat at a midnight supper to welcome the new week with a feast.

Why sleep when the wealth, the beauty, the brains, the aristocracy as well as the bone and sinew of a nation were all around one?

For, be it known, never before did ship carry so distinguished a company—a passenger list that reads like a Social Blue Book.

This maiden trip of the Titanic was an event that was to go down in history, they thought.

And so it will, but with tears on every page of the narrative and the wails of women and children in every syllable.

But since the future is unrolled only in God's own good time, how could they know?

Why wonder at their presence?

Was this not the first trip of the greatest triumph of marine architecture?

Had not the wealth and fashion of two continents so arranged their plans as to be numbered on its first passenger list?

Had not the hardy immigrant skimped and saved and schemed that he and his family should be carried to the Land of Promise aboard this greatest of all ships?

What mattered it to him that his place was in the steerage? Did not each pulsing throb of the Titanic's mighty engines bear him as far and as fast as though he, too, already held in his hand the millions he felt he was destined to win in this golden land of opportunity beyond the seas?

And so, from the loftiest promenade deck to the lowest stoke hole in the vitals of the ship peace and comfort and happiness reigned.

APPROACHING HOME AND FRIENDS.

To some the rapidly-nearing shores of America meant home —and friends. To others, opportunity—and work. Yet to all it meant the culmination of a voyage which, so far, had been one all-too-short holiday from the bustle and turmoil of a busy world.

"Man proposes, but God disposes!"

Never were truer words uttered, nor phrase more fitting to that fateful hour.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Yet the soft breeze from the south still spread its balmy, salt-laden odors to delight their senses and to lull them to a feeling of complete security.

What was that?

A cold breath as from the fastnesses of the Frost King swept the steamer's decks.

A shiver of chill drove the wearied passengers below, but sent the ship's officers scurrying to their stations. The seaman, and the seaman alone, knew that that icy chill portended icebergs —and near at hand.

Besides, twice in the last few hours had the wireless ticked

its warnings from passing vessels that the Titanic was in the vicinity of immense floes.

Why had the warning not been heeded?

Why had the ponderous engines continued to thunder with the might of a hundred thousand horses, and the ship to plunge forward into the night with the unchecked speed of an express train?

God knows!

The captain knew, but his lips are sealed in death as, a self-inflicted bullet in his brain, he lies in the cold embrace of the sea he had loved and had defied—too long.

THE LOOKOUT'S WARNING CRY.

Perhaps Bruce Ismay, the managing director of the line, who was on board—and survived when women drowned—also knows. Perhaps he will tell by whose orders those danger warnings were scoffed at and ignored.

Perhaps; perhaps!

The lookout uttered a sharp cry!

Too late!

One grinding crash and the Titanic had received its death blow. Man's proudest craft crumbled like an eggshell.

Ripped from stem to engine room by the great mass of ice she struck amidships, the Titanic's side was laid open as if by a gigantic can opener. She quickly listed to starboard and a shower of ice fell on to the forecastle deck.

Shortly before she sank she broke in two abaft the engine room, and as she disappeared beneath the water the expulsion of air or her boilers caused two explosions, which were plainly heard by the survivors adrift.

A moment more and the Titanic had gone to her doom with the fated hundreds grouped on the after deck. To the survivors they were visible to the last, and their cries and moans were pitiable.

The one alleviating circumstance in the otherwise unmitigable tragedy is the fact that the men stood aside and in-

sisted that the women and the children should first have places in the boats.

There were men whose word of command swayed boards of directors, governed institutions, disposed of millions. They were accustomed merely to pronounce a wish to have it gratified.

Thousands "posted at their bidding;" the complexion of the market altered hue when they nodded; they bought what they wanted, and for one of the humblest fishing smacks or a dory they could have given the price that was paid to build and launch the ship that has become the most imposing mausoleum that ever housed the bones of men since the Pyramids rose from the desert sands.

But these men stood aside—one can see them—and gave place not merely to the delicate and the refined, but to the scared Czech woman from the steerage, with her baby at her breast; the Croatian with a toddler by her side, coming through the very gate of Death and out of the mouth of Hell to the imagined Eden of America.

HARDER TO GO THAN TO STAY.

To many of those who went it was harder to go than to stay there on the vessel gaping with its mortal wounds and ready to go down. It meant that tossing on the waters they must wait in suspense, hour after hour even after the lights of the ship were engulfed in appalling darkness, hoping against hope for the miracle of a rescue dearer to them than their own lives.

It was the tradition of Anglo-Saxon heroism that was fulfilled in the frozen seas during the black hours of that Sunday night. The heroism was that of the women who went, as well as of the men who remained.

The most adequate story of the terrible disaster is told by a trained newspaper man, who was on the Carpathia. He says:

Cause, responsibility and similar questions regarding the stupendous disaster will be taken up in time by the British marine authorities. No disposition has been shown by any survivor to question the courage of the crew, hundreds of whom

saved others and gave their own lives with a heroism which equaled, but could not exceed, that of John Jacob Astor, Henry B. Harris, Jacques Futrelle and others in the long list of the first cabin missing.

Facts which I have established by inquiries on the Carpathia, as positively as they could be established in view of the silence of the few surviving officers, are:

That the Titanic's officers knew, several hours before the crash, of the possible nearness of icebergs.

That the Titanic's speed, nearly twenty-three knots an hour, was not slackened.

INSUFFICIENT LIFE-BOATS.

That the number of lifeboats on the Titanic was insufficient to accommodate much more than one-third of the passengers, to say nothing of the crew. Most members of the crew say there were sixteen lifeboats and two collapsibles; none say there were more than twenty boats in all. The 700 who escaped filled most of the sixteen lifeboats and the one collapsible which got away, to the limit of their capacity.

That the "women first" rule, in some cases, was applied to the extent of turning back men who were with their families, even though not enough women to fill the boats were at hand on that particular part of the deck. Some few boats were thus lowered without being completely filled, but most of these were soon filled with sailors and stewards, picked up out of the water, who helped man them.

That the bulkhead system, though probably working in the manner intended, availed only to delay the ship's sinking. The position and length of the ship's wound (on the starboard quarter) admitted icy water, which caused the boilers to explode, and these explosions practically broke the ship in two.

Had the ship struck the iceberg head-on, at whatever speed, and with whatever resultant shock, the bulkhead system of water-tight compartments would probably have saved the vessel. As one man expressed it, it was the "impossible" that happened

when, with a shock unbelievably mild, the ship's side was torn for a length which made the bulkhead system ineffective.

The Titanic was 1799 miles from Queenstown and 1191 miles from New York, speeding for a maiden voyage record. The night was starlight, the sea glassy. Lights were out in most of the staterooms and only two or three congenial groups remained in the public rooms.

In the crows' nest, or lookout, and on the bridge, officers and members of the crew were at their places, awaiting relief at midnight from their two hours' watch.

At 11.45 came the sudden sound of two gongs, a warning of immediate danger.

The crash against the iceberg, which had been sighted at only a quarter of a mile, came almost simultaneously with the clink of the levers operated by those on the bridge, which stopped the engine and closed the watertight doors.

CAPTAIN SMITH ON THE BRIDGE.

Captain Smith was on the bridge a moment later, giving orders for the summoning of all on board and for the putting on of life preservers and the lowering of the lifeboats.

The first boats lowered contained more men passengers than the latter ones, as the men were on deck first, and not enough women were there to fill them.

When, a moment later, the rush of frightened women and crying children to the deck began, enforcement of the women-first rule became rigid. Officers loading some of the boats drew revolvers, but in most cases the men, both passengers and crew, behaved in a way trat called for no such restraint.

Revolver shots, heard by many persons shortly before the end of the Titanic caused many rumors. One was that Captain Smith shot himself, another was that First Officer Murdock ended his life. Smith, Murdock and Sixth Officer Moody are known to have been lost. The surviving officers, Lightoller, Pitman, Boxhall and Lowe, have made no statement.

Members of the crew discredit all reports of suicide, and

say Captain Smith remained on the bridge until just before the ship sank, leaping only after those on the decks had been washed away. It is also related that, when a cook later sought to pull him aboard a lifeboat, he exclaimed, "Let me go!" and, jerking away, went down.

What became of the men with life preservers? is a question asked since the disaster by many persons. The preservers did their work of supporting their wearers in the water until the ship went down. Many of those drawn into the vortex, despite the preservers, did not come up again. Dead bodies floated on the surface as the last boats moved away.

"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE."

To relate that the ship's string band gathered in the saloon, near the end, and played "Nearer, My God, To Thee," sounds like an attempt to give an added solemn color to a scene which was in itself the climax of solemnity. But various passengers and survivors of the crew agree in the declaration that they heard this music. To some of the hearers, with husbands among the dying men in the water, and at the ship's rail, the strain brought in thought the words

"So, by my woes I'll be
Nearer, My God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

"Women and children first," was the order in the filling of the Titanic's lifeboats. How well that order was fulfilled, the list of missing first and second cabin passengers bears eloquent witness. "Mr." is before almost every name, and the contrast is but made stronger by the presence of a few names of women—Mrs. Isidor Straus, who chose death rather than to leave her husband's side; Mrs. Allison, who remained below with her husband and daughter, and others who, in various ways, were kept from entering the line of those to be saved.

To most of the passengers, the midnight crash against the ice mountain did not seem of terrific force. Many were so little disturbed by it that they hesitated to dress and put on life pre-

servers, even when summoned by that hundering knocks and shouts of the stewards. Bridge players in the smoking room kept on with their game.

Once on deck, many hesitated to enter the swinging lifeboats. The glassy sea, the starlit sky, the absence, in the first few moments, of intense excitement, gave them the feeling that there was only some slight mishap—that those who got into the boats would have a chilly half-hour below, and might later be laughed at.

It was such a feeling as this, from all accounts, which caused John Jacob Astor and his wife to refuse the places offered them in the first boat, and to retire to the gymnasium. In the same way, H. J. Allison, Montreal banker, laughed at the warning, and his wife, reassured by him, took her time about dressing. They and their daughter did not reach the Carpathia. Their son, less than two years old, was carried into a lifeboat by his nurse, and was taken in charge by Major Arthur Peuchen.

ADMIRATION AND CONFIDENCE.

The admiration felt by passengers and crew for the matchlessly appointed vessel was translated, in those first few moments, into a confidence which for some proved deadly.

In the loading of the first boat restrictions of sex were not made, and it seemed to the men who piled in beside the women that there would be boats enough for all. But the ship's officers knew better than this, and as the spreading fear caused an earnest advance toward the suspended craft, the order, "Women first!" was heard, and the men were pushed aside.

To the scenes of the next two hours on those decks and in the waters below, such adjectives as "dramatic" and "tragic" do but poor justice. With the knowledge of deadly peril gaining greater power each moment over those men and women, the nobility of the greater part, both among cabin passengers, officers, crew and steerage, asserted itself.

Isidor Straus, supporting his wife on her way to a lifeboat, was held back by an inexorable guard. Another officer strove

to help her to a seat of safety, but she brushed away his arm and clung to her husband, crying, "I will not go without you."

Another woman took her place, and her form, clinging to her husband's, became part of a picture now drawn indelibly in many minds. Neither wife nor husband reached a place of safety.

Colonel Astor, holding his young wife's arm, stood decorously aside as the officers spoke to him, and Mrs. Astor and her maid were ushered to seats. Mrs. Henry B. Harris, parted in like manner from her husband, saw him last at the rail, beside Colonel Astor. Walter M. Clark, of Los Angeles, nephew of the Montana Senator, joined the line of men as his young wife, sobbing, was placed in one of the boats.

AN AGONIZING SEPARATION.

"Let him come! There is room!" cried Mrs. Emil Taussig as the men of the White Star Line motioned to her husband to leave her. It was with difficulty that he released her hold to permit her to be led to her place.

George D. Widener, who had been in Captain Smith's company a few moments after the crash, was another whose wife was parted from him and lowered a moment later to the surface of the calm sea.

Of Major Archie Butt, a favorite with his fellow tourists; of Charles M. Hayes, president of the Grand Trunk; of Benjamin Guggenheim and of William T. Stead, no one seems to know whether they tarried too long in their staterooms or whether they forebore to approach the fast filling boats, none of them was in the throng which, weary hours afterward, reached the Carpathia.

Simultaneously on all the upper decks of the ship the ropes creaked with the lowering of the boats. As they reached the water, those in the boats saw what those on the decks could not see—that the Titanic was listing rapidly to starboard, and that her stern was rising at a portentous angle. A rush of steerage

men toward the boats was checked by officers with revolvers in hand.

Some of the boats, crowded too full to give rowers a chance, drifted for a time. None had provisions or water; there was lack of covering from the icy air, and the only lights were the still undimmed arcs and incandescents of the settling ship, save for one of the first boats. There a steward, who explained to the passengers that he had been shipwrecked twice before, appeared carrying three oranges and a green light.

That green light, many of the survivors says, was to the shipwrecked hundreds as the pillar of fire by night. Long after the ship had disappeared, and while confusing false lights danced about the boats, the green lantern kept them together on the course which led them to the Carpathia.

ECHOING SPLASH OF CHILLY WATERS.

As the end of the Titanic became manifestly but a matter of moments, the oarsmen pulled their boats away, and the chilling waters began to echo splash after splash as the passengers and sailors in life preservers leaped over and started swimming away to escape the expected suction.

Only the hardiest of constitutions could endure for more than a few moments such a numbing bath. The first vigorous strokes gave way to the heart-breaking cries of "Help! Help!" and stiffened forms were seen floating, the faces relaxed in death.

Revolver shots were heard in the ship's last moments. The first report spread among the boats was that Captain Smith had ended his life with a bullet. Then it was said that a mate had shot a steward who tried to push his way upon a boat against orders. None of these tales has been verified, and many of the crew say the captain, without a preserver, leaped in at the last and went down, refusing a cook's offered aid.

The last of the boats, a collapsible, was launched too late to get away, and was overturned by the ship's sinking. Some of those in it—all, say some witnesses—found safety on a raft or were picked up by lifeboats.

In the Marconi tower, almost to the last, the loud click of the sending instrument was heard over the waters. Who was receiving the message, those in the boats did not know, and they would least of all have supposed that a Mediterranean ship in the distant South Atlantic track would be their rescuer.

As the screams in the water multiplied, another sound was heard, strong and clear at first, then fainter in the distance. It was the melody of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," played by the string orchestra in the dining saloon. Some of those on the water started to sing the words, but grew silent as they realized that for the men who played the music was a sacrament soon to be consummated by death. The serene strains of the hymn and the frantic cries of the dying blended in a symphony of sorrow.

BOATS FOLLOW THE GREEN LIGHT.

Led by the green light, under the light of the stars, the boats drew away, and the bow, then the quarter, then the stacks and at last the stern of the marvel-ship of a few days before passed beneath the waters. The great force of the ship's sinking was unaided by any violence of the elements, and the suction, into so great as had been feared, rocked but mildly the group of boats now a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Sixteen boats were in the forlorn procession which entered on the terrible hours of rowing, drifting and suspense. Women wept for lost husbands and sons. Sailors sobbed for the ship which had been their pride. Men chocked back tears and sought to comfort the widowed. Perhaps, they said, other boats might have put off in another direction toward the last. They strove, though none too sure themselves, to convince the women of the certainty that a rescue ship would appear.

Early dawn brought no ship, but not long after 5 A. M. the Carpathia, far out of her path and making eighteen knots, instead of her wonted fifteen, showed her single red and black smokestack upon the horizon. In the joy of that moment, the heaviest griefs were forgotten.

Soon afterward Captain Rostrom and Chief Steward Hughes were welcoming the chilled and bedraggled arrivals over the Carpathia's side.

Terrible as were the San Francisco, Slocum and Iroquois disasters, they shrink to local events in comparison with this world-catastrophe.

True, there were others of greater qualifications and longer experience than I nearer the tragedy—but they, by every token of likelihood, have become a part of the tragedy. The honored—must I say lamented—Stead, the adroit Jacques Futrelle, what might they not tell were their hands able to hold pencil?

The silence of the Carpathia's engines, the piercing cold, the clamor of many voices in the companionways, caused me to dress hurriedly and awaken my wife at 5.40 A. M. Monday. Our stewardess, meeting me outside, pointed to a wailing host in the rear dining room and said, "From the Titanic. She's at the bottom of the ocean."

THE LAST OF THE LINE OF BOATS.

At the ship's side, a moment later, I saw the last of the line of boats discharge their loads, and saw women, some with cheap shawls about their heads, some with the costliest of fur cloaks, ascending the ship's side. And such joy as the first sight of our ship may have given them had disappeared from their faces, and there were tears and signs of faltering as the women were helped up the ladders or hoisted aboard in swings. For lack of room to put them, several of the Titanic's boats after unloading were set adrift.

At our north was a broad icefield, the length of hundreds of Carpathias. Around us on other sides were sharp and glistening peaks. One black berg, seen about 10 A. M., was said to be that which sunk the Titanic.

In his tiny house over the second cabin smoking room was Harold Cotton, the Marconi operator, a ruddy English youth, whose work at his post, on what seemed ordinary duty, until al-

most midnight, had probably saved the lives of the huddling hundreds below.

Already he was knitting his brows over the problem of handling the messages which were coming in batches from the purser's office. The haste with which these Marconigrams were prepared by their senders was needless, in view of the wait of two days and two nights for a long connection. "Safe" was the word with which most of the messages began; then, in many of them, came the words "——missing."

Dishevelled women, who the night before could have drawn thousands from husbands' letters of credit or from Titanic's safe, stood penniless before the Carpathia's purser, asking that their messages be forwarded—collect. Their messages were taken with the rest.

HOPE REVIVED BY SIGHT OF CATTLE BOAT.

The Californian, a cattle ship, came near us, and though it gave no sign of having any of the Titanic's refugees on board, its presence in the vicinity gave hope to many women who were encouraged in the belief hat the Californian might have picked up their loved ones.

Captain Rostrom's decision to abandon the Mediterranean course, begun the Thursday before, and to return to an American port, was soon known to the passengers. At first it was reported that Halifax or Boston would be the destination, but at noon the notice of the intended arrival at New York three days later was posted. At that time the Carpathia, at an increase over her usual moderate speed, was westward bound and her passengers were deferring their hopes of Gibraltar, Naples and Trieste, and were sharing their rooms with the newcomers. Few men of the Carpathia's passenger list slept in a bed in any of the nights that followed. They had the men of the Titanic lay in chairs on deck, on dining tables or smoking-room couches, or on the floors of the rooms which held their hand baggage and their curtained-off guests. The captain was the first to vacate his room, which was used as a hospital.

In the first cabin library, women of wealth and refinement mingled their grief and asked eagerly for news of the possible arrival of a belated boat, or a message from some other steamer telling of the safety of their husbands. Mrs. Henry B. Harris, wife of a New York theatrical manager, checked her tears long enough to beg that some message of hope be sent to her father-in-law. Mrs. Ella Thor, Miss Marie Young, Mrs. Emil Taussig and her daughter, Ruth; Mrs. Martin Rothschild, Mrs. William Augustus Spencer, Mrs. J. Stuart White and Mrs. Walter M. Clark were a few of those who lay back, exhausted, on the leather cushions and told in shuttering sentences of their experiences.

PROUD OF HER HUSBAND'S OARSMANSHIP.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor and the Countess of Rothes had been take nto staterooms soon after their arrival on shipboard. Those who talked with Mrs. Astor said she spoke often of her husband's ability as an oarsman and said he could save himself if he had a chance. That he could have had such a chance, she seemed hardly to hope.

To another stateroom a tall, dark man had been conducted, his head bowed, anguish in his face. He was Bruce Ismay, head of the International Mercantile Marine and chief owner of the Titanic and her sister ship, the Olympic. He has made the maiden voyage on each of his company's great ships. He remained in his room in a physician's care during the voyage back to New York. Captain Rostrom, his only caller, was not admitted to see him until Tuesday evening.

Before noon, at the captain's request, the first cabin passengers of the Titanic gathered in the saloon, and the passengers of other classes in corresponding places on the rescue ship. Then the collecting of names was begun by the purser and the stewards. A second table was served in both cabins for the new guests, and the Carpathia's second cabin, being better fitted than its first, the second class arrivals had to be sent to the steerage.

In the middle of the morning, the Carpathia passed near the spot, seamen said, where the Titanic went down. Only a few floating chairs marked the place. The ice peaks had changed their position. Which of those in sight, if any, caused the wreck was matter of conjecture.

Those of the refugees who had not lost relatives found subject for distress in the reflection that their money and jewels were at the bottom of the sea. Miss Edith L. Rosenbaum, writer for a fashion trade journal, mourned the loss of trunks containing robes from Paris and Tunis. Several of the late works of Philip Mock, miniature painter, were in his lost baggage, but the artist was not inclined to dwell on this mishap.

AN OBJECT OF PITYING SIGHS.

The child of the Montreal Allisons, bereft of both parents and carried by a nurse, was an object of pitying sighs in the saloon. In the second cabin, two French children engaged pitying attention. The two boys, four and two years old, who had lost their mother a year before and their father the night before, were children of beauty and intelligence, but were too abashed to answer any questions, even those put in their native tongue. Their surname is believed to be Hoffman. They are now in the care of Miss Margaret Hays, of 304 West Eighty-third street, New York.

Reminiscences of two bridge whist games of Sunday night in the smoking-room and the lounge room were exchanged by passengers who believed that the protracted games, a violation of the strict Sabbath rules of English vessels, saved their lives. Alfred Drachenstadt was leader in the smoking-room game, Miss Dorothy Gibson in the other.

Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, wife of the novelist, herself a writer of note, sat dry-eyed in the saloon, telling her friends that she had given up hope for her husband. She joined with the rest in inquiries as to the chances of rescue by another ship, and no one told her what soon came to be the fixed opinion of the men —that all those saved were on the Carpathia.

"I feel better," Mrs. Futrelle said hours afterward, "for I can cry now."

Among the men, conversation centred on the accident and the responsibility for it. Many expressed the belief that the Titanic, in common with other vessels, had had warning of the ice packs, but that in the effort to establish a record on the maiden run sufficient heed had not been paid to the warnings. The failure of the safety compartments, said to have been closed from the bridge directly after the accident, was the occasion of amazement, and one theory offered was that the doors had, for some reason, not closed in the usual manner. Others contended that these devices are, at best, but time-savers, and said that without them the Titanic would have gone under before three boats could have been lowered.

THE OFFICERS' REQUIREMENTS DISCUSSED.

The requirement that the officers on the bridge should take temperatures of the water every fifteen minutes to indicate the approach of ice was also discussed.

As to the behavior of officers and crew, not a word of complaint was heard from the men. They were praised as worthy Britons and true seamen. In the same breath the survivors exalted the heroism of the missing men of the first cabin, who had stood calmly waiting for their turn—the turn which, because of scarcity of boats and shortness of time, never came for most of them.

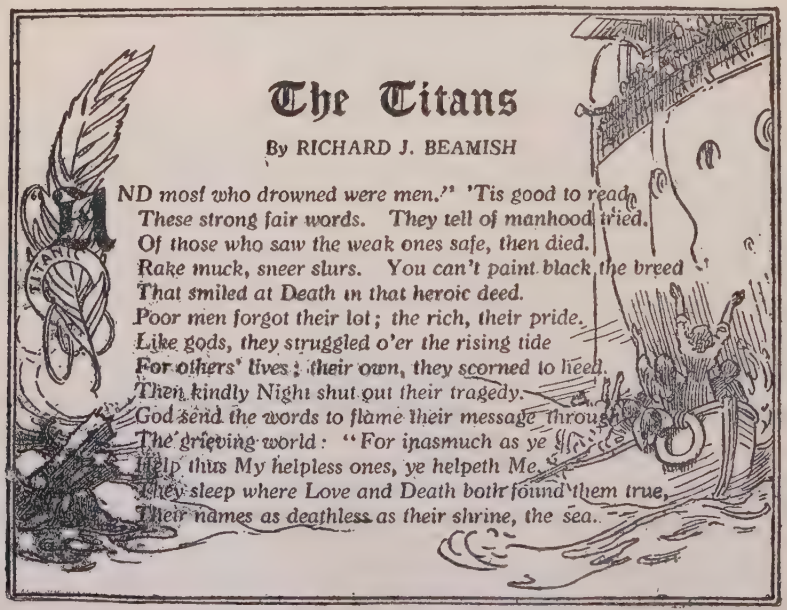
"God knows I'm not proud to be here!" said a rich New York man. "I got on a boat when they were about to lower it and when, from delays below, there was no woman to take the vacant place. I don't think any man who was saved is deserving of censure, but I realize that, in contrast with those who went down, we may be viewed unfavorably." He showed a picture of his baby boy as he spoke.

As the day passed, the fore part of the ship assumed some degree of order and comfort, but the crowded second cabin and decks gave forth the incessant sound of lamentation. A bride

of two months sat on the floor and moaned her widowhood. An Italian mother shrieked the name of her lost son.

A girl of seven wept over the loss of her Teddy Bear and two dolls, while her mother, with streaming eyes, dared not tell the child that her father was lost, too, and that the money for which their home in England had been sold had gone down with him. Other children clung to the necks of the fathers who, because carrying them, had been permitted to take the boats.

At 4 P. M. Monday the service for the dead was read by Father Roger Anderson, of the Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross, over the bodies of three seamen and one man, said to have been a cabin passenger, who were dead from exposure when received on this ship. Some of the Titanic's passengers turned away from the rail as the first of the weighted forms fell into the water.



The Titans

By RICHARD J. BEAMISH

AND most who drowned were men." 'Tis good to read
These strong fair words. They tell of manhood tried.
Of those who saw the weak ones safe, then died.
Rake muck, sneer slurs. You can't paint black the breed
That smiled at Death in that heroic deed.
Poor men forgot their lot; the rich, their pride.
Like gods, they struggled o'er the rising tide
For others' lives; their own, they scorned to heed.
Then kindly Night shut out their tragedy.
God send the words to flame their message through
The grieving world: "For inasmuch as ye
Help thus My helpless ones, ye helpeth Me."
They sleep where Love and Death both found them true,
Their names as deathless as their shrine, the sea.

CHAPTER II.

HEART-RENDING SCENES ON CARPATHIA.

The Next Day—Caring for the Sick—Meeting of the Survivors—Personal Wireless Messages Given Precedence—Marconi's Appeal Fruitless—Quartermaster Tells Story.

The writer's narrative continues:

In the hospital and the public rooms lay, in blankets, several others who had been benumbed by the water. Mrs. Rosa Abbott, who was in the water for hours, was restored during the day. G. Wikeman, the Titanic's barber, who declared he was blown off the ship by the second of the two explosions after the crash, was treated for bruises. A passenger, who was thoroughly ducked before being picked up, caused much amusement on this ship, soon after the doctors were through with him, by demanding a bath.

Storekeeper Prentice, the last man off the Titanic to reach this ship, was also soon over the effects of his long swim in the icy waters, into which he leaped from the poop deck.

The physicians of the Carpathia were praised, as was Chief Steward Hughes, for work done in making the arrivals comfortable and averting serious illness.

Monday night on the Carpathia was one of rest. The wailing and sobbing of the day were hushed as the widows and orphans slept. Tuesday, save for the crowded condition of the ship, matters took somewhat their normal appearance.

Tuesday afternoon, in the saloon, a meeting of survivors was held and plans for a testimonial to the officers and crew of the Carpathia and the survivors of the Titanic's crew were discussed. It was decided that relief of the destitute should first be considered, and the chairman of the meeting, Samuel Goldenberg, appointed a committee consisting of I. G. Frauenthal,

Mrs. J. J. Brown, William Bushnell and George Stone to raise a fund. The first subscriptions were for $100 each, and the amounts were paid largely in travelers' checks or personal checks, cash being somewhat scarce among the refugees, who had kept their currency in the purser's safe.

Resolutions were adopted praising the Titanic's surviving officers and crew and the officers, crew and passengers of the Carpathia, and declaring that a memorial is needed for "those who in heroic self-sacrifice made possible the rescue of so many others." One speaker suggested that a memorial fund be raised by popular subscription, mentioning the "World" as a suitable medium. This and other suggestions were left to the committee to develop.

Rain and fog marked the Carpathia's homeward course, and those who were not seasick when New York was reached were none the less sick of the sea.

CAPTAIN ROSTROM'S RULE.

Captain Rostrom's rule that personal messages should take precedence of press messages was not relaxed, even when Tuesday a message from Guglielm Marconi himself asked the reason why press dispatches were not sent. The captain posted Marconi's message on the bulletin board, and beside it a bulletin stating that no press messages, except a bulletin to the Associated Press, had been sent. The implication was that none would be sent, and the most urgent and respectful appeals failed to change his determination, which, he seemed convinced, was in the best interest of the survivors and their friends.

My wife was my only active helper in a task which ten newspaper men could not have performed completely. Mr. S. V. Silverthorne, of St. Louis, aided greatly by lending me his first cabin passenger list, one of the few in existence.

Robert Hichens, one of the surviving quartermasters of the Titanic, the man who was on duty at the wheel when the ship struck the iceberg, told me the tale of the wreck on the Carpathia Thursday.

Save for the surviving fourth officer, Boxhall, whose lips are sealed, Hichens saw Sunday night's tragedy at closer range than any man now living.

In the hastily compiled list of surviving members of the crew, the names of Hichens and other quartermasters appear among the able-bodied seamen; but the star and anchor on the left sleeve of each distinguishes them in rank from the A. B.'s.

Hichens has followed the sea fifteen years and has a wife and two children in Southampton. His tale of the wreck, as he told it to me and as he expects to tell it to a Marine Court of Inquiry, is here given:

"I went on watch at eight o'clock Sunday night and stood by the man at the wheel until ten. At ten I took the wheel for two hours.

"On the bridge from ten o'clock on were First Officer Murdock, Fourth Officer Boxhall and Sixth Officer Moody. In the crow's nest (lookout tower) were Fleet and another man whose name I don't know.

SECOND OFFICER ON WATCH.

"Second Officer Lightoller, who was on watch while I stood by, carrying messages and the like, from eight to ten, sent me soon after eight to tell the carpenter to look out for the fresh water supply, as it might be in danger of freezing. The temperature was then 31 degrees. He gave the crow's nest a strict order to look out for small icebergs.

"Second Officer Lightoller was relieved by First Officer Murdock at ten, and I took the wheel then. At 11.40 three gongs sounded from the crow's nest, the signal for 'something right ahead.'

"At the same time one of the men in the nest telephoned to the bridge that there was a large iceberg right ahead. As Officer Murdock's hand was on the lever to stop the engines the crash came. He stopped the engines, then immediately by another lever closed the water-tight doors.

"The skipper (Captain Smith) came from the chart room on

to the bridge. His first words were 'Close the emergency doors.'

"'They're already closed, sir,' Mr. Murdock replied.

"'Send to the carpenter and tell him to sound the ship,' was the skipper's next order. The message was sent to the carpenter. The carpenter never came up to report. He was probably the first man on that ship to lose his life.

COLUMBIA AND BRITANNIA MOURN FOR THE "TITANIC'S" DEAD.

"The skipper looked at the commutator, which shows in what direction the ship is listing. He saw that she carried five degrees list to the starboard.

"The ship was then rapidly settling forward. All the steam sirens were blowing. By the skipper's orders, given in the next few minutes, the engines were put to work at pumping out the ship, distress signals were sent by Marconi and rockets were sent

up from the bridge by Quartermaster Rowe. All hands were ordered on deck and life belts were sewed to the crew and to every passenger.

"The stewards and other hands helped the sailors in getting the boats out. The order 'women and children first' was given and enforced. There was no panic.

"I was at the wheel until 12.25. It was my duty to stay there until relieved. I was not relieved by anyone else, but was simply sent away by Second Officer Lightoller, who told me to take charge of a certain boat and load it with ladies.

"I did so, and there were thirty-two ladies, a sailor and myself in the boat when it was lowered, some time after 1 o'clock—I can't be sure of the time.

ALL BOATS BUT ONE GET AWAY SAFELY.

"The Titanic had sixteen lifeboats and two collapsible boats. All of them got away loaded, except that one of the collapsibles did not open properly and was used as a raft. Forty sailors and stewards who were floating in the water, got on this raft, and later had to abandon the raft, and were picked up by the different boats. Some others were floating about on chairs when picked up.

"Every boat, so far as I saw, was full when it was lowered, and every boat that set out reached the Carpathia. The green light on one of the boats helped to keep us together, but there were other lights. One was an electric flashlight that a gentleman had carried in his pocket.

"Our boat was 400 yards away when the ship went down. The suction nearby must have been terrific, but we were only rocked somewhat.

"I have told only what I know, and what I shall tell any marine court that may examine me."

G. Whiteman, of Palmyra, N. J., the Titanic's barber, was lowering boats on deck A, after the collision, and declares the officers on the bridge, one of them Second Officer Murdock, promptly worked the electrical apparatus for closing the water-

tight compartments. He believes the machinery was in some way so damaged by the crash that the front compartments failed to close tightly, although the rear ones were secure.

Whiteman's manner of escape was unique. He was blown off the deck by the second of the two explosions of the boilers, and was in the water more than two hours before he was picked up by a raft.

"The explosions," Whiteman said, "were caused by the rushing in of the icy water on the boilers. A bundle of deck chairs, roped together, was blown off the deck with me, and struck my back, injurying my spine, but it served as a temporary raft.

"The crew and passengers had faith in the bulkhead system to save the ship, and we were lowering a Benthon collapsible boat, all confident the ship would get through, when she took a terrific dip forward and the water rushed up and swept over the deck and into the engine rooms.

BLOWN FIFTEEN FEET.

"The bow went clean down, and I caught the pile of chairs as I was washed up against the rail. Then came the explosions and blew me fifteen feet.

"After the water had filled the forward compartments the ones at the stern could not save her. They did delay the ship's going down. If it wasn't for the compartments hardly any one could have got away.

"The water was too cold for me to swim and I was hardly more than one hundred feet away when the ship went down. The suction was not what one would expect and only rocked the water around me. I was picked up after two hours. I have done with the sea."

Whiteman was one of those who heard the ship's string band playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" a few moments before she went down.

R. Norris Williams, a Philadelphia youth on his way home from England to take the Harvard entrance examinations, was

one of the few saloon passengers at the rail excluded by the women-first order from the boats who was saved. His father, Duane Williams, was lost.

"There is much, and yet there is little, to tell of my experience," said young Williams. "My father and I had about given up our hope for life and were standing together, resolved to jump together and keep together if we could, so long as either of us lived. I had on my fur coat.

"The forward end, where we stood, was sinking rapidly, and before we could jump together the water washed my father over. Then, with the explosions, the ship seemed to break in two, and the forward end bounded up again for an instant. I leaped, but with dozens in the water between us my father was lost to me.

SWAM AND DRIFTED NEARLY TWO HOURS.

"I swam and drifted nearly two hours before I was pulled aboard the raft or collapsible boat which served for a time as a raft. Later, with the abandonment of the raft, I was taken aboard a boat."

Frederic K. Seward, who sat next to W. T. Stead at the Titanic's saloon table, told of the veteran English journalist's plans for his American visit. His immediate purpose was to aid in the New York campaign of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

"Mr. Stead talked much of spiritualism, thought transference and the occult," said Seward. "He told a story of a mummy case in the British Museum which, he said, had had amazing adventures, but which punished with great calamities any person who wrote its story. He told of one person after another who, he said, had come to grief after writing the story, and added that, although he knew it, he would never write it. He did not say whether ill-luck attached to the mere telling of it."

Stead also told, Seward said, of a strange adventure of a young woman with an admirer in an English railroad coach, which was known to him as it happened, and which he afterward

repeated to the young woman, amazing her by repeating everything correctly save for one small detail.

Had Harold Cotton, Marconi operator on the Carpathia, gone to bed Sunday night at his usual time, the Carpathia would have known nothing of the Titanic's plight, and the liftboats, without food or water, might have been the scenes of even greater tragedy than the great death ship itself.

The Carpathia, an easy going Mediterranean ship, has only one Marconi man, and when Cotton had not the receiver on his head the ship was out of communication with the world.

Cotton, an Englishman of twenty-one years, told me the morning after the wreck how he came to receive the Titanic's C Q D.

JUST ABOUT TO TURN IN WHEN CALLED BY C. Q. D.

"I was relaying a message to the Titanic Sunday night, shortly after 11 o'clock by my time," he said, "and told Phillips, the Titanic's Marconi man, that I had been doing quite a bit of work for him, and that if he had nothing else for me I would quit and turn in for the night. Just as I was about to take the receiver off my head came 'C Q D.' This was followed with 'We've hit something. Come at once.'

"I called a sailor and sent word to an officer, and a few minutes later the Captain turned the Carpathia, at eighteen knots, in the direction of the Titanic, which was sixty miles or more from us.

"Before I could tell the Titanic we were coming, came their 'S O S,' and the operator added 'I'm afraid we're gone.' I told him we were coming, and he went on sending out signals in every direction."

An assistant Marconi man from the Titanic, not on duty at the time of the wreck, was among the survivors and assisted Cotton in his work after Wednesday, having been laid up the two previous days by the shock of the chill he suffered in the water and by injuries to his legs.

He denied a report, generally circulated on this ship, that

Jack Binns, of Republic fame, was on the Titanic. He said Phillips, the Titanic's chief operator, was lost.

Mrs. Edward S. Robert, whose husband, a leading St. Louis attorney, died last December during her absence in England, and her daughter, Miss Georgette Madill, have been in close seclusion on the Carpathia since their rescue from the Titanic. They are accompanied by Mrs. Robert's maid.

S. V. Silverthorne, buyer for Nugent's, was one of three or four saloon passengers on the Titanic who saw the deadly iceberg just after the collision.

"I was in the smoking room reading near a bridge whist game at one of the tables," he said, "when the crash came. I said, 'We've hit something,' and went out on the starboard side to look. None of us was alarmed. It occurred to me that we might have bumped a whale, or at most, ran down some small craft.

ORDERED ON DECK AND TOLD TO GET INTO THE BOATS.

"I went back in the smoking room with the others. One of the bridge players had not left the smoking room at all and was waiting impatiently for the others to come back and resume the game. They returned and took up their hands and we were all about to settle down, when an officer ordered us on deck and told us to get into the boats, there not being enough women on deck to fill the first ones. We didn't like the idea of leaving the ship then, but did as we were told. Had we been in our rooms we would have had to stand aside, as other men did then."

Two orphan French boys, about two and four years old respectively, whose sur-name is believed to be Hoffman and who called each other Louis and Lolo, will be cared for by Miss Margaret Hays, of 304 W. 83d st., New York, while efforts will be made to find their relatives, to whom their father was thought to have been taking them. The elder boy has been ill with a fever for three days, the excitement, exposure and probably grief over the loss of his father having told on the little fellow. The other, too young to realize what has befallen him, played around

the saloon or sat contentedly in the lap of one of his new made but devoted friends among the passengers.

The father, who is in the list of second cabin passengers as "Mr. Hoffman," is said to have told fellow-passengers on the Titanic the children's mother died recently.

Mrs. Sylvia Caldwell, of Bangkok, Siam, is happy in having her husband and little son. Since she was the last woman to embark, her husband was able to come with her.

Mrs. Esther Hart, whose husband was lost, was coming, with their daughter Eva, to visit Mr. Hart's sister in New York, then to go on to Winnipeg to make their home. They had sold the property at Ilford, Essex, England. All their money was lost when Mr. Hart went down with the Titanic.

Mrs. Lucy Ridsdale, of London, had said good-by to England and had started for Marietta, O., to make her home with her sisters. She was saved with the few clothes she wore. She had written letters telling of a "safe arrival and pleasant voyage" and had them ready to mail. They went down with the ship.

CHAPTER III.

BAND PLAYED TO THE LAST.

Suffering in the Lifeboats—Statement by Ismay—Would not Desert Husband—Thirty on Raft in Icy Water—Colonel Astor a Hero—Joked Over Collision—Officer Saves Many Lives.

But another account, compiled from various sources among the survivors gives somewhat varying angles and supplies quite a few missing details.

At the risk of a few slight repetitions it is given:

Of the great facts that stand out from the chaotic accounts of the tragedy, these are the most salient:

"The death list was increased rather than decreased. Six persons died after being rescued.

"The list of prominent persons lost stood as at first reported.

"Practically every woman and child, with the exception of those women who refused to leave their husbands, were saved. Among these last was Mrs. Isidor Straus.

The survivors in the lifeboats saw the lights on the stricken vessel glimmer to the last, heard her band playing and saw the doomed hundreds on her deck and heard their groans and cries when the vessel sank.

Accounts vary as to the extent of the disorder on board.

Not only was the Titanic tearing through the April night to her doom with every ounce of steam crowded on, but she was under orders from the general officers of the line to make all the speed of which she was capable.

This was the statement made by J. H. Moody, a quartermaster of the vessel and helmsman on the night of the disaster. He said the ship was making 21 knots an hour, and the officers were striving to live up to the orders to smash the records.

"It was close to midnight," said Moody, "and I was on the bridge with the second officer, who was in command. Suddenly, he shouted 'Port your helm!' I did so, but it was too late. We struck the submerged portion of the berg."

"Of the many accounts given by the passengers most of them agreed that the shock when the Titanic struck the iceberg, although ripping her great sides like a giant can opener, did not greatly jar the entire vessel, for the blow was a glancing one along her side. The accounts also agree substantially that when the passengers were taken off on the lifeboats there was no serious panic and that many wished 'to remain on board the Titanic, believing her to be unsinkable.' "

EXPERIENCES OF PASSENGERS IN LIFE-BOATS.

The most distressing stories are those giving the experiences of the passengers in lifeboats. These tell not only of their own suffering, but give the harrowing details of how they saw the great hulk of the Titanic stand on end, stern uppermost for many minutes before plunging to the bottom. As this spectacle was witnessed by the groups of survivors in the boats, they plainly saw many of those whom they had just left behind leaping from the decks into the water.

J. Bruce Ismay, president of the International Mercantile Marine, owners of the White Star Line, who was among the seventy odd men saved; P. A. S. Franklin, vice president of the White Star Line, and United States Senator William Alden Smith, chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee, held a conference aboard the Carpathia soon after the passengers had come ashore.

After nearly an hour, Senator Smith came out of the cabin and said he had no authority to subpena witnesses at this time, but would begin an investigation into the cause of the loss of the Titanic at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel the next day. He announced that Mr. Ismay had consented to appear at the hearing, and that Mr. Franklin and the four surviving officers of theTitanic would appear for examination by the Senate committee. He

said the course the investigation would follow would be determined after the preliminary hearing.

Senator Smith was questioned as to the speed the Titanic was proceeding at when she crashed into the iceberg. He said he had asked Mr. Ismay, but declined to say what Mr. Ismay's reply was.

Bruce Ismay, chairman of the International Mercantile Marine, gave out the following prepared statement on the pier:

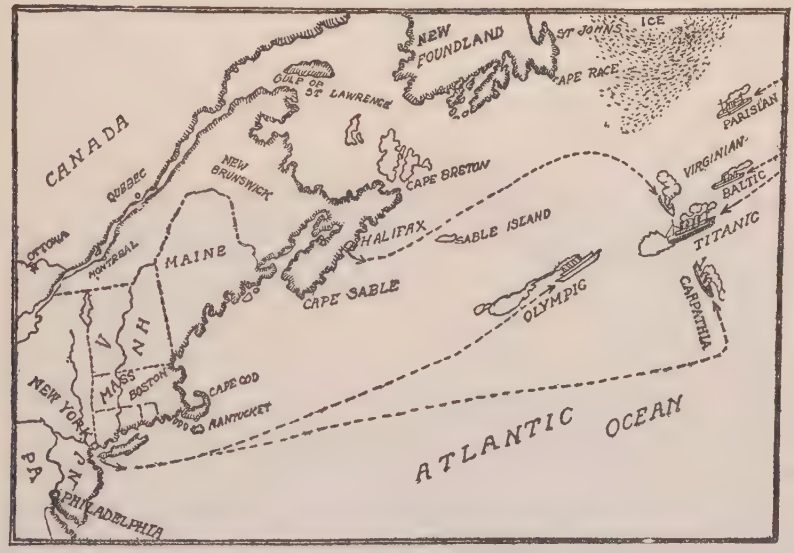


CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC, SHOWING WHERE THE GREAT LINER "TITANIC" WENT DOWN.

"In the presence and under the shadows of a catastrophe so overwhelming my feelings are too deep for expression in words, and I can only say that the White Star Line officers and employes will do everything humanly possible to alleviate the suffering and sorrow of the relatives and friends of those who perished. The Titanic was the last word in shipbuilding. Every regulation prescribed by the British Board of Trade had been strictly complied with. The master, officers and crew were the most experienced and skillful in the British service.

"I am informed that a committee of the United States

Senate has been appointed to investigate the circumstances of the accident. I heartily welcome the most complete and exhaustive inquiry, and any aid that I can render is at the service of the public and of the Governments of both the United States and Great Britain. Under these circumstances I must defer making any further statement at this hour."

Mr. Ismay said informally before giving out his statement that he left the ship in one of the last boats, one of the collapsible boats on the port side. This statement, however, as will later appear, is scathingly denounced by several survivors as untrue.

"I do not know the speed at which the Titanic was going," said Mr. Ismay in reply to a question. "She hit the iceberg a glancing blow."

MR. ISMAY WILL MAKE A COMPLETE STATEMENT.

Mr. Ismay, after his interview with Senator Smith, said that he was desirous of sailing on the Carpathia the next afternoon. The Carpathia was scheduled to sail at 4 o'clock. Mr. Ismay assured the Senators, however, that he would make a complete statement of the catastrophe, and that if he could not finish in time for the sailing he would change his plans.

Mr. Ismay then went to his apartments at the Ritz-Carlton.

The arrival of the Carpathia brought a vast multitude of people to the Cunard docks. They filled the vast pier sheds, and, overflowing for blocks, crowded the nearby streets in a dense throng. Through it all the rain fell steadily, adding a funeral aspect to the scene. The landing of the survivors was attended with little excitement, the crowd standing in awe-like silence as the groups from the ship passed along. The docking actually began shortly after nine o'clock and the debarking of passengers was so quickly disposed of by the waiving of the usual formality that practically everything had been concluded by 10.30 o'clock. The crowds remained about the pier long after this, however, to get a glimpse of the rescuing steamer and to hear the harrowing stories which had been brought back by the ship.

Colonel Archibald Gracie, U. S. A., the last man saved,

went down with the vessel, but was picked up. He was met by his daughter, who had arrived from Washington, and his son-in-law, Paul H. Fabricius. Colonel Gracie told a remarkable story of personal hardship and denied emphatically the reports that there had been any panic on board. He praised in the highest terms the behavior of both the passengers and crew and paid a high tribute to the heroism of the women passengers.

Contrary to the general expectation, there was no jarring impact when the vessel struck, according to the army officer. He was in his berth when the vessel smashed into the submerged portion of the berg and was aroused by the jar. He looked at his watch, he said and found it was just midnight. The ship sank with him at 2.22 A. M. for his watch stopped at that hour.

WOULD NOT DESERT HER HUSBAND.

"Mrs. Isidor Straus," he said, "went to her death because she would not desert her husband. Although he pleaded with her to take her place in the boat, she steadfastly refused, and when the ship settled at the head the two were engulfed by the wave that swept her."

Colonel Gracie told of how he was driven to the topmost deck when the ship settled and was the sole survivor after the wave that swept her just before her final plunge.

"I jumped with the wave," said he, "just as I have often jumped with the breakers at the seashore. By great good fortune I managed to grasp the brass railing on the deck above, and I hung on by might and main. When the ship plunged down I was forced to let go and I was swirled around and around for what seemed to be an interminable time. Eventually I came to the surface, to find the sea a mass of tangled wreckage.

"Luckily I was unhurt and, casting about, managed to seize a wooden grating floating nearby. When I had recovered my breath I discovered a larger canvas and cork lifecraft which had floated up. A man, whose name I did not learn, was struggling toward it from some wreckage to which he had clung. I cast off and helped him to get on to the raft and we then began the work

of rescuing those who had jumped into the sea and were floundering in the water.

"When dawn broke there were thirty of us on the raft, standing knee deep in the icy water and afraid to move lest the cranky craft be overturned. Several unfortunately, benumbed and half dead, besought us to save them and one or two made an effort to reach us.

"The hours that elapsed before we were picked up by the Carpathia were the longest and most terrible that I ever spent. Practically without any sensation of feeling, because of the icy water, we were almost dropping from fatigue. We were afraid to turn around to look to see whether we were seen by passing craft, and when some one who was facing astern passed the word that something that looked like a steamer was coming up one of the men became hysterical under the strain. The rest of us, too, were nearing the breaking point."

DENIES THAT ANY MEN WERE FIRED UPON.

Colonel Gracie denied with emphasis that any men were fired upon, and declared that only once was a revolver discharged.

"This was for the purpose of intimidating some steerage passengers," he said, "who had tumbled into a boat before it was prepared for launching. This shot was fired in the air, and when the foreigners were told that the next would be directed at them they promptly returned to the deck. There was no confusion and no panic."

"Before I retired," said Colonel Gracie, "I had a long chat with Charles H. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad. One of the last things Mr. Hays said was this: 'The White Star, the Cunard and the Hamburg-American lines are devoting their attention and ingenuity in vieing with the other to attain the supremacy in luxurious ships and in making speed records. The time will soon come when this will be checked by some appalling disaster.' Poor fellow, a few hours later he was dead."

"The conduct of Colonel Jacob Astor was deserving of the

highest praise," Colonel Gracie declared. "The millionarie New Yorker," he said, "devoted all his energies to saving his young bride, nee Miss Force, of New York, who was in delicate health.

"Colonel Astor helped us in our efforts to get her in the boat," said Colonel Gracie. "I lifted her into the boat, and as she took her place Colonel Astor requested permission of the officer to go with her for her own protection.

"'No, sir,' replied the officer, 'not a man shall go on a boat until the women are all off.' Colonel Astor then inquired the number of the boat, which was being lowered away, and turned to the work of clearing the other boats and in reassuring the frightened and nervous women.

"By this time the ship began to list frightfully to port. This became so dangerous that the second officer ordered every one to rush to starboard. This we did, and we found the crew trying to get a boat off in that quarter. Here I saw that last of John B. Thayer and George B. Widener, of Philadelphia."

SPEED KEPT UP DESPITE WARNINGS.

Colonel Gracie said that, despite the warnings of icebergs, no slowing down of speed was ordered by the commander of the Titanic. There were other warnings, too, he said. "In the 24 hours' run ending the 14th," he said, "the ship's run was 546 miles, and we were told that the next 24 hours would see even a better record posted.

No diminution of speed was indicated in the run and the engines kept up their steady running. When Sunday evening came we all noticed the increased cold, which gave plain warning that the ship was in close proximity to icebergs or icefields. The officers, I am credibly informed, had been advised by wireless from other ships of the presence of icebergs and dangerous floes in that vicinity. The sea was as smooth as glass, and the weather clear so that it seems that there was no occasion for fear."

"When the vessel struck," he continued, "the passengers were so little alarmed that they joked over the matter. The few that appeared on deck early had taken their time to dress proper-

ly and there was not the slightest indication of panic. Some of the fragments of ice had fallen on the deck and these were picked up and passed around by some of the facetious ones, who offered them as mementos of the occasion.

On the port side a glance over the side failed to show any evidence of damage and the vessel seemed to be on an even keel. James Clinch Smith and I, however, soon found the vessel was listing heavily. A few minutes later the officers ordered men and women to don life preservers."

E. Z. Taylor, of Philadelphia, one of the survivors, jumped into the sea just three minutes before the boat sank. He told a graphic story as he came from the Carpathia.

"I was eating when the boat struck the iceberg," he said. "There was an awful shock that made the boat tremble from stem to stern. I did not realize for some time what had happened. No one seemed to know the extent of the accident. We were told that an iceberg had been struck by the ship. I felt the boat rise, and it seemed to me that she was riding over the ice.

ROCKING OVER A VERITABLE SEA OF ICE.

"I ran out on the deck and then I could see ice. It was a veritable sea of ice and the boat was rocking over it. I should say that parts of the iceberg were eighty feet high, but it had been broken into sections, probably by our ship.

"I jumped into the ocean and was picked up by one of the boats. I never expected to see land again. I waited on board the boat until the lights went out. It seemed to me that the discipline on board was wonderful."

A young English woman who requested that her name be omitted told a thrilling story of her experience in one of the collapsible boats which had been manned by eight of the crew from the Titanic. The boat was in command of the fifth officer, H. Lowe, whose actions she described as saving the lives of many people. Before the lifeboat was launched he passed along the port deck of the steamer, commanding the people not to jump

in the boats, and otherwise restraining them from swamping the craft. When the collapsible was launched Officer Lowe succeeded in putting up a mast and a small sail. He collected other boats together; in some cases the boats were short of adequate crews, and he directed an exchange by which each was adequately manned. He threw lines connecting the boats together, two by two, and all thus moved together. Later on he went back to the wreck with the crew of one of the boats and succeeded in picking up some of those who had jumped overboard and were swimming about. On his way back to the Carpathia he passed one of the collapsible boats, which was on the point of sinking with thirty passengers aboard, most of them in scant night-clothing. They were rescued just in the nick of time."

Among the first passengers off the Carpathia was Mrs. Paul Schabert, of Derby, Conn. She said that she had a stateroom on the port side and had sailed with her brother Phillip. Mrs. Schabert declared that her brother was saved because she refused to leave him.

IN THE GENERAL PANIC CAME THE CRY, "LADIES FIRST."

"It was a terrible experience," Mrs. Schabert added. "I was awakened by the shock of the collision and went out on deck. There was very little excitement and persons were coming from their rooms asking what had happened. Suddenly from the bridge came the cry 'ladies first.' This was the first inkling we had that the ship was in danger. I went back to my stateroom and dressed and then as I returned to the deck I heard the horrifying order that women must leave their husbands and brothers. I refused to leave my brother, and finally he was shoved into the boat with me.

"Mrs. Isidor Straus, who had a stateroom near me, and with whom I have frequently talked, declared that under no circumstances would she leave Mr. Straus. As we pushed away from the Titanic the ship started to go down and as she disappeared beneath the water Mr. and Mrs. Straus were standing arm in arm."

Mrs. D. W. Marvin, who was on a honeymoon trip with her husband, was almost prostrated when she reached the deck and learned that her husband had not been picked up by some other boat.

"My God, don't ask me too much," she said. "Tell me, have you any news from Dan? He grabbed me in his arms and knocked down men to get me into the boat. As I was put in the boat he cried. 'It's all right, little girl; you go and I will stay awhile, I'll put on a life preserver and jump off and follow your boat.' As our boat shoved off he threw a kiss at me and that is the last I saw of him."

Edward Beane, of Glasgow, Scotland, who, with his wife, occupied a stateroom in the second cabin, declared that fifteen minutes after the Titanic hit the iceberg there was an explosion in the engine room, which was followed in a few minutes by a second explosion.

FALSE REPORT OF PASSENGERS BEING SHOT.

"The stern of the boat floated for nearly an hour after the bow was submerged," said Mr. Beane, "and then went down. I heard a report that two steerage passengers were shot by the officers when they started to crowd in the boats, but later this was denied."

Max Frolicher-Stehli, who, with his wife and his daughter Margaret, was on the way to this city to visit a brother, said:

"My wife and two women entered one of the first boats lowered. Twelve men, including myself, were standing near and as there were no other women passengers waiting we were ordered to get in. The sea was calm. We were rowed by four seamen, one of whom was in charge.

"The order maintained on the Titanic was what I would call remarkable. There was very little pushing and in most cases it was the women who caused the commotion by insisting that their husbands go with them into the lifeboats. As a rule the men were very orderly. It was not until we had left the ship that

many of the women showed fright. From that time on, however, they filled the air with shrieks."

The following statement issued by a committee of the surviving passengers was given the press on the arrival of the Carpathia.

"We, the undersigned surviving passengers from the S. S. Titanic, in order to forestall any sensational or exaggreated statements, deem it our duty to give the press a statement of facts which have come to our knowledge and which we believe to be true.

WARNING TOO LATE TO AVOID COLLISION.

"On Sunday, April 14, 1912, at about 11.40 P. M., on a cold, starlight night, in a smooth sea and with no moon, the ship struck an iceberg which had been reported to the bridge by the lookouts, but not early enough to avoid collision. Steps were taken to ascertain the damage and save passengers and ship. Orders were given to put on life belts and the boats were lowered. The ship sank at about 2.20 A. M. Monday and the usual distress signals were sent out by wireless and rockets fired at intervals from the ship. Fortunately the wireless message was received by the Cunard's S. S. Carpathia, at about 12 o'clock, and she arrived on the scene of the disaster at about 4 A. M. Monday.

"The officers and crew of the S. S. Carpathia had been preparing all night for the rescue and comfort of the survivors, and the last mentioned were received on board with the most touching care and kindness, every attention being given to all, irrespective of class. The passengers, officers and crew gave up gladly their staterooms, clothing and comforts for our benefit, all honor to them.

"On the boat at the time of the collision was: First class, 330; second class, 320; third class, 750; total, 1400; officers and crew, 940; total, 2340. Of the foregoing about the following were rescued by S. S. Carpathia:

"First class, 210; second class, 125; third class, 200; officers, 4; seamen, 39; stewards, 96; firemen, 71; total, 210 of the crew.

The net total of 745 saved was about 80 per cent. of the maximum capacity of the lifeboats.

"We feel it our duty to call the attention of the public to what we consider the inadequate supply of life-saving appliances provided for on modern passenger steamships, and recommend that immediate steps be taken to compel passenger steamers to carry sufficient boats to accommodate the maximum number of people carried on board.

"The following facts were observed and should be considered in this connection: The insufficiency of lifeboats, rafts, etc.; lack of trained seamen to man same (stokers, stewards, etc., are not efficient boat handlers); not enough officers to carry out emergency orders on the bridge and superintend the launching and control of lifeboats; absence of searchlights.

"The board of trade rules allow for entirely too many people in each boat to permit the same to be properly handled. On the Titanic the boat deck was about 75 feet above water, and consequently the passengers were required to embark before lowering boats, thus endangering the operation and preventing the taking on of the maximum number the boats would hold. Boats at all times to be properly equipped with provisions, water, lamps, compasses, lights, etc. Life-saving boat drills should be more frequent and thoroughly carried out; and officers should be armed at boat drills. Greater reduction in speed in fog and ice, as damage if collision actually occurs is liable to be less.

"In conclusion, we suggest that an international conference be called to recommend the passage of identical laws providing for the safety of all at sea, and we urge the United States Government to take the initiative as soon as possible."

The statement was signed by Samuel Goldenberg, chairman, and a committee of passengers.

CHAPTER IV.

NEGLECT CAUSED DISASTER.

Tardy Answer to Telephone Call—Lookout's Signals Not Answered—Ship Could Have Been Saved—Three Fatal Minutes—Ismay Accused—Women Help With Oars—Ship Broken in Two—Band Played Till Last.

The trifle of a telephone call hardly answered sent the Titanic to the bottom of the Atlantic, occasioned the greatest marine disaster in history and shocked all civilized nations.

This, at least, is the tale told by sailors of the ill-starred Titanic, brawny seamen who only lived to tell it because it happened in the line of their duty to help man the boats into which some of the Titanic's passengers were loaded.

But the telephone call that went unanswered for probably two or three minutes, none can tell the exact time, was sent by the lookout stationed forward to the first officer of the watch on the bridge of the great liner on the maiden voyage.

The lookout saw a towering "blue berg" looming up in the sea path of the Titanic, the latest and proudest product of marine architecture, and called the bridge on the ship's telephone.

When after the passing of those two or three fateful minutes an officer on the bridge of the Titanic lifted the telephone receiver from its hook to answer the lookout it was too late. The speeding liner, cleaving a calm sea under a star-studded sky, had reached the floating mountain of ice, which the theoretically "unsinkable" ship struck a crashing, if glancing, blow with her starboard bow.

Had the officer on the bridge, who was William T. Murdock, according to the account of the tragedy given by two of the Titanic's seamen, known how imperative was that call from the lookout man, whose name was given as Fleet, the man at the

wheel of the world's newest and greatest transatlantic liner might have swerved the great ship sufficiently to avoid the berg altogether or at the worst would have probably struck the mass of ice with her stern and at much reduced speed.

For obvious reasons the identity of the sailormen who described the foundering of the Titanic cannot be divulged. As for the officer, who was alleged to have been a laggard in answering the lookout's telephone call, harsh criticism may be omitted.

Murdock, if the tale of the Titanic sailor be true, expiated his negligence, if negligence it was, by shooting himself within sight of all alleged victims huddled in lifeboats or struggling in the icy seas.

THE "UNWRITTEN LAW" OF THE SEA.

The revolver which the sailors say snuffed out Murdock's life was not the only weapon that rang out above the shrieks of the drowning. Officers of the Titanic, upon whom devolved the duty of seeing that the "unwritten law" of the sea—"women and children first"—was enforced, were, according to the recital of the members of the great liner's crew, forced to shoot frenzied male passengers, who, impelled by the fear of death, attempted to get into the lifeboats swinging from their davits.

The sailors' account of the terrific impact of the Titanic against the berg that crossed the path was as follows:

"It was 11.40 P. M. Sunday, April 14. Struck an iceberg. The berg was very dark and about 250 feet in height.

"The Titanic struck the berg a glancing blow on the starboard bow. The ship, which was traveling between twenty and twenty-three knots an hour, crashed into the berg at a point about forty feet back of the stem.

"The Titanic's bottom was torn away to about fore bridge. The tear was fully fifty feet in length and was below the water line."

Regarding the state of the sea and the character of the night the sailors declared:

"It was a perfect night, clear and starlight. The sea was

smooth. The temperature had dropped to freezing Sunday morning. We knew or believed that the cold was due to the nearness of bergs, but we had not even run against cake ice up to the time the ice mountain loomed up. The Titanic raced through a calm sea in which there was no ice into the berg which sank her."

Continuing, their joint account the two men of the Titanic's crew further said:

"The first officer of the watch was Murdock. He was on the bridge. Captain Smith may have been near at hand, but he was not visible to us who were about to wash down the decks. Hitchens, quartermaster, was at the wheel. Fleet was the outlook."

It is characteristic of sailors that they make no effort to learn the baptismal names of a ship's officers.

"Fleet reported the berg, but the telephone was not answered on the bridge at once. A few minutes afterwards the telephone call was answered, but it was too late.

THE SHIP HAD STRUCK.

"The ship had struck. Murdock, after the ship struck the berg, gave orders to put helm to starboard, afterwards he ordered the helm hard to port and the ship struck the berg again.

"Afterwards Murdock gave an order for the carpenter to sound the wells to learn how much water the ship was taking in. The carpenter came up and told Murdock the Titanic had seven feet of water in her in less than seven minutes."

Keeping on with their narrative the sailors, whose nerves had not been broken by their experiences declared:

"Then Captain Smith, who had put in an appearance, gave orders to get the boats ready.

"There was less than ten minutes between the time the Titanic first struck the berg and the second crash, both of which brought big pieces of ice showering down on the ship.

"Orders came to the crew to stand by the boats. The boats were got out. There were twenty-two boats all told."

At this juncture the sailors described without apparent proj-

udice or bitterness how J. Bruce Ismay, chairman of the Board of Directors of the White Star Line, was the first to leave the Titanic.

"Ismay," the sailors asserted, "with his two daughters and a millionaire, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, and the latter's family, got into the first accident or emergency boats, which are about twenty-eight feet long, and were always ready for lowering under the bridge. The boat in which Ismay and Sir Cosmo left was manned by seven seamen. There were seventeen persons in the boat.

"This boat pulled away from the ship a half hour before any of the lifeboats were put into the water.

"There were thirteen first-class passengers and five sailors in the emergency boat. Both boats were away from the ship within ten or fifteen minutes of the ship's crashing into the berg."

FIRST BOATS TO GET AWAY.

Asked to explain how it was possible for two boats to be put over the ship's side into the water without being subjected to a rush on the part of the great ship's passengers, the Titanic seamen said: "Ismay and those who left in the two emergency boats occupied cabins de luxe. The two boats were swniging from davits ready for lowering. We have no idea who notified Mr. Ismay and his friends to make ready to leave the ship, but we do know that the boats in which they were got away first."

The sailors' seemingly unvarnished tale then went on as follows:

"It was perhaps a half hour before the first of the lifeboats was ready for lowering. Not a man was allowed in one of the lifeboats so far as we could see, only women and children. The boats were all thirty-six feet long and carried about sixty passengers. There were about thirty-five or forty passengers to a boat when they were lowered, but two sailors went in each boat. Besides the sixteen lifeboats and the two emergency boats, four collapsible boats, each with a carrying capacity of forty pas-

sengers, were put over the sides of the Titanic, every boat on the ship was put into the water.

"One of the collapsible boats filled with water. The women and children in the boat were mostly third-class passengers. The boat turned keel and nearly two score persons clung to it. Many of these were rescued by the lifeboats."

The spokesman for the sailors here asserted: "We want to make it plain that the officers and crew of the Titanic did their duty. Not a male passenger got into the lifeboats. During the early excitement men tried to force their way into the boats, but the officers shot them down with revolvers. I saw probably a half dozen men shot down as the lifeboat to which I was assigned was being filled. The men shot were left to die and sink on the upper deck of the Titanic."

The Titanic's sailors described how frail women, steeled by a desperate emergency, seized oars and labored with the seamen to get the lifeboats at a safe distance from the great liner, sinking deep and deeper under the weight of water.

WOMEN HELP WITH THE OARS.

"There were ten oars to each lifeboat," the sailors said. "The women seized the sweeps and helped us to get the boats clear of the ship. We got away about 100 yards from the ship and waited to see what would happen. The liner was sinking fast, but the lights continued to shine through the black night.

"The end came at 2.30 on Monday morning. The lights on the ship did not go out until ten minutes before the liner sank. The inrushing seas reaching the after fires produced an explosion, which sundered the big liner. The forward half of the Titanic dived gently down. The after part of the ship stood on end and then disappeared.

"The force of the explosion blew, it seemed to us watching from the lifeboats, scores of passengers and sailors into the air."

"That there were stout hearts on the Titanic, even in the last moments of an unprecedented catastrophe, that refused to quail was proven by the rough seamen's further testimony.

"The band on the promenade deck," they declared, "played 'Abide With Me' and 'Eternal Father, Strong to Save,' and other hymns as the ship sank."

The Titanic sank at 2.30, almost at the spot where she collided with the mountain of ice.

It was an hour later when the Carpathia was sighted by the thinly-clad occupants of the lifeboats and it was 4.30 before the first of the Titanic's passengers set foot on the deck of the Cunarder. It was 8 o'clock on Monday morning, April 15, before the last of the half-clad suffering passengers of the Titanic were taken aboard the Carpathia, a not difficult feat, as the sea continued smooth.

The Carpathia's run from the Newfoundland banks to New York was uneventful except for the burial at sea of five persons. Four of the five, according to the sailors, were consigned to the deep at about 4 P. M. on Monday, April 15. One of the four was a sailor, one a fireman and two male passengers of the third class.

TELEPHONE CALL DOUBTED.

The alleged negligence of Murdock, the first officer of the watch, who is blamed, as stated above, by some of the sailors for the wreck in not responding immediately to a telephone call from the lookout giving warning of the iceberg ahead, is doubted by a naval man who has had a long experience on transatlantic liners.

"I cannot help doubting, in fact, absolutely disbelieving, that an officer of the watch could be negligent in either responding to a call from the crow's-nest or even failing to discover anything in the course of his vessel as soon as the lookout. Especially considering the fact that the vessel had been warned of ice several times.

"The position of the senior officer of the watch is on the windward side of the bridge. He does not depend on the lookout, that man is only a check upon him. Usually any object in the course of the vessel is discovered by both at the same time. The lookout's signal was not a telephone call when I was on the

seas, but a horn blast. Three blasts, object dead ahead; one blast, object on port bow; two blasts, object on starboard bow.

"That Murdock did not see the berg as soon as his lookout, seems improbable; that he did not see it immediately after his lookout, seems impossible; that he did not answer any signal from the lookout immediately is impossible, unless he was dead. Murdock knew his responsibility, and he wasn't shirking. He wouldn't have been on the watch, or on the Titanic, if he ever shirked.

"Could a vessel the size of the Titanic change its course sufficiently to avoid the berg within three minutes supposed to have elapsed during which Murdock didn't answer his lookout's call? It could. I never sailed a vessel the size of the Titanic, but I unhesitatingly say that the Titanic's course could be changed in considerably less than a mile. Why, by putting the wheel hard-a-port and stopping the engines on that side the vessel could be turned so quickly that it would list fifteen degrees in swinging around. I have steered a transatlantic liner in and out among fishing smacks and they are easier to hit than an iceberg."

QUESTIONED ABOUT CONDITIONS ON MOONLESS NIGHT.

Two other seafaring men of long experience, who have many nights sat in the crow's-nest of a liner and watched the course, were asked how far an iceberg the size of the one that the Titanic struck could be seen on a clear night without a moon, a condition on which all of the survivors seem to agree was present the night the Titanic was sunk.

One of these men said at least one mile, the other at least two miles. So the fact remains that Murdock was supposed to be on the bridge keeping a strict lookout and not depending on the crow's-nest; that he could have seen the iceberk when it was at least a mile from the vessel, and that the Titanic could have been easily turned sufficiently in her course to avoid the berg within a mile.

The surviving passengers are unanimous that the "unbe-

lievable" happened. The voyage had been pleasant and uneventful, except for the fact that it was being made on the largest and most magnificent vessel that ever sailed and for the keen interest which the passengers took in the daily bulletins of the speed.

The Titanic had been making good time and all accounts agree that on the night of the disaster she was apparently going at her usual rate—of from 21 to 25 knots an hour.

J. H. Moody, the quartermaster, who was at the helm, said that the ship was making twenty-one and that the officers were under orders at the time to keep up speed in the hope of making a record passage.

These orders were being carried out in face of knowledge that the steamer was in the vicinity of great icebergs sweeping down from the north. That very afternoon, according to the record of the hyrographic officer, the Titanic had relayed to shore a wireless warning from the steamer Amerika that an unusual field of pack ice and bergs menaced navigation off the Banks.

OFFICERS CONFIDENT EVEN IN THE FACE OF DANGER.

But it was a "clear and starlight night," as all the survivors described the weather, and the great ship sped through the quiet seas with officers confident that even though an iceberg should be seen the vessel could be controlled in ample time, and the passengers rested in full confidence that their temporary quarters in the largest and most magnificent vessel ever constructed were as safe as their own homes.

This confidence is emphasized in the tales of nearly all the survivors that when the crash came there was almost no excitement. Many who felt anxious enough to go on deck to inquire what had happened were little perturbed when they learned that the ship had "only struck an iceberg." It appeared to be a glancing blow and at first there was no indication of a serious accident.

A group of men at cards in the smoking room sent one of their number to look out of the window, and when he came back

with the announcement that the boat had grazed an iceberg, the party went on with the game. It was never finished.

The stoppage of the engines was noticed more than the collision, the effect being, as one survivor put it, like the stopping of a loud ticking clock.

The over-confident passengers were not brought to the slightest realization that the collision might mean serious danger until the call ran through the ship, "All passengers on deck with life-belts on."

Captain Smith, it is said, was not on the bridge when the collision occurred, but when hurriedly summoned by his first officer, he took charge of what seemed a hopeless situation in a manner which the passengers praise as calm, resolute and efficient to the highest degree.

One of the most stirring narratives of action and description of scenes that followed the collision was told by L. Beasley, a Cambridge University man, who was one of the surviving second cabin passengers.

THE CREWS ALLOTTED TO THE BOATS.

"The steamer lay just as if she were awaiting the order to go on again, when some trifling matter had been adjusted," he said. "But in a few minutes we saw the covers lifted from the boats, and the crews allotted to them standing by ready to lower them to the water.

"Presently we heard the order, 'All men stand back and all ladies retire to the next deck below'— the smoking room deck or 'B' deck. The men stood away and remained in absolute silence, leaning against the end railing or pacing slowly up and down.

"The boats were swung out and lowered from A deck. When they were to the level of B deck, where all the ladies were collected, the ladies got in quietly with the exception of some, who refused to leave their husbands. In some cases they were torn from them and pushed into the boats.

"All this time there was no trace of any disorder; no panic or rush for the boats, and no scenes of women sobbing hysterically. Everyone seemed to realize so slowly that there was im-

minent danger. When it was realized that we would be presently in the sea with nothing but our life-belts to support us until we were picked up by passing steamers, it was extraordinary how calm everyone was and how complete the self-control.

"One by one the boats were filled with women and children,

"Presently we heard the order, 'All men stand back and all lowered and rowed away into the night. Presently the word went around among the men, 'The men are to be put in boats on the starboard side.' I was on the port side and most of the men walked across the deck to see if this was so. Presently I heard the call, 'Any more ladies?'

"Looking over the side of the ship I saw boat No. 13 swinging level with B deck, half full of women. I saw no more come, and one of the crew said then: 'You'd better jump.' I dropped in and fell in the bottom as they cried 'lower away.' "

Beasely said that the lifeboat was nearly two miles away from the Titanic less than two hours later, when they made out that the great liner was sinking.

SHIP APPARENTLY BREAKS IN TWO.

Other survivors who were nearer to the sinking liner told of hearing the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" played as the liner sank, and some of those in the lifeboats blended their voices in the melody. Suddenly there was a mighty roar and the ship, already half submerged, was seen to buckle and apparently break in two by the force of an explosion caused when the water reached the hot boilers.

The bow sank first and for fully five minutes the stern was poised almost vertically in the air, when suddenly it plunged out of sight.

With the last hope gone of seeing their loved ones alive, many women in the lifeboats seemed to be indifferent whether they were saved or not. They were nearly 1000 miles from land and had no knowledge that a ship of succor was speeding to them. Without provisions or water, there seemed little hope of surviving long in the bitter cold.

There were sixteen boats in the forlorn procession which entered upon the terrible hours of suspense.

The confidence that the big ship, on which they had started across the sea, was sure to bring them safely here was now turned to utter helplessness. But the shock of learning that their lives were in peril was hardly greater than the relief when, at dawn, a large steamer's stacks were seen on the horizon, and eager eyes soon made out that the vessel was making for the scene.

The rescue ship proved to be the Carpathia, which had received the Titanic's distress signals by wireless.

By 7 o'clock in the morning all the Titanic's sixteen boats had been picked up and their chilled and hungry occupants welcomed over the Carpathia's side. The Carpathia's passengers, who were bound for a Mediterranean cruise, showed every consideration for the stricken, and many gave up their cabins that the shipwrecked might be made comfortable.

The rescued were in all conditions of dress and undress, and the women on the Carpathia vied with one another in supplying missing garments.

On the four days' cruise back to New York many, who had realized that their experiences would be waited by an anxious world, put their narratives to paper while their nerves were still at a tension from the excitement of the disaster they had barely escaped.

CHAPTER V.

BELIEVED SHIP UNSINKABLE.

Shots and Hymn Mingle—Titanic Settled Slowly—Best Traditions Upheld by Passengers and Crew—Boiler Explosions Tore Ship Apart—Anguish in the Boats—Survivors Carried to Carpathia—Not Enough Provision Against Accident.

Outside of great naval battles no tragedy of the sea ever claimed so many victims as did the loss of the Titanic. The pitiful part of it is that all on board the Titanic might have been saved had there been a sufficient number of lifeboats aboard to accommodate the passengers and crew.

Only sixteen lifeboats were launched, one of these, a collapsible boat, the last to be launched, was overturned, but was used as a raft and served to save the lives of many men and women.

Many women went down with the ship—steerage women, unable to get to the upper decks where the boats were launched; maids, who were overlooked in the confusion; cabin passengers, who refused to desert their husbands, or who reached the decks after the last of the lifeboats was gone and the ship was settling for her final plunge to the bottom of the Atlantic.

Confidence in the ability of the Titanic to remain afloat led many of the passengers to death. The theory that the great ship was unsinkable remained with hundreds who had entrusted themselves to the gigantic hulk long after the officers knew that the vessel could not long remain above the surface.

That so many of the men passengers and members of the crew were saved, while such a large majority of females drowned was due to the fact that the women had not appeared about the lifeboats in sufficient numbers to fill them when whey they first were launched. Dozens of male survivors assert they were forced into the first boats lowered against their will by officers

who insisted that the boats should go overboard filled to their capacity.

From a rather calm, well ordered sort of leaving of passengers over the side when the disaster was young the departure of survivors became a riot as the last boats were lowered and it was apparent that the Titanic would sink.

Steerage passengers fought their way to the upper decks and struggled with brutal ferocity against cabin passengers who were aimlessly trying to save themselves. Officers of the ship shot down men who sought to jump into already overcrowded boats. The sound of the pistol shots mingled with the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," played by the ship's orchestra as the Titanic took her final plunge.

MURDOCK SHOOTS HIMSELF.

Murdock, the first officer, who was on the bridge in charge of the Titanic when she struck the iceberg, shot himself when convinced the vessel was doomed. The report that Captain Smith shot himself is contradicted by survivors, who say they saw him swept from the ship as she went down.

The Titanic settled into the sea gently. The greater part of her bulk was under water when she slipped beneath the waves. No trace of suction was felt by those in lifeboats only a few hundred yards away.

Colonel John Jacob Astor died a hero and went down with the ship. Had he leaped into the water as she made her final plunge, he might have been picked up by one of the lifeboats, but he remained on the deck and was swept under by the drawing power of the great bulk, bound for the bottom.

All the officers who died and most of the members of the crew upheld the traditions of heroism held sacred by seamen. They did their duty to the end and died with their ship. Not a man in the engine room was saved; not one of them was seen on deck after the collision. They remained at their posts, far down in the depths of the stricken vessel, until the waves closed over what was at once their pride and their burial casket.

A boiler explosion tore the Titanic apart shortly before she sank. This occurred when the sea water, which had been working its way through the forward compartments, invaded the fireroom. After the explosion the Titanic hung on the surface, upheld only by the water-tight compartments, which had not been touched by the collision.

Although the officers of the Titanic had been warned of the proximity of ice, she was steaming at the rate of twenty-three knots an hour when she met her end. The lookouts in the crow's nest saw an iceberg ahead and telephoned the bridge. The vessel swung slightly in response to her rudder, and the submerged part of the iceberg tore out her plates along the starboard quarters below the water.

COMPARTMENT WALL GIVES WAY.

Water rushed into several of the compartments. The ship listed to starboard. Captain Smith hurried to the bridge. It was thought the ship would float, until a shudder, that vibrated throughout the great frame, told that a compartment wall had given away. Then a definite order was given to man the lifeboats, and stewards were sent to instruct passengers to put on life preservers.

So thoroughly grounded was the belief of the cabin passengers that the Titanic was unsinkable that few of them took the accident seriously. Women in evening dress walked out of the magnificent saloons and joked about the situation. Passengers protested against getting into the lifeboats, although the ship was then sinking by the head.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Allison and their little daughter remained on the ship and were lost, after the infant son of the Allison family had been placed in a lifeboat in charge of a nurse.

Isidor Straus and his wife did not appear on deck until an order had been issued that only women and children should be allowed in the lifeboats. Mrs. Straus clung to her husband and refused to leave him. They died in each other's arms.

Those who escaped in the first lifeboats were disposed to

look on their experience as a lark. The sailors manning the oars pulled away from the Titanic. The sound of music floated over the starlit waves. The lights of the Titanic were burning.

Like simultaneous photographs of the same tragedy etched on the brains of 745 persons, survivors of the Titanic tell of their experiences and what they saw in those pitfully few hours between the great ship's impact on the iceberg and the appalling moment when she disappeared.

As the survivors came, half fainting, half hysterical, down the Carpathia's gang plank, they began to relate these narratives. Many of these were disjointed, fragmentary—a picture here, a frightful flash of recollection there, some bordered on hallucination, some were more connected as one of those who are now beginning to realize the horror through which they came. A few strangely enough, are calm and lucid. But every one thrills with some part of the awful truth as its narrator saw it.

INDIVIDUALLY CONFLICTING STORIES OF THE WRECK.

Each tale is like another view of the same many-sided shield. Sometimes they seem to contradict each other, but that is because those who witness such scenes see them as individuals. There is not a survivor but has something new and startling and dramatic to tell.

Taken altogether their accounts are a composite picture of 700 separate experiences.

The shock of the collision had barely jarred the ship. One man who was directing letters in his cabin kept on with his work until he felt a sudden shift in the position of the ship and rushed to the deck in time to leap into a lifeboat. Some of the passengers had returned to their berths.

Nothing occurred to indicate to the passengers aboard the Titanic or moving away from the ship in lifeboats that the vessel would not remain afloat until help should arrive, until the boilers exploded. Then the end was apparent to all.

Men with life-preservers strapped about their waists, jump-

ed overboard by scores and some were picked up by boats which had not got far from the ship.

As the last three lifeboats were launched the restriction as to women and children was removed. It was a free-for-all then on the deck, where unskilled men, principally stewards, were trying to get the the cumberstone boats overboard. Nearly all those who took part in that struggle for life are dead. Those who survived are not anxious to talk about it.

Just before the Titanic disappeared from view men and women leaped from the stern. As the portion of vessel remaining above water swung up to an almost perpendicular position hundreds on the upper decks were thrown into the sea and were pulled down in the vortex. The biggest, most thrilling moments of the wreck were those last moments when the air-tight compartments in the after part of the Titanic were supporting the balance of the ship.

KEPT TOGETHER BY GREEN LIGHT.

None are alive to tell the tale of that short period. Toward 2 o'clock on Monday morning a green light aboard one of the lifeboats kept the fleet of craft carrying the survivors together. Through the hours until dawn the men in charge of the boats hovered about that green light. Occasionally bodies of men slipped by the lifeboats. A few men, more dead than alive, were pulled aboard the boats, that were now overcrowded.

The weather became bitterly cold and the survivors suffered physical pain as well as mental anguish. Benumbed by the extent of the catastrophe most of the women sat motionless in their places. The Carpathia appeared soon after dawn. Not until the big Cunarder was close by did the realization of what had happened reach the women survivors.

Many of them became temporarily insane. It was necessary to use force to place them in swings in which they were hoisted to the Carpathia's decks. The officers of the Carpathia knowing the Titanic had gone down, were prepared for an emergency. Passengers on the Cunarder gave their cabins to

the Titanic sufferers. The captain surrendered his room for hospital purposes. Stewardesses were compelled to cut the clothing from some of the women who had jumped into the water and been picked up by the lifeboats.

Among the survivors picked up by the Carpathia were several babies. These little ones were tossed overboard by their parents and rescued by the boats. The identity of these orphans may never be determined. When the list of persons aboard the Carpathia was checked up it was found that among the survivors were thirty women who had been widowed by the disaster.

Nearly all these women, bereft of their life partners, were reassured by the hope that those who had been left behind had been picked up by another vessel until they reached New York. For some reason the impression prevailed on the Carpathia that the Californian had picked up a number of survivors floating in the sea upheld by life-preservers.

EVERY HUSBAND SAVED SAVES HIS WIFE.

As against the thirty widows stands the record of every married man who was saved. Each of these men saved his wife also. No wife was left on the Titanic by a husband who had reached a lifeboat.

Narratives of the various survivors, assembled in a consecutive narrative, makes one of the most thrilling tales of modern life. It is a narrative filled with heroism unparalleled—bravery and heroism performed by American business men. They were men of millions who had everything to live for and yet, in that crisis at sea, they worked coolly, steadfastly to save women and children. Then they went down with the White Star liner Titanic, the greatest ship afloat.

When the Carpathia came into port carrying the more than 700 survivors of the disaster, the curtain, which had hidden the story of the tragedy since the first word of it was flashed to a startled world, was drawn aside. Here is the real tale of the sinking of the Titanic.

The Titanic was athrob with the joy of life on Sunday night,

when without warning, the great liner was jammed against a partly submerged iceberg. The blow, which was a glancing one, did not cause much of a jar and there were some on board who did not know that an accident had happened until later. The liner struck the berg on the starboard side amidships.

Only Captain E. J. Smith, the commander, realized that there might be grave danger, and even he did not regard the collision as fatal. Going to the wireless cabin in which Phillips, the operator, was in conversation with Cape Race on traffic matters, he gave orders to the wireless man to hold himself in readiness to flash out a distress signal.

At the time there was a great throng in the main saloon, where the ship's orchestra was giving a concert. Despite the bitterly cold weather, some of the passengers were taking advantage of the bright moonlight to stroll upon the decks. Survivors, who were upon the starboard side, said that the ice mountain which the vessel struck was at least 150 feet high where exposed

UNDER FULL HEAD OF STEAM.

At the time the ship was steaming ahead under nearly a full head of steam, at about twenty-one knots. If she had been going slowly the disaster probably would never have happened.

Acting under orders from Captain Smith, the ship's officers passed among the passengers, reassuring them as the rumor that the ship had struck spread.

"Keep cool; there is no danger," was the message which, repeated over and over, gradually became monotonous. The warning was hardly necessary for none, save the highest officers of the ship, who were in Captain Smith's confidence, knew the real gravity of the situation.

Captain Smith immediately went below and began an examination. This showed that quick action was necessary. Within fifteen minutes of his first warning the captain again entered the wireless cabin and told Phillips to flash the distress signal.

"Send the international call for help, so they will understand." Captain Smith said.

Bride, the assistant operator, who had been asleep, was standing at Phillips' side.

Some of the passengers who had been sleeping were aroused and left their berths. Many hastened on deck to get a glimpse of the berg, but, so swiftly was it moving in the gulf stream current, that, within twenty minutes after the vessel struck it, the ice mountain had disappeared from view. At 11.50 P. M., fifteen minutes after the collision, the first intimation of impending danger was given. Officers passed among the passengers warning them to put on life belts. The tarpaulins were cast off, the lifeboats and the life rafts and the davit guys loosened so that the boats could be swiftly swung over the side.

Members of the crew also donned life preservers; but, with studied forethought, Captain Smith ordered the principal officers not to don their belts. They were told, however, to be ready to do so in an emergency.

PHILLIPS POUNDS OUT THE S. O. S.

The ship soon had begun to list. The wireless masts were sputtering a blue streak of sparks. Phillips at his key pounded out one "S. O. S." call after another. He alternated between the "S. O. S." and the "C. Q. D." so that there might be no chance of the signal being misunderstood.

The first ship to respond to the Titanic was the Frankfurt; the second was the Carpathia. Phillips told the Carpathia's wireless man that the accident was serious and that the White Star liner was sinking by the head.

"We are putting about and coming to your aid," was the reply flashed by the Cunarder.

About 12.15 o'clock the officers began warning the women to get into the boats. Even at this time no one realized that there was any danger. Many of the women refused to get into the boats and had to be placed in them forcibly by the crew.

Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor were walking upon the deck. They were approached by Captain H. D. Steffason, of the Swedish Embassy, at Washington. Captain Steffason advis-

ed Mrs. Astor to leave the ship. She demurred, saying there was no danger. Finally Colonel Astor said:

"Yes, my dear, it is better for you to go; I will follow in another boat after all the women have been taken off."

They kissed and parted. It was a beautiful parting.

Mrs. Washington Dodge, of San Francisco, wife of another prominent passenger, was asleep in her stateroom. She was aroused by her husband, who urged her to get in a boat. So certain were both that the measures were only precautionary and not necessary that they did not even kiss each other good-bye. Mr. Dodge embarked in another boat.

These incidents are given because they are typical. They show how little the passengers knew that they were standing at the brink of death.

THE GAP INCREASES.

The riven plates under the water increased the gap, allowing more and more water to pour into the hold. The steel frame had been buckled by the impact of the collision and water was rushing into the supposedly water-tight compartments around the doors. The dynamo supplying the ship's searchlight and the wireless outfit were put out of commission.

Officers hurried hither and thither, reporting to Captain Smith. This master mariner, hero of the White Star Line, knew that he was doomed to death by all the traditions of the sea, but did not flinch. He was the coolest man on board. As life boat after life boat was filled and swung over the side it pulled off some distance and stood by.

When the officers began to load the women of the steerage into the boats trouble started. Men refused to be separated from the wives. Families clamored to get into life boats together. The ship's officers had a hard time subduing some of the steerage passengers. The survivors say that some of the men of the steerage were shot by the ship's officers.

As the officers were loading the women of the first cabin list into the boat they came upon Mrs. Isador Straus, the elderly

wife of the noted philanthropist. She started to get into a boat, but held back, waiting for her husband to follow. Mr. Straus tenderly took her in his arms, bade her farewell and explained that he must abide by the inexorable rule of the sea, which says women and children must be saved first.

"If you do not go I don't go," exclaimed the devoted wife. She clung to her husband's arm, and, despite his efforts and the efforts of officers to persuade her to get into one of the boats, she refused. The devoted couple went to death together.

While the vessel was going down the call for help was picked up and acknowledged by the White Star liners Olympic and Baltic. They turned their heads toward the Titanic, but were too far away to render aid.

STRAINS OF MUSIC DROWNS ALL CRIES.

The band, which had been playing incessantly in the main saloon, moved out to the open deck and the strains of music rose above the shouts of the officers and the cries of the passengers. By 1 o'clock even those who knew nothing of seamanship began to realize by the angle at which the giant liner careened that she was in grave danger. By this time more than half of the life boats had been sent away and they formed a ring in the darkness about the great vessel.

Excitement began to run high. Major A. W. Butt, U. S. A., military aide to President Taft; William T. Stead, the famous journalist; Colonel Astor, and others of the passengers volunteered their services to Captain Smith. They helped the officers hold back other male passengers who by this time had become thoroughly frightened.

As one of the lifeboats was being swung over the ship's side, a frantic mother who had been separated from her eight-year-old boy, cried out hysterically. Colonel Astor was standing by the boat, assisting the officers. The little boy, in fright and despair, stretched out his arms appealingly to his mother, but the officer in command of the boat said that it would not be safe for another to enter.

Colonel Astor, seeing a girl's hat lying upon the deck, stealthily placed it upon the boy's head. Lifting up the child, he called out: "Surely you will not leave a little girl behind." The ruse worked and the child was taken on board.

Up in the wireless room, Bride had placed a life preserver upon his companion, Phillips, while Phillips sat at his key. Upon returning from Captain Smith's cabin with a message, Bride saw a grimy stoker of gigantic proportions bending over Phillips removing the life belt. Phillips would not abandon his key for an instant to fight off the stoker. Bride is a little man (he was subsequently saved) but plucky. Drawing his revolver he shot down the intruder and the wireless work went on as though nothing had happened.

J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the International Mercantile Marine Company, owners of the White Star Line, was sitting in the cafe chatting to some friends when the liner ran upon the berg. He was the first one informed by Captain Smith. Ismay rushed to the deck to look at the berg.

"THE SHIP CANNOT SINK."

"The ship cannot sink," was the reply which he gave, with smiling assurance, to all inquirers.

Nevertheless, there are survivors who say that Ismay was one of the passengers of the lifeboats which put off. They saw him enter the boat.

By 1.30 o'clock the great vessel, which only a short time before had been the marvel of the twentieth century, was a waterlogged hulk. Panic was steadily growing. The word had been passed around that the ship was doomed. The night continued calm. The sea was smooth. The moon was brilliant in the sky.

Into one of the last of the life boats that were launched two Chinamen, employed in the galley, had hidden themselves. They were stretched in the bottom of the boat, face downward, and made no sound. So excited were the women that they did not notice the presence of the Chinese until the boat had pulled off

from the Titanic. Then the officer in charge drew his revolver and shot both to death. The bodies were tumbled overboard.

The weather was very cold and the sea was filled with floating ice. All were warned before getting into the boats to dress as warmly as possible. By the time the boats were filled the water had entered the engine-room and the ship was drifting helplessly. About 2 o'clock Captain Smith, who had been standing upon the bridge with a megaphone to his mouth, again went to the wireless cabin.

"Men," he said to Phillips and Bride, with a break in his voice, "you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin, for it is now every man for himself."

Bride left the cabin, but Phillips still clung to his key. He perished. The saving of Bride, the second wireless man, was only one of a series of thrilling escapes. Wearing a life belt, Bride went upon deck. He saw a dozen men passengers tugging at a collapsible boat trying to work it to the edge of the deck.

BRIDE SWEPT OVERBOARD.

The wireless man went to their assistance and they had got it nearly to the point from which they could swing it over, when a wave rolled over the deck. Bride, who had hold of an oar lock, was swept overboard with the boat. The next thing he knew he was struggling in the water beneath the boat.

The icy water struck a chill through him. He realized that unless he got from beneath the boat he would drown. Diving deeply, he came up on the outside of the gunwale and grasped it. On every hand was wreckage of all kinds and struggling men who had been washed overboard by the submerging comber. Bride clung to the craft until he saw another boat near by. Exerting all his strength, he swam to this boat and was pulled in it more dead than alive.

By this time all the boats and life rafts had been taken from the ship. The boats were ringed about the ship from 150 feet to 1,000 yards distant. Their occupants could see the lights burning on the vessel which had settled low in the water.

Suddenly as they looked great billows of live sparks rose up through the four funnels. These were followed by billowing clouds of smoke and steam. The rush of water had reached the boiler rooms and the boilers had exploded. After this the great vessel sank more rapidly and within less than twenty minutes had plunged to her grave, two miles beneath the surface.

In the meantime, however, those upon the sinking ship, who knew that they had only a few hours at most to live, lived up to the most splendid example of Anglo-Saxon courage. As the ship sank lower those on board climbed higher, prolonging life to the last minute. Frenzied search was made of every part of the decks by those who hoped that the sailors had overlooked a life raft or small boat which might be used. Their search was vain.

Colonel Astor, Major Butt, C. M. Hays, W. M. Clark and other friends stood together. Astor and Butt were strong swimmers. When the water reached the ship's rail, Butt and Astor jumped and began swimming rapidly away. There was little suction despite the bulk of the foundering craft.

SHIP DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.

There was a dreadful cry as the ship disappeared from view. Instantly the water was filled with hundreds of struggling men. The spot just above the grave of the liner was strewn with wreckage. Some tried to climb upon the ice cakes. But the cold air and the cold water soon numbed the fingers of the men in the water. Even the most powerful of the refugees soon gave out. Exhausted by their effort and numb from exposure they dropped one by one.

There are survivors, however, among them Dr. Henry J. Frauenthal, of this city, who said that they heard cries from the water for two hours after the Titanic sank. Amidst the acres and acres of wreckage hundreds of dead bodies floated. Many of them were among the first cabin passengers, still dressed in their evening clothes which they had worn when the ship struck the iceberg.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW SURVIVORS ESCAPED.

Managing Director Accused—Stoker Makes Direct Charge—Supported by Many Survivors—Tells about It—"Please Don't Knock"—Demanded Food—Brave Lot of Women—First Officer Shot Himself.

One man stands out in a most unenviable light amid the narratives of heroism and suffering attending the great Titanic sea tragedy. This man is J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, who, according to accounts of survivors, made himself the exception to the rule of the sea, "Women first," in the struggle for life.

Some of these survivors say he jumped into the first life boat, others that he got into the third or fourth. However that may be, he is among the comparatively few men saved, and the manner of his escape aroused the wrath and criticism of many.

A woman with a baby was pushed to the side of the third boat, says one survivor. Ismay got out; he then climbed into the fourth boat. "I will man this boat," he said, and there was no one who said him nay.

"Mr. Ismay was in the first lifeboat that left the Titanic," declared William Jones, an eighteen-year-old stoker, who was called to man one of the lifeboats. Jones comes from Southampton, England, and this was his first ocean voyage. He left the Carpathia tottering. "There were three firemen in each boat," he said. "I don't know how many were killed in the boiler explosion which occurred after the last lifeboat had put off. I saw four boats, filled with first cabin passengers, sink. In the boat I was in, two women died from exposure. We were picked up about 8 o'clock."

Mrs. Lucien P. Smith, of Huntingdon, W. Va., daughter of Representative James Hughes, West Virginia, was in the third boat that was launched, and in that boat was Mrs. John Jacob Astor. "My niece saw Mr. Ismay leaving the boat. He was attended by several of the crew and every assistance was given him to get into the boat," says Mrs. Smith. "And when the Carpathia finally came along and rescued the shipwrecked passengers, some of the crew of the Carpathia, together with men of the Titanic, actually carried Mr. Ismay to spacious rooms that had been set aside for him. As soon as Mr. Ismay had been placed in this stateroom a sign was placed on the door: "Please don't knock."

MRS. W. J. CARDEZA'S NARRATIVE.

According to Mrs. W. J. Cardeza, of Philadelphia, who gave her narrative after she had arrived at the Ritz-Carlton with T. D. M. Cardeza, J. Bruce Ismay was not only safely seated in a lifeboat before it was filled, but he also selected the crew that rowed the boat. According to Mrs. Cardeza, Mr. Ismay knew that Mr. Cardeza was an expert oarsman and he beckoned him into the boat. Mr. Cardeza manned an oar until Mr. Ismay's boat was picked up about two hours later.

The White Star Line, through Ismay, disclaimed responsibility, saying that it was "an act of God." Ismay defended his action in taking to the lifeboat. He said that he took the last boat that left the ship. "Were there any women and children left on the Titanic when you entered the boat?" he was asked. The reply was, "I am sure I cannot say."

J. Bruce Ismay described to a reporter how the catastrophe occurred. "I was asleep in my cabin," said Mr. Ismay, "when the crash came. It woke me instantly. I experienced a sensation as if the big liner were sliding up on something.

"We struck a glancing blow, not head on, as some persons have supposed. The iceberg, so great was the force of the blow, tore the ship's plates half way back, I think, although I cannot say definitely. There was absolutely no disorder.

"I left in the last boat. I did not see the Titanic sink. I cannot remember how far away the lifeboat in which I was had been rowed from the ship when she sank."

Mr. Ismay began his interview by reading a prepared statement, to this effect:

"In the presence and under the shadow of so overwhelming a tragedy I am overcome with feelings too deep for words. The White Star Line will do everything humanly possible to alleviate the sufferings of the survivors and the relatives of those who were lost.

"The Titanic was the last word in ship building. Every British regulation had been complied with and her masters, officers and crew were the most experienced and skillful in the British service.

WELCOMES EXHAUSTIVE INQUIRY.

"I am informed that a committee of the United States Senate has been appointed to investigate the accident. I heartily welcome a most complete and exhaustive inquiry as the company has absolutely nothing to conceal and any aid that my associates or myself, our ship builders or navigators can render will be at the service of both the United States and the British Governments."

"How soon did she sink after she struck?" Mr. Ismay was asked. "Let me see, it was two hours and twenty-five minutes, I think. Yes, that is right."

"In other words, there would have been ample time to have taken everybody off if there had been enough lifeboats?" he was asked. "I do not want to talk about that now," was the reply.

"Did you go off in the first boat?" some one asked. "What do you mean?"

"Were you in the first boat that left the ship?" "No." he replied, slowly and firmly, "I was not. I was in the last boat. It was one of the forward boats."

"Did the captain tell you to get in the boat?" "No."

"What was the captain doing when you last saw him?" "He was standing on the bridge."

"It is not true that he committed suicide?" "No, I heard nothing of it."

Mr. Ismay was asked to explain the delay in the sending of the news of the wreck from the Carpathia. He said:

"I can't say anything about that now except that I sent the first telegram announcing what had happened to Mr. Franklin about 11 o'clock on the morning that we were picked up. I am told that that telegram did not reach its destination here until yesterday."

In response to requests for more details Mr. Ismay said: "I must refuse to say more until to-morrow, when I appear before the Congressional Committee."

"For God's sake, get me something to eat. I'm starved. I don't care what it costs or what it is. Bring it to me."

AN OFFICER'S COMPLETE ACCOUNT.

This was the first statement made by Ismay, a few minutes after he was landed on board the Carpathia. It is vouched for by an officer of the Carpathia. This officer gave one of the most complete accounts of what happened aboard the Carpathia from the time she received the Titanic's appeal for assistance until she landed the survivors at the Cunard line pier.

"Mr. Ismay reached the Carpathia in about the tenth lifeboat," said the officer. "I didn't know who he was, but afterward I heard the others of the crew discussing his desire to get something to eat the minute he put his foot on deck. The steward who waited on him, McGuire, from London, says Mr. Ismay came dashing into the dining room, and, throwing himself in a chair, said, 'Hurry, for God's sake, and get me something to eat; I'm starved. I don't care what it costs or what it is; bring it to me.'

"McGuire brought Mr. Ismay a load of stuff, and when he had finished it he handed McGuire a two-dollar bill. 'Your money is no good on this ship.' McGuire told him. 'Take it,' in-

sisted Mr. Ismay, shoving the bill in McGuire's hand. 'I am well able to afford it. I will see to it that the boys of the Carpathia are well rewarded for this night's work.' This promise started McGuire making inquires as to the identity of the man he had waited on. Then we learned that he was Mr. Ismay. I did not see Mr. Ismay after the first few hours. He must have kept to his cabin.

"The Carpathia received her first appeal from the Titanic about midnight, According to an officer of the Titanic, that vessel struck the iceberg at twenty minutes to 12 o'clock and went down for keeps at nineteen minutes after 2 o'clock. I turned in on Sunday night a few minutes after 12 o'clock. I hadn't closed my eyes before a friend of the chief steward told me that Captain Rostron had ordered the chief steward to get out 3,000 blankets and to make preparations to care for that many extra persons. I jumped into my clothes and was informed of the Titanic. By that time the Carpathia was going at full speed in the direction of the Titanic.

THE CREW TOLD WHAT IS EXPECTED OF THEM.

"The entire crew of the Carpathia was assembled on deck and were told of what had happened. The chief steward, Harry Hughes, told them what was expected of them.

"'Every man to his post and let him do his full duty like a true Englishman,' he said. 'If the situation calls for it, let us add another glorious page to British history.'

"After that every man saluted and went to his post. There was no confusion. Everything was in readiness for the reception of the survivors before 2 o'clock. Only one or two of the passengers were on deck, one of them, Mr. Beachler, having been awakened by a friend, and the other because of inability to sleep. Many of the Carpathia's passengers slept all through the morning up to 10 o'clock, and had no idea of what was going on.

"We reached the scene of the collision about 4 o'clock. All was black and still but the mountain of ice just ahead told the story. A flare from one of the lifeboats some distance away was

the first sign of life. We answered with a rocket, and then there was nothing to do but wait for daylight.

"The first lifeboat reached the Carpathia about half-past 5 o'clock in the morning, and the last of the sixteen boats was unloaded before 9 o'clock. Some of the lifeboats were only half filled, the first one having but two men and eleven women, when it had accommodations for at least forty. There were few men in the boats. The women were the gamest lot I have ever seen. Some of the men and women were in evening clothes, and others among those saved had nothing on but night clothes and raincoats.

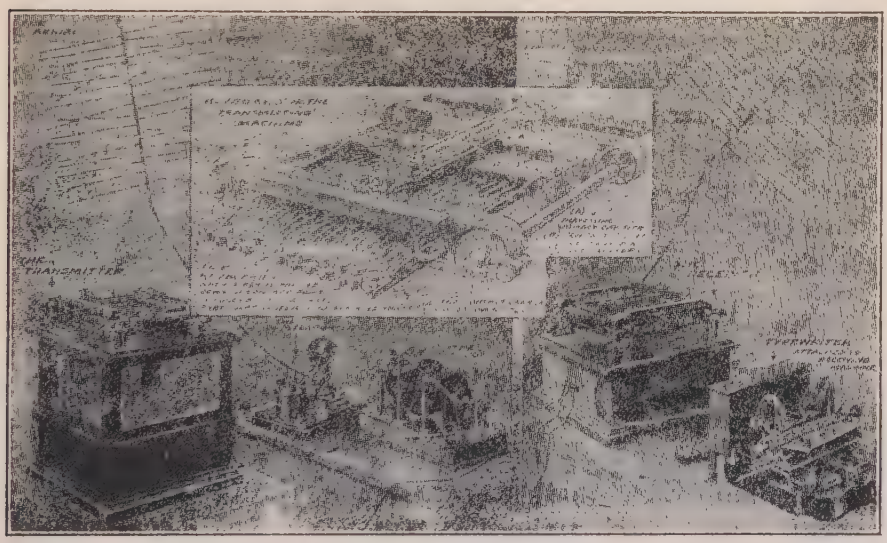
IMAGINE THEIR HUSBANDS PICKED BY OTHER VESSELS.

"As soon as they were landed on the Carpathia many of the women became hysterical, but on the whole they behaved splendid. Men and women appeared to be stunned all day Monday, the full force of the disaster not reaching them until Tuesday night. After being wrapped up in blankets and given brandy and hot coffee, their first thoughts were for their husbands and those at home. Most of them imagined that their husbands had been picked up by other vessels and then began flooding the wireless rooms with messages. We knew that those who were not on board the Carpathia had gone down to death, and this belief was confirmed Monday afternoon when we received a wire from Mr. Marconi himself asking why no news had been sent.

"We knew that if any other vessel could by any chance have picked them up it would have communicated with land. After a while, when the survivors failed to get any answer to their queries, they grew so restless that Captain Rostron posted a notice that all private messages had been sent and that the wireless had not been used to give information to the press, as had been charged. Little by little it began to dawn on the women on board, and most of them guessed the worst before they reached here. I saw Mrs. John Jacob Astor when she was taken from the lifeboat. She was calm and collected. She kept to her state-

room all the time, leaving it only to attend a meeting of the survivors on Tuesday afternoon."

J. R. Moody was a quartermaster on the bridge beside First Officer Murdock when the Titanic struck the berg. "There is no way of telling the approach of a berg, and, besides, I do not intend to go into that now," said Moody. "We struck, and we paid dearly for it, and that is all there is to that now. We were running between twenty-two and twenty-three knots an hour.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS.

It seemed incredible that much damage had been done at first, we struck so lightly. There was a little jar. Almost immediately, though, Captain Smith rushed to the bridge and took charge. Afterward I saw Murdock, standing on the first deck. I saw him raise his arm and shoot himself. He dropped where he stood.

"As far as Mr. Bruce Ismay goes, he was in the second boat that left the Titanic. The first boat swamped. I am sure of that, and Mr. Ismay was bundled into the second boat, regardless of his protests, to take charge of it in place of First Officer Murdock, who had shot himself.

"When the Titanic started to sink Captain Smith was on the

bridge. I saw him. The first lurch brought the bridge almost under water, and the captain was washed off. He clambered back, and must have been there another ten minutes. When the bridge sank slowly down and he was washed off for the second time, a boat tried to make back to him, but he waved for it to keep back. The last anybody saw of him he was fighting his way back to the Titanic. He drowned fighting to reach her."

"J. Bruce Ismay never showed himself once during the whole voyage and on the voyage on the Carpathia. We never saw him from the time the vessel took up the survivors until we reached the dock. Personally I do not think that Captain Smith was responsible for the high rate of speed at which the Titanic was traveling when the ship foundered. I kept a record during the voyage. From noon of Saturday to noon of Sunday the Titanic traveled 546 knots. I believe they were trying to break records. When the crash came the boat was traveling at top speed."

HENRY E. STENGEL'S STORY.

This was the statement which Henry E. Stengel gave early today at his residence, 1075 Broad st., Newark, N. J. Shaken with the horrors of the wreck and the nerve-racking voyage on the rescue ship Carpathia, Mr. Stengel spoke in stern terms of the recklessness which made the accident so appalling. Although it was near to midnight when he and his wife reached Newark, there were a hundred friends waiting to receive them, all of whom hung breathlessly on the recital of the perils which the two escaped.

Mr. Stengel and his wife had one of the most remarkable reunions of any persons on the ship. The two did not escape in the same boat. Mrs. Stengel being in the first launched, while her husband was in the very last boat from the starboard side. Mrs. Stengel looked many years older than when she left the other side a few weeks ago, and was even more emphatic than her husband in criticism of the shortcomings of the White Star officials.

"There was absolutely no water in our boat. We would have

died of thirst if rescue had not been near at hand," she said. "I understand it was the way in all the other lifeboats, few of which even had lanterns. I have heard that a couple of them were provided with bread at the last moment, but our boat was absolutely without any food."

Mrs. Stengel was worn by the constant strain which had been pressing upon her in the last five days. "This has been such a terrible worry that I feel as though I could never sleep again," she said. "Oh, it was horrible, horrible. Sometimes I think that I would have been better dead than to have so much to remember. You see when the crash first came no one realized the awful seriousness of the situation. It was a loud, grinding crash and it shook the boat like a leaf, but we had all become so filled with the idea that the Titanic was a creation greater than the seas that no one was terror-stricken. Some of the women screamed and children cried, but they told us it was all right and that nothing serious could happen.

DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE HER HUSBAND.

"I was just preparing for sleep when the crash came, and throwing on some clothes, I rushed on deck with my husband. In a short time we were told that the women would be sent in the boats. I did not want to leave my husband, but he laughed and told me that the boating was only temporary. There was very little confusion when we put off and the men in the first and second cabins were absolutely calm. Mr. Stengel kissed me and told me not to worry, that he would come in a later boat, unless it was decided to bring us back on the ship.

"For some reason no attention was paid to the men who were put in our boat. One of them was an undersized Chinaman and the other was an Oriental of some kind. When the lifeboat struck the water they crawled up in the bottom and began to moan and cry. They refused to take their places at the oars and first class women passengers had to man many of the rowlocks. Still none of us thought that the great Titanic would sink. We rowed two hundred yards away, as they had told us,

watching the great ship. Then the lights began to go out and then came a terrible crash like dynamite.

"I heard a woman in the bow scream and then came three more terrific explosions. The boat gave a sudden lurch and then we saw the men jumping from the decks. Some of us prayed and I heard women curse, but the most terrible thing was the conduct of the Chinaman and the Oriental. They threw themselves about the boat in absolute fits and almost upset the boat. They were a menace during the whole night and in the morning when the light began to come in the east and when the women were exhausted from trying to man the oars, the two of them found some cigarettes and lay in the bottom of the boat and smoked while we tried to work the oars."

There is no survivor better qualified to tell of the last incidents aboard the vessel than Mr. Stegel is. He was one of the last three men to leave the boat. He is a man of scientific turn of mind and is in possession of some valuable data concerning the wreck.

LITTLE DISORDER ON BOARD.

"As my wife has told you, there was but little disorder on board after the crash," he said. "I realized the seriousness of the situation immediately, because I saw Captain Smith come out of the cabin. He was closely followed by Mr. and Mrs. George Widener, of Philadelphia.

" 'What is the outlook?' I heard Mr. Widener inquire. 'It is extremely serious, gentlemen,' he said. 'Please keep cool and do what you can to help us.'

Deck stewards rushed through the corridors rapping frantically on the doors of the occupied cabins. All were told that the danger was imminent. Some heeded and grasping the first clothing they could find, they rushed on deck. Others refused to come out. They would not believe there was danger.

On deck the boat crews were all at their posts. The big lifeboats had been shoved around ready to be put over the side. Women and children were picked up bodily and thrown into

them. The rule of the sea, women and children first, was being enforced.

One after the other the boats went over the side. Then a cry was set up: "There are no more boats!" was the shout. Con-

sternation seized upon all that remained. They had believed there would be room for all. Uncontrollable terror seized many. They fought for the life belts. Some frantically tried to tear loose deck fittings hoping to make small rafts that would sustain them until help would come. But everything was bolted fast. Then, fearful that they would be dragged to death in the

swirling suction that would follow, the men began to leap into the ice filled ocean.

They jumped in groups, seemingly to an agreed signal, according to the stories of the survivors tonight. Some who jumped were saved, coming up near lifeboats and being dragged into them by the occupants.

Slowly, steadily and majestically the liner sank. One deck after the other was submerged. Whether the boilers exploded is a question. Robert W. Daniel, a Philadelphia banker, says that when the icy water poured into the boiler room two separate explosions followed that tore the interior out of the liner. Others say they did not hear any explosions.

PISTOL SHOTS FIRED.

Pistol shots were fired. Some survivors say they were fired at men who tried to force women and children out of the way. No one who claimed to be an eye-witness to the shooting could be located. One account related in circumstantial detail that the captain and his first officer shot themselves, but Daniel and other passengers positively say they saw the white bearded, grizzled face of the veteran mariner over the top of the bridge just before the railing disappeared. They say that not until then did he jump into the ocean to drown in the suction that marked the last plunge of the Titanic.

The plight of the survivors in the boats was pitiful in the extreme. Few of the women or children had sufficient clothing, and they shivered in the bitter cold blasts that came from the great field of ice which surrounded them. The bergs and cakes of drift ice crashed and thundered bringing stark terror to the helpless victims.

Frail women aided with the heavy oars tearing their tender hands until the blood came. Few of the boats were fully manned, sailors had stood aside deliberately, refusing life that the women might have a chance for safety although their places were in the boats.

Daybreak found the little flotilla bobbing and tossing on the

surface of the ocean. It was not known whether help was coming. Panic seized some of the occupants, some of the women tried to jump into the water, and had to be forcibly restrained. The babies, little tots, just old enough to realize their position, found themselves heroes. They set an example which moved their elders to tears as they told of it to-night. Some tried to comfort their stricken parents.

Finally, off in the distant horizon, a sailor in the leading boat, discerned smoke. "We are saved," went up the cry, and the rescue came just in time, for before the Carpathia had taken aboard the occupants of the last frail craft the waves were increasing in height, kicked up by the wind that had increased with the rising of the sun.

All were tenderly cared for on the Cunard liner. The regular passengers willingly gave up their cabins to their unfortunate refugees, medical aid was forthcoming, and nothing left undone that could relieve the distress.

DID NOT SEE ANY SHOTS FIRED.

"It was his face, more than anything else, which made me fearful," continued Mr. Stengel. "He looked like an old, old man. I heard him give instructions to his officers, and they took their stations at the boats. I did not see anyone shot during the whole wreck. They fired three shots in the air to show the steerage men that the guns were loaded, but I was on the boat almost to the last, and I didn't see anyone shot. The boat which saved me was not a regular lifeboat, but a light emergency boat. There was a great rush for it. By the time it was launched the first fear had subsided. It was the last to be lowered from the starboard side.

"The Titanic seemed to be floating safely, and a lot of people preferred it to the flimsy looking rowboats. A deckhand told me that there was a vacant place in it. There I found Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, Lady Duff-Gordon and their maid, Miss Francatelli. Just as the boat was being lowered Mr. A. L. Solomon jumped in. We had gone but a little way from the ship when the

first boiler explosion came. It was followed in quick succession by three others, at intervals of about one second apart."

In the boat which harbored Mr. Stengel were three stokers and two members of the steerage. Mr. Stengel told graphically of the last plunges of the ship and its final sinking. He declared that there was a little eddy and no whirlpool when it sank. Many of the men on the Titanic jumped into sea before the decks were awash. In telling of the long night on the sea Mr. Stengel gave great credit to a member of the crew who had taken three green lanterns on board just as the small lifeboat was manned.

He said that it was the only beacon which the other lifeboats had for guidance, and said that without it many more would surely have been lost.

Mrs. Stengel spoke particularly of the calmness of the night.

"When the sun rose there was not a ripple on the water," she said. "It was as calm as a little lake in Connecticut. Words cannot express the wonderful terrible beauty of it all—but of course I couldn't appreciate it, because I thought my husband had gone down in the sea.

"The shout of 'land' ever uttered by an explorer was not half so joyful as the shout of 'ship!' which went up when the Carpathia appeared on the horizon that morning," she said. "The first dim lights which appeared were eagerly watched and when it was really identified as a ship, men and women broke down and wept."

The reunion of Mr. and Mrs. Stengel was on the Carpathia. Each was mourning the other as lost for more than an hour after they had been on the vessel, when they met on the promenade deck. Their separation and subsequent reunion was generally considered one of the most remarkable in the history of the wreck.

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN'S THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Barber Says Good Word for Accused Shipowner—Claims He was a Witness—Saw the Whole Scene—Woman Tells Different Tale—Mrs. Carter's Thrilling Narrative—Barber's Story Differs From Ismay's Own.

J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, who has been widely charged with cowardice in saving himself when the Titanic was wrecked, has found his first defender in the person of August H. Weikman, "commodore" barber of that company's fleet, who was chief ship's barber on the ill-fated vessel.

Weikman declares that he was a witness of the scene when Ismay left the vessel, and that he literally was thrown into the lifeboat by a seaman, who did not recognize him, and thought he was interfering with the work. He asserts that Ismay was striving valiantly to help in the work of launching the boats, and went overboard only under physical compulsion.

Weikman was accompanied to his home in Palmyra, N. J., by his brothers-in-law, A. H. and John Henricks, who tell of a vexatious experience in getting him off the Carpathia. Weikman was badly injured when he was blown off the ship by the explosion of the boilers.

A. H. Henricks charges that the custom officials refused him a pass to the pier because he wanted to get a member of the ship's crew, and the official said they were not bothering about the crew. The brothers finally made their way to the pier by running between double lines of automobiles. Weikman was brought off the Carpathia on a rolling chair too late to catch the special train which came to this city, and the Penn-

sylvania Railroad officials provided him with a berth free of charge.

"I was in my barber shop reading," said Weikman, "when I felt a slight jar and realized we had struck something. I went to the gymnasium to see whether others had noticed it. I found some of the men punching the bag, while Colonel Astor, Mr. Widener and a number of others were watching them.

"I had known Mr. Widener for some time, and I advised him to put on a life belt. He laughed at me.

"'What sense is there in that? This boat isn't going to sink,' he said to me. 'There is plenty of time. We're safer here than in a small boat, anyway.'

"Then came the order to man the boats and I went on deck to help. I saw Mr. Ismay at the rail, directing and helping the men. One of them did not recognize him and said: 'What are you interfering for? You get back out of the way.'

"GET BACK OR GO OVERBOARD."

"Another seaman warned the first man that he was speaking to the head of the line. 'I don't care who he is; he's got to get back or go overboard. We can't be bothered with him and his orders now,' was the reply. Mr. Ismay stuck to his place and continued giving orders and directing the men.

"The rule was observed of sending over four women and then a man to look after them. When four women had been put over, the seaman turned to Mr. Ismay and ordered him over the side. Mr. Ismay refused to go, when the seaman seized him, rushed him to the rail and hurled him over. I saw that myself, and I know that Mr. Ismay did not go of his own accord and that the charge of cowardice is unfair and untrue.

"While I was still helping at the boats there came an explosion from below-decks and the ship took an awful lunge, throwing everybody into a heap. I was hurled clear of the vessel's side and landed on top of a bundle of deck-chairs which was floating on the water. I was badly bruised and my back was

sprained. My watch stopped at 1.50 A. M. and I believe it was at that time I was thrown into the water.

"While I lay floating on the bundle of chairs there came another terrific explosion and the ship seemed to split in two. There was a rain of wreckage and a big piece of timber fell on me, striking my lifebelt. I believe if it had not been for the belt I would have been killed. I floated for what I believe was about two hours. Then arms reached down and drew me aboard a life raft. The man who did this was a seaman named Brown, whose life I probably had saved two years ago by hurrying him to a hospital in England when he was taken ill suddenly.

"There were six persons on the raft and others were in the water up to their necks, hanging on to the edges of the raft. The raft was already awash, and we could not take them aboard. One by one, as they became chilled through, they bade us good-bye and sank. In the bottom of the raft was a man whom I had shaved that morning, and whom I had been told was worth $5,000,000. I did not know his name. He was dead.

PICKED UP BY THE CARPATHIA.

"And so we floated on the raft, bereft of hope and stupefied by the calamity, until picked up by the Carpathia. I was so badly injured they had to take me on board in a boatswain's chair."

The happiness of husbands at seeing their wives put in the way of safety from the Titanic was described by Mrs. Turrell Cavendish, daughter of Henry Siegel. She said: "I was with my husband in our stateroom when the accident happened. He awakened me, I remember it was midnight and told me something was the matter with the boat.

"My husband kissed me and put me into a boat, in which were twenty-three women. He told me to go and that he would stay on the ship with the other men. They were happy to see their wives lowered away in the boats. They kept telling us they would be all right because the ship could not sink.

"We were lowered into the water without any light, only one man tried to get into the boat. He was pushed back by a

sailor. Most of the women in the boat I was in were in their bare feet. I can still see those husbands kissing their wives and telling them good-bye. I can see the sailors standing by so calm and brave. The sight of those good men who gave their lives for others will always be with me. Words can't tell the tale of their sacrifice.

"The hours we spent in that small boat after those heroic men went down were hours of torture. When we got on the Carpathia we were treated with the utmost consideration.

"I saw Mr. Ismay when he came on board. He was trembling from head to foot and kept saying, "I'm Ismay, I'm Ismay."

Immediately upon their disembarkation from the Carpathia Mr. and Mrs. William E. Carter, Miss Lucille Carter and William E. Carter, Jr., of Newport, Bryn Mawr, and 2116 Walnut street, Philadelphia, about whom so much anxiety was felt for the first twenty-four hours after the news of the Titanic disaster reached the mainland, went in taxicabs to the home of William Dickerman, at 89 Madison avenue. Mr. Dickerman is a brother-in-law of Mr. Carter.

IT WAS LIFE OR DEATH.

"I kissed my husband good-bye and as he stood on the deck I went down the side to a lifeboat. There were no seamen there. It was life or death. I took an oar and started to row," said Mrs. Carter, who was formerly Miss Lucille Polk, of Baltimore, when seen later at the Madison avenue house.

Mrs. Carter had just come from the ship, and the tears were still in her eyes; glad tears from the welcome she had received from her relatives, among whom was Anderson Polk, who had come to New York to meet her. She told of being roused from her sleep at fourteen minutes of twelve on Sunday night by the sudden crash, of rushing out on the deck to find the chaos of destruction quickly from itself into the decisive action of brave men about to face their death.

Clasping her hands tightly she told how the men had stood back or else helped to lower away the lifeboats, and then, kissing

their wives, bade them a good-bye which they thought would be forever. In brief words, tensely spoken, she told of going into the lifeboat and taking an oar. At ten minutes past 1 o'clock there was a sudden explosion and the giant hulk of the Titanic blew up, rearing in the water like a spurred horse and then sinking beneath the waves.

She had to pull hard with her oars in the desperate attempt which the poorly manned lifeboat had to make to keep from being sucked down with the diving Titanic. After minutes of work with the desperation of death, they made their way out of the suction and were saved. It was not until she was taken aboard the Carpathia that she met her husband, saved because he had to man an oar in another lifeboat.

DID NOT ANTICIPATE TROUBLE.

"We had a pleasant voyage from England," began Mrs. Carter. "The ship behaved splendidly, and we did not anticipate any trouble at all. I had retired on Sunday night, an hour before we struck the iceberg. The men were in the cabin smoking. Most of them were in the smoking-room when the ship hit.

"The first I knew of the accident was a tremendous thump which nearly threw me out of my berth. I realized that something must have happened, and feared that it was a bad accident. A moment later my husband came down to the stateroom and told me that we had struck an iceberg.

"There was no confusion. I dressed myself hurriedly and went on deck with my children. The ship was badly damaged. The officers thought at first that she would not sink and we were told to be calm. But it was not long before we knew that the ship could not long stand the strain of the water which was pouring into the bow and bearing the ship down on her forward part.

"Then came the time when we knew that it must either be the lifeboats or stay on the ship and sink with her. The seamen began to lower away the lifeboats. One after another they released whatever machinery held them and they dropped into the ocean. There was ice all about us and the night being compara-

tively clear we could see the floes around us when we peered down over the side of the ship.

"When the boats had been lowered then it was that the time of parting came. There was no excitement. Every one of the men whose wives or women folk were with them took them to the side of the ship where a lifeboat was waiting and kissed them over the side.

"Major Archibald Butt remained on board and went down with the ship. Colonel Astor also went down with the ship. Mrs. Astor was in my boat. The Colonel took her to the side and kissed her and saw her over the side.

"When I went over the side with my children and got in the boat there were no seamen in it. Then came a few men, but there were oars with no one to use them. The boat had been filled with passengers and there was nothing else for me to do but to take an oar.

WARNED TO PULL AWAY FROM SHIP.

"We could see now that the time of the ship had come. She was sinking and we were warned by the cries from the men above to pull away from the ship quickly. Mrs. Thayer, wife of the vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was in my boat, and she, too, took an oar.

"It was cold and we had no time to clothe ourselves with warm overcoats. The rowing warmed me. We started to pull away from the ship. We could see the dim outlines of the decks above, but we could not recognize anybody.

"We had pulled our lifeboat away from the Titanic for a distance of about a city block, that is about all, I should say—when the Titanic seemed to shake to pieces. The ship had struck about fourteen minutes to 12. It was ten minutes past 1 when we saw her lunge.

"She had exploded. There was a rumbling noise within her, then she gave a lurch and started to go down. We realized what it meant. That the sinking ship would suck us under with her. It was a moment later that the suction struck us. It was

all we could do to keep from being caught, so strong was the drag down that followed the Titanic.

"But we pulled away at last, after straining as hard as we could at the oars. Then we were alone in the boat, and it seemed darker. We remained in the boat all night waiting for daylight to come. It came at last, and when it broke over the sea we saw ice floes all about it.

"It was about 8.30 o'clock when the Carpathia came into sight. I can't tell how I felt when I saw her. I had believed that my husband had gone down on the ship. It was not until after we were taken over the side of the Carpathia that I saw him.

"Mr. Carter had been compelled to take an oar in a lifeboat that was not sufficiently manned. That is how he came to be saved. All of the men waited for the women to go first. Mr. Carter was among the number. When he put me into a lifeboat he stayed back, and I had thought when I saw the ship blow up and sink that he had gone down with her.

DOES NOT DESERVE CRITICISM.

"Mr. Ismay does not deserve any criticism for being saved. He was another of those who had to man an oar in a lifeboat, so as to get the boats out of danger by being sucked under by the sinking Titanic."

Three French survivors, Fernand Oment, Pierre Marechal, son of the well-known French Admiral, and Paul Chevre, the sculptor, conjointly cabled to the "Matin" a graphic narrative of the disaster to the Titanic, in which they repeatedly insist that more lives could have been saved if the passengers had not had such dogged faith that the Titanic was unsinkable. Several boats, they declared, could have carried double the number.

The three Frenchmen say that they were playing bridge with a Philadelphian when a great, crunching mass of ice packed up against the port holes. As they rushed on deck there was much confusion, but this quickly died down. One of the officers when questioned by a woman passenger humorously replied:

"Do not be afraid. We are merely cutting a whale in two."

Presently the captain appeared to become somewhat nervous and ordered all to put on life preservers. The boats were then lowered, but only a few people stirred and several of the boats put off half empty, one with only fifteen persons in it.

When the Frenchmen's boat rowed off for half a mile the Titanic presented a fairylike picture illuminated from stem to stern. Then suddenly the lights began to go out and the stern reared up high in the air. An immense clamor rose on all sides, and during an hour anguished cries rang out.

It was, say the narrators, like a great chorus chanting a refrain of death with wild obstinacy. Sometimes the cries died out and then the tragic chorus began again more terribly and more despairingly.

The narrative continues:

"Those shrieks pursued us and haunted us as we pulled away in the night. Then one by one the cries ceased, and only the noise of the sea remained. The Titanic was engulfed almost without a murmur. Her stern quivered in a final spasm and then disappeared."

The Frenchmen and their companions suffered bitterly from the cold. They cried out to attract attention, and a German baron, who was with them, emptied his revolver in the air. When finally the Carpathia appeared a feeble hurrah went up from the small boats, every one of which moved as swiftly as possible toward the liner.

The Frenchmen related tragic incidents as they were leaving the sides of the Titanic. After all the boats had been launched many of the passengers who had stayed behind too long tried to embark on a collapsible raft, which worked badly. Fifty persons climbed onto the raft, which was half filled with water.

One after another the passengers on the raft were drowned, or perished with the cold. When a body was found in the way it was thrown overboard, and only fifteen of the fifty who had taken refuge on the raft were saved by the Carpathia.

CHAPTER VIII.

SURVIVORS' STIRRING STORIES.

Survivors' Stirring Stories—How Young Thayer Was Saved—His Father, Second Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Drowned—Mrs. Straus' Pathetic Death—Black Coward Shot—Countless Aids in Rowing Boat.

Standing at the rail of the main deck of the ill-fated Titanic, Arthur Ryerson, of Gray's lane, Haverford, Pa., waved encouragement to his wife as the lifeboat in which she and her three children—John, Emily and Susan—had been placed with his assistance glided away from the doomed ship. A few minutes later, after the lifeboat with his loved ones had passed beyond the range of his vision, Mr. Ryerson met death in the icy water into which the crushed ship plunged.

It is now known that Mr. Ryerson might have found a place in one of the first lifeboats to be lowered, but made no effort to leave the ship's deck after assuring himself that his wife and children would be saved.

It was not until the Carpathia reached her dock that relatives who were on hand to meet the survivors of the Ryerson family knew that little "Jack" Ryerson was among the rescued. Day by day since the first tidings of the accident to the Titanic were published, "Jack" had been placed among the missing.

Perhaps of all those who came up from the Carpathia with the impress of the tragedy upon them, the homecoming of Mrs. Ryerson was peculiarly sad.

While motoring with J. Lewis Hoffman, of Radnor, Pa., on the Main Line, on Monday a week before, Arthur L. Ryerson, her son, was killed. His parents abandoned their plans for a summer pleasure trip through Europe and took passage on the first home-bound ship, which happened to be the Titanic, to at-

tend the funeral of their son. And now upon one tragedy a second presses.

Upon leaving the Carpathia Mrs. Ryerson, almost too exhausted and weak to tell of her experiences, was taken in a taxicab to the Hotel Belmont. With her were her son "Jack" and her two daughters, Miss Emily and Miss Susan Ryerson.

The young women were hysterical with grief as they walked up from the dock, and the little lad who had witnessed such sights of horror and tragedy clung to his mother's hand, wide eyed and sorrowful.

Mrs. Ryerson said that she and her husband were asleep in their staterooms, as were their children, when the terrible grating crash came and the ship foundered.

The women threw kimonos over their night gowns and rushed barefooted to the deck. Master Ryerson's nurse caught up a few articles of the little boy's clothing and almost as soon as the party reached the deck they were numbered off into boats and lowered into the sea.

HARROWING AND TERRIBLE.

Mrs. John M. Brown, whose husband was formerly a well-known Philadelphian, but now lives in Boston, described her experience on the Titanic as the "most harrowing and terrible that any living soul could undergo."

"Oh, it was heart-rending to see those brave men die," Mrs. Brown said, half-sobbingly, after she had left the pier in a taxicab brought by her husband.

Mr. Brown, for his part, said the days of agony which he had experienced, when the lists of Titanic survivors were altered, diminished and published incomplete, leaving him indecisive as to his wife's fate, was almost on a par what she had undergone.

In contradiction to several other statements, Mrs. Brown declared that she saw no signs of panic or disorder on the Titanic and did not know until later that there had been shooting on board the vessel.

"I was in my berth when the crash came," Mrs. Brown said,

"and after the first shock when I knew instinctively that the vessel was sinking I was comparatively calm.

"I had hardly reached deck when an officer called to me to enter a lifeboat. I did so, and saw the huge liner split in half, with a pang almost as keen as if I had seen somebody die."

Mrs. Brown said that John B. Thayer, Jr., after jumping from the deck of the liner, clad only in pajamas, swam through cakes of floating ice to a broken raft. He was picked up by the boat of which Mrs. Brown was an occupant.

Mrs. Brown said that it was about two hours after the Titanic sank that their boat came within sight of an object bobbing up and down in the cakes of ice, about fifty yards away.

Nearing, they made out the form of a boy clinging with one leg and both arms wrapped around the piece of wreckage. Young Thayer uttered feeble cries as they pulled alongside.

LAD PULLED INTO LIFE-BOAT.

The lad was pulled into the already crowded lifeboat exhausted. With a weak, faint smile, Mrs. Brown said, the lad collapsed.

Women, who were not rowing or assisting in maneuvering the boat, by vigorous rubbing soon brought Thayer to consciousness and shared part of their scanty attire to keep him from dying from exposure. In the meantime the boat bobbed about on the waves like a top, frequently striking cakes of ice.

Mrs. Brown said for several hours more they battled with the sea before help arrived.

"It was a blessed sight when all saw the Carpathia heading in our din," she declared. "We had hopes that a ship would come to our rescue and all on board prayed for safe deliverance.

"No one can realize our feeling of gratitude when the Carpathia hoved into sight. With increased energy the men, aided by the women, pulled on the oars. We were soon taken aboard. Young Thayer was hurried into the hospital on board the boat and was given stimulants and revived.

"Three survivors died soon after; they were buried at sea.

Mrs. Brown said that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the wife of Colonel John Jacob Astor, who proved himself a hero, was also an occupant of her boat.

"Mrs. Astor was frantic when she learned that her husband had gone with the Titanic, but between sobs said he died a hero," Mrs. Brown said.

"The colonel kissed her and pushing his bride to the side of the ship told her to hurry to the lifeboats awaiting below.

"Mrs. Astor refused to listen to her husband's entreaties until he assured her that he would follow on the next boat, although all the time he knew that he would sink."

"The following horrors have never left me, day or night," Mrs. Brown continued.

DEAD BODIES OF BRAVE MEN.

"I saw dead bodies of brave men float past the lifeboats. I heard the death cries of women and saw the terrible desolation of the wreck by dawn."

In the boat with Mrs. Brown were her two sisters, Mrs. Robert Cornell, wife of Judge Robert Cornell, and Mrs. S. P. Appleton.

They followed each other down the long, roughly constructed rope ladder, a distance of more than fifty feet, into the tenth lifeboat. All were thinly clad. They had retired for the night and were tumbled from their berths when the crash came.

When the Titanic sank and the first news came of the disaster, there appeared in the list of first cabin passengers the name of "Washington Logue." Until J. Washington Logue, of Philadelphia, could be found to explain that he was not on the high seas, many of his friends feared that he had been on the Titanic.

When he landed from the Carpathia, Washington Dodge, of San Francisco, was told how his name had been confused in the wireless reports from the Olympic. He said he congratulated Mr. Logue on having been no closer to disaster than this.

Mr. Dodge, who is a millionaire; Mrs. Dodge and their four-year-old son, Washington Dodge, Jr., were among the first to

land on the dock from the Cunarder. Mr. Dodge carried a life preserver of the Titanic as a memento.

"Nearly all the passengers had retired when the crash came, about twenty minutes passed 10 o'clock," said Mr. Dodge. "The liner was struck on the starboard side, near the bow. The bow, it seemed, withstood the crash, but water rushed into several compartments at the same time."

"There was complete order among the passengers and crew. We really didn't think there was any danger. We were assured that the ship would float and that there were plenty vessels in the reach of wireless to come to our aid if that should become necessary.

"Then the sinking of the Titanic by the head began and the crew was ordered to man the boats. There was no panic. The officers told the men to stand back and they obeyed. A few men were ordered into the boats. Two men who attempted to rush beyond the restraint line were shot down by an officer who then turned the revolver on himself. I could see Mrs. Isador Straus. She clung to her husband and refused to leave him.

FLOATED FOR FOUR HOURS.

"We floated for four hours until we were picked up. Mr. Ismay left the Titanic on a small boat.

"I did not see the iceberg. When we got into the boat she was gone.

"As the Titanic went down, Major Archibald Butt was standing on the deck. I saw him."

The body of one black coward, a member of the Titanic's crew, lies alone in the wireless "coop" on the highest deck of the shadowy bulk of what was once the world's greatest ship two miles down in the dark of unplumbed ocean depths. There is a bullet hole in the back of his skull.

This man was shot by Harold Bride, the second wireless man aboard the Titanic, and assistant to the heroic Phillips, chief operator, who lost his life. Bride shot him from behind just at the instant that the coward was about to plunge a knife into

Phillips' back and rob him of the life preserver which was strapped under his arm pits. He died instantly and Phillips, all unconscious at that instant that Bride was saving his life, had but a brief little quarter of an hour added to his span by the act of his assistant, and then went down to death.

This grim bit of tragedy, only a little interlude in the whole terrible procession of horror aboard the sinking boat, occurred high above the heads of the doomed men and women who waited death in the bleak galleys of the decks.

"I had to do it," was the way Bride put it.

"I could not let that coward die a decent sailor's death, so I shot him down and left him alone there in the wireless coop to go down with the hulk of the ship. He is there yet, the only one in the wireless room where Phillips, a real hero, worked madly to save the lives of two thousand and more people."

NEW YORK PHYSICIAN'S ESCAPE.

Miss Alice Farnan Leader, a New York physician, escaped from the Titanic on the same boat which carried the Countess Rothes.

"The Countess is an expert oarswoman," said Dr. Leader, "and thoroughly at home on the water. She took command of our boat, when it was found that the seamen who had been placed at the oars could not row skilfully. Several of the women took their places with the Countess at the oars and rowed in turns while the weak and unskilled stewards sat quietly in one end of the boat."

"The men were the heroes," said Mrs. Churchill Candee, of Washington, one of the survivors, "and among the bravest and most heroic, as I recall, were Mr. Widener, Mr. Thayer and Colonel Astor. They thought only of the saving of the women and went down with the Titanic, martyrs to their manhood.

"I saw Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus on the deck of the Titanic as I was lowered into one of the lifeboats. Mrs. Straus refused to leave the ship unless her husband could accompany her. They were on the top deck, and I heard her say she would not leave

her husband. She went down with him as she had lived and traveled with him. Life without him did not concern her, seemingly. 'I've always stayed with my husband, so why should I leave him now? I'll die with him,' I heard her say.

"Captain Smith, I think, sacrificed safety in a treacherous ice field for speed. He was trying to make 570 miles for the day, I heard. The captain, who had stood waist deep on the deck of the Titanic as she sank, jumped as the ship went down, but he was drowned. All of the men had bravely faced their doom for the women and children.

"The ship settled slowly, the lights going out deck after deck as the water reached them. The final plunge, however, was sudden and accompanied by explosions, the effect of which was a horrible sight. Victims standing on the upper deck toward the stern were hurled into the air and fell into the treacherous ice-covered sea. Some were rescued, but most of them perished. I cannot help recalling again that Mr. Widener and Mr. Thayer and Colonel Astor died manfully.

TWO DISTINCT SHOCKS.

"The ice pack which we encountered," explained Mrs. Candee, "was fifty-six miles long, I have since heard. When we collided with the mountainous mass it was nearly midnight Sunday. There were two distinct shocks, each shaking the ship violently, but fear did not spread among the passengers immediately. They seemed not to realize what had happened, but the captain and other officers did not endeavor to minimize the danger.

"The first thing I recall was one of the crew appearing with pieces of ice in his hands. He said he had gathered them from the bow of the boat. Some of the passengers were inclined to believe he was joking. But soon the situation dawned on all of us. The lifeboats were ordered lowered and manned and the word went around that women and children were to be taken off first The men stood back as we descended to the frail craft

or assisted us to disembark. I now recall that huge Woolner Bjomstrom was among the heroic men."

"The Philadelphia women behaved heroically."

This was the way Mrs. Walter B. Stephenson, of Haverford, a survivor of the wreck of the fated Titanic, began her brief but graphic account of the disaster at her home in Haverford, which she reached on the special train that brought Mrs. John B. Thayer and others over from New York.

Worn by hours of terrible uncertainty on the frail lifeboats in the open sea, almost distracted by the ordeal of waiting for news of those left behind on the big liner, Mrs. Stephenson bore herself as did the women whom she described heroically indeed.

She told how John B. Thayer, Jr., fell overboard when the boats were launched, and how he was saved from the death that his father met, by the crew of the lifeboat. She described tersely, to linger sadly as she finished with the words, "But we never saw Mr. Thayer, Sr., at all."

OCCUPANTS OF THE SAME BOAT.

Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. J. Boulton Earnshaw, of Mt. Airy, and Mrs. George D. Widener were occupants of the same boat that carried Mrs. Stephenson to safety, and, like Mrs. Stephenson, they witnessed the final plunge of the Titanic.

"We were far off," said Mrs. Stephenson, "but we could see a huge dark mass behind us. Then it disappeared." That was all she could tell of the fate of those left on board.

"Then it disappeared," she paused and her voice choked. "We weren't sure but what we might have been mistaken. A lingering hope remained until long after the Carpathia picked us up. Then the wireless told the terrible tidings. We were the sole survivors."

Mrs. Stephenson wore the same dress that she hastily donned when the crash occurred. It was a simple gown of dark texture, showing the wear in its crumpled shape. Over it she had managed to throw a cape, and to the covering she clung, as if yet fearful of the icy blasts of the Northern Ocean.

Conveyed in a taxicab to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station from the Cunard wharf, Mrs. Stephenson alighted, hastened across the train shed and into a waiting elevator. She walked unaided. Relatives who had rushed from Philadelphia to convey her in safety, were solicitous for her welfare, but she assured them that she was well.

"And she is well," said T. DeWitt Cuyler, a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad who met the train. "She has borne up remarkably under the strain."

"I was wakened in my cabin by the shock," Mrs. Stephenson began. "It was nearly 12 o'clock, but I cannot be sure. The shock was great, but not as great as the one I experienced in the San Francisco earthquake. I was staying in the St. Francis Hotel at the time of the earthquake. Even this terrible disaster cannot shake the memory of that night from my mind.

ASSURANCE OF NO IMMEDIATE DANGER.

"I rose hastily from my berth and was about to hasten to the deck when my maid assured me that there was no immediate danger and that I would have time to dress. I put on this dress that I am wearing and threw a cape around my shoulders. Then I went on deck.

"Scarcely had I gotten out in the air when an officer ordered me to don a life belt. I returned to the cabin to buckle one around me. When I returned I heard the order to man the lifeboats. There was no disorder. The crew was under perfect discipline. Quickly and without any excitement I was lifted into a lifeboat. Beside me I found Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Earnshaw and Mrs. Widener. Like myself they had no clothing except what they wore.

"John B. Thayer, Jr., was with us. As the boat was lowered by the davits, he slipped and fell into the water; luckily he wore a life belt and was kept afloat until a sailor lifted him safely aboard. We never saw Mr. Thayer, Sr., at all.

"As the boat pushed off from the ship Mrs. Widener collapsed. She was finally revived. The Philadelphia women be-

haved heroically. They stood up splendidly under the suspense, which was terrible. The sailors rowed our boat some distance away. We thought we saw the Titanic sink, but we couldn't be sure. Behind us we could see a dark shape. Then it disappeared. We despaired of any others being saved, but some hope remained until long after the Carpathia had picked us up. Then the wireless told the sad tale.

WAIFS FROM TITANIC RESTORED TO MOTHER'S ARMS.

Lola and Momon, the little waifs of the Titanic disaster, snatched from the sea and kept for a month in a big, strange land, were clasped in the arms of their mother Mme. Marcelle Navratil, who arrived in New York, on May 16, from France on the White Star liner Oceanic.

Hurrying down the gangplank, after kindly customs officials had facilitated her landing, Mme. Navratil, who is an Italian, 24 years old, of remarkable beauty, rushed to Miss Margaret Hays, the rescuer of the two little boys, who, with her father, was waiting on the pier. They took her in a cab to the Children's Society rooms, and there she was reunited with her children.

The little boys, four and two years old, were thrust into one of the last of the lifeboats to leave the sinking Titanic by an excited Frenchmen, who asked that they be cared for. A steward told him he could not enter the boat and he said he did not want to, but must save his boys.

Arriving in New York on the Carpathia, Miss Hays at first could learn nothing of the children's identity, and she planned to care for them. Then developed another chapter of the weird story of the disaster in the ice fields. The Frenchman's body was recovered and taken to Halifax, where it was found that he was booked on the passenger list under the name of "Hoffman."

Cable messages to France brought the information that Mme. Narvatil's husband, from whom she was separated, had kidnapped her children and said he was going to America. He often used the name "Hoffman." Photographs of the boys were sent to Mme. Navratil in France, and she identified them as her children.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW ASTOR WENT TO DEATH.

How Astor Went to Death—"I Resign Myself to My Fate," He Said—Kissed Wife Fond Farewell—Lifted Cap to Wife as Boat Left Ship—Crushed to Death By Ice—Famous Novelist's Daughter Hears of His Death—Philadelphia Millionaires' Heroism—Last to See Widener Alive—Major Butt Dies a Soldier's Death.

The heroism of the majority of the men who went down to death with the Titanic has been told over and over again. How John Jacob Astor kissed his wife and saluted death as he looked squarely into its face; the devotion of Mrs. Isidor Straus to her aged husband and the willingness with which she went to her doom with his loving arms pressed tenderly around her, the tales of life sacrificed that women might be saved brought some need of comfort to the stricken.

G. A. Brayton, of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "John Jacob Astor went to one of the officers and told them who he was, and asked to go in the lifeboat with his wife. The officer told him he could not go in the lifeboat. Astor then kissed his wife goodbye and she was put in the lifeboat. Astor said: 'I resign myself to my fate' and saluted in farewell."

"Colonel Astor and Major Archibald Butt died together on the bridge of the ill-fated ship," said Dr. Washington Dodge, of San Francisco, one of the survivors. "I saw them standing there side by side. I was in one of the last boats, and I could not mistake them. Earlier during the desperate struggle to get the boats cleared I had seen them both at work quieting passengers and helping the officers maintain order.

"A few minutes before the last I saw Colonel Astor help

his wife, who appeared ill, into a boat, and I saw him wave his hand to her and smile as the boat pulled away."

Before the lifeboats left the ship, not far from the woman who would not let her husband meet death alone, Colonel Astor stood supporting the figure of his young bride, says another survivor. A boat was being filled with women. Colonel Astor helped his wife to a place in it. The boat was not filled, and there seemed no more women near it. Quietly the Colonel turned to the second officer, who was superintending the loading.

"May I go with my wife? She is ill," he asked. The officer nodded. The man of millions got into the boat. The crew were about to cast off the falls. Suddenly the Colonel sprang to his feet, shouting to them to wait. He had seen a woman running toward the boat. Leaping over the rail, he helped her to the place he had occupied.

TRIED TO CLIMB FROM THE BOAT.

Mrs. Astor screamed and tried to climb from the boat. The Colonel restrained her. He bent and tenderly patted her shoulder.

"The ladies first, dear heart," he was heard to say.

Then quietly he saluted the second officer and turned to help in lowering more boats.

Miss Margaret Hayes gave another version of the manner in which Colonel Astor met his death: "Colonel Astor, with his wife, came out on deck as I was being assisted into a lifeboat," said Miss Hayes, "and both got into another boat. Colonel Astor had his arms about his wife and assisted her into the boat. At the time there were no women waiting to get into the boats, and the ship's officer at that point invited Colonel Astor to get into the boat with his wife. The Colonel, after looking around and seeing no women, got into the boat, and his wife threw her arms about him.

"The boat in which Colonel Astor and his wife were sitting was about to be lowered when a woman came running out of the companionway. Raising his hand, Colonel Astor stopped

the preparations to lower his boat and, stepping out, assisted the woman into the seat he had occupied.

"Mrs. Astor cried out, and wanted to get out of the boat with her husband, but the Colonel patted her on the back and said something in a low tone of voice."

A nephew of Senator Clark, of Butte, Montana, said Astor stood by the after rail looking after the lifeboats until the Titanic went down.

Brayton says: "Captain Smith stood on the bridge until he was washed off by a wave. He swam back, stood on the bridge again and was there when the Titanic went to the bottom." Brayton says that Henry B. Harris, the theatrical manager, tried to get on a lifeboat with his wife, but the second officer held him back with a gun. A third-class passenger who tried to climb in the boats was shot and killed by a steward. This was the only shooting on board I know of."

Another account of Captain Smith's death is as follows:

CAPTAIN SMITH DIED A HERO.

Captain Smith died a hero's death. He went to the bottom of the ocean without effort to save himself. His last acts were to place a five-year-old child on the last lifeboat in reach, then cast his life belt to the ice ridden waters and resign to the fate that tradition down the ages observed as a strict law.

It was left to a fireman of the Titanic to tell the tale of the death of Captain Smith and the last message he left behind him. This man had gone down with the vessel and was clinging to a piece of wreckage about half an hour before he finally joined several members of the Titanic's company on the bottom of a boat which was floating among other wreckage.

Harry Senior, the fireman, with his eight or nine companions in distress, had just managed to get a firm hold on the upturned boat, when they saw the Titanic rearing preparatory to her final plunge. At that moment, according to the fireman's tale, Captain Smith jumped into the sea from the promenade deck of the Titanic with an infant clutched tenderly in his arms.

It only took a few strokes to bring him to the upturned lifeboat, where a dozen hands were stretched out to take the little child from his arms and drag him to safety.

"Captain Smith was dragged on the upturned boat," said the fireman. "He had on a life buoy and a life preserver. He clung there a moment and then he slid off again. For a second time he was dragged from the icy water. Then he took off his life preserver, tossed the life buoy on the inky waters and slipped into the water again with the words: 'I will follow the ship.'"

At that time there was only a circle of troubled water and some wreckage to show the spot where the biggest of all ocean steamers had sunk out of sight.

"No," said the stoker, as he waved a sandwich above his head, holding a glass of beer in the other hand, "Captain Smith never shot himself. I saw what he did. He went down with that ship. I'll stake my life on that."

THE SAME STORY REPEATED.

Oddly enough, a Swedish stoker and survivor, named Oscar Ingstrom, at another hotel in the same vicinity, gave to one of the most prominent Swedish newspaper men in New York City practically the same tale that Senior told.

Wilson Potter, whose mother, Mrs. Thomas Potter, Jr., of Mt. Airy, Pa., was one of the survivors, told how she had urged Colonel Astor and his wife to leave the Titanic before the vessel went down.

"My mother was one of the first to leave the Titanic," he said. "As the lifeboats were filling up, she called to Colonel and Mrs. Astor to come aboard. Mrs. Astor waved her off, exclaiming, 'We are safer here than in that little boat,'

"Hundreds of other passengers thought the same way. So much so, that the first lifeboat, which my mother boarded, was large enough to hold forty persons besides the crew; still only ten came along. All were of the opinion that the Titanic would remain afloat until aid came from another steamer."

Mr. Potter also related another version of how J. B. Thayer, Jr., and his mother were rescued.

"As the crash came Mrs. Thayer fainted. Young Mr. Thayer carried her to one of the lifeboats. As she was lifted in father and son lost their hold and fell between the sinkingsteamer and the lifeboat.

"After struggling in the water for several minutes Young Mr. Thayer was picked up by a raft. Two hours later the raft was found by the Carpathia."

A third remarkable escape as related by Mr. Potter was that of Richard Norris Williams.

"Mr. Williams remained on the stern of the Titanic," said Mr. Potter. "He says the stern of the boat went down, then came up. As it started to go down a second time Mr. Williams says he dived off and swam to a raft, which was picked up two hours later by the Carpathia."

UTTERLY EXHAUSTED FROM HER EXPERIENCE.

When utterly exhausted from her experience, Mrs. John Jacob Astor was declared by Nicholas Biddle, a trustee of the Astor estate, to be in no danger whatever. Her physicians, however, have given orders that neither Mrs. Astor nor her maid, who was saved with her, be permitted to talk about the disaster.

On landing from the Carpathia, the young bride, widowed by the Titanic's sinking, told members of her family what she could recall of the circumstances of the disaster. Of how Colonel Astor met his death, she has no definite conception. She recalled, she thought, that in the confusion, as she was about to be put into one of the boats, the Colonel was standing by her side. After that, as Mr. Biddle recounted her narrative, she had no very clear recollection of the happenings until the boats were well clear of the sinking steamer.

Mrs. Astor, it appears, left in one of the last boats which got away from the ship. It was her belief that all the women

who wished to go had been taken off. Her impression was that the boat she left in had room for at least fifteen more persons.

The men, for some reason, which, as she recalled it, she could not and does not now understand, did not seem to be at all anxious to leave the ship. Almost every one seemed dazed.

"I hope he is alive somewhere. Yes, I cannot think anything else," the young woman said of her husband to her father as she left the latter to go to the Astor home, according to some who overheard her parting remarks.

The chief steerage steward of the Titanic, who came in on the Carpathia, says that he saw John Jacob Astor standing by the life ladder as the passengers were being embarked. His wife was beside him, the steward said. The Colonel left her to go to the purser's office for a moment, and that was the last he saw of him.

WRITER GOES DOWN WITH THE SHIP.

Mrs. May Futrelle, whose husband, Jacques Futrelle, the writer, went down with the ship, was met here by her daughter, Miss Virginia Futrelle, who was brought to New York from the Convent of Notre Dame in Baltimore.

Miss Futrelle had been told that her father had been picked up by another steamer. Mrs. Charles Copeland, of Boston, a sister of the writer, who also met Mrs. Futrelle, was under the same impression.

"I am so happy that father is safe, too," declared Miss Futrelle, as her mother clapsed her in her arms. It was some time before Mrs. Futrelle could compose herself.

"Where is Jack?" Miss Copeland asked.

Mrs. Futrelle, afraid to let her daughter know the truth, said: "Oh! he is on another ship."

Mrs. Copeland guessed the truth and became hysterical. Then the writer's daughter broke down.

"Jack died like a hero," Mrs. Futrelle said, when the party became composed. "He was in the smoking-room when the crash came—the noise of the smash was terrific—and I was go-

ing to bed. I was hurled from my feet by the impact. I hardly found myself when Jack came rushing into the stateroom.

"The boat is going down, get dressed at once!" he shouted. When we reached the deck everything was in the wildest confusion. The screams of women and the shrill orders of the officers were drowned intermittently by the tremendous vibrations of the Titanic's bass foghorn.

"The behavior of the men was magnificent. They stood back without murmuring and urged the women and children into the lifeboats. A few cowards tried to scramble into the boats, but they were quickly thrown back by the others. Let me say now that the only men who were saved were those who sneaked into the lifeboats or were picked up after the Titanic sank.

"I did not want to leave Jack, but he assured me that there were boats enough for all and that he would be rescued later.

LIFTED INTO A LIFE-BOAT AND KISSED.

"Hurry up, May, you're keeping the others waiting," were his last words, as he lifted me into a lifeboat and kissed me good-bye. I was in one of the last lifeboats to leave the ship. We had not put out many minutes when the Titanic disappeared. I almost thought, as I saw her sink beneath the water, that I could see Jack, standing where I had left him and waving at me."

Mrs. Futrelle said she saw the parting of Colonel John Jacob Astor and his young bride. Mrs. Astor was frantic. Her husband had to jump into the lifeboat four times and tell her that he would be rescued later. After the fourth time, Mrs. Futrelle said, he jumped back on the deck of the sinking ship and the lifeboat bearing his bride made off.

George D. Widener and his son, Harry Elkins Widener, lost in the wreck of the Titanic, died the death of heroes. They stood back that the weaker might have a chance of being saved.

Mrs. Widener, one of the last women to leave the ship, fought to die with her husband and her son. She would have

succeeded probably had not sailors literally torn her from her husband and forced her on to a life-raft.

As she descended the ladder at the ship's side, compelled to leave despite her frantic, despairing pleas, she called to Mr. Widener and to her son pitifully:

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Good-bye! George! Harry! Good-bye! Good-bye! Oh, God! this is awful!" And that was the last she saw of her husband and of her son, who waved a brave farewell as she disappeared down the ladder.

Mr. Widener, according to James B. McGough, 708 West York street, Philadelphia, a buyer for the Gimbel store, one of those rescued, was as calm and collected, except at the time of the final parting from his wife, as though he were "taking a walk on Broad street."

HELPED WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The financier's son, too, was calm. The two men helped the women and the children to make their escape, but always stood back themselves when a boat or raft was launched. As soon as the vessel had struck the iceberg Mr. and Mrs. Widener had sought out Captain Smith.

"What is the outlook?" Mr. Widener was heard to inquire.

"It is extremely serious," was the quick reply. "Please keep cool and do what you can to help us." And this is what Mr. Widener did.

Mr. McGough, when he returned to his home, contributed to the several versions of the escape of John B. Thayer, Jr., son of John B. Thayer, second vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was lost. One version was that the boy jumped from the Titanic just as she sank, and that he swam about among big cakes of ice until taken aboard a lifeboat.

Mr. McGough in his account of the lad's rescue says the boy jumped as the vessel sank, but that he alighted near a life-raft, to which, half frozen, he clung until taken aboard a boat.

Another statement by Mr. McGough was that when a man, presumably an Associated Press correspondent, boarded the

Carpathia off Cape Cod, and tried to wireless a message ashore a ship officer seized it and threw it into the ocean.

Several weeks ago Mr. McGough was sent abroad on a purchasing trip for his firm. With him were J. D. Flynn, of New York, formerly of Philadelphia, and N. P. Calderhead, also a former Philadelphian.

When the gang plank was thrown down from the Carpathia, Mr. McGough was the first passenger from the ill-starred Titanic to land, waiting for him were his wife, Mrs. Mary McGough, and his three brothers, Philip A., Thomas and Andrew McGough, all of 252 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. His wife saw him first. Stretching out her arms, she threw herself from the police lines toward him, and in a moment he had her clasped in his embace.

SENDS A MESSAGE TO HIS MOTHER.

Afterward he rushed through the crowd and took a motor car to the home of a relative. Thence he went to the Imperial Hotel. From the hotel he sent a message to his mother at 252 South Seventh street.

"I am here, safe," the message read.

"The collision which caused the loss of the Titanic," Mr. McGough said, "occurred about 11.40 o'clock. I had an outer state-room on the side toward the iceberg against which the ship crashed. Flynn who occupied the room with me, had just gone to bed. Calderhead was in bed in a stateroom adjoining.

"When the crash came, I ran to the porthole. I saw the ice pressed close against the side of the ship. Chunks of it were ground off, and they fell into the window. I happened to glance at my watch, and it showed me exactly the hour.

"I knew that something was seriously wrong, and hastily got into my clothes. I took time, also, to get my watch and money. Flynn, in the meantime, had run over to Calderhead's stateroom and had awakened him. When I had dressed I ran outside.

"I saw the iceberg. The boat deck stood about ninety feet

out of the water and the berg towered above us for at least fifty feet. I judge the berg stood between 140 and 150 feet out of the water.

"Many of the women on board, I am sure, did not leave their staterooms at once. They stayed there, at least for a time. I believe that many of them did not awaken to their danger until near the last.

"One statement I want to correct, the lights did not go out, at least not while I was on board. When I ran to the deck I heard Captain Smith order that the air chambers be examined. An effort was made to work the doors closing the compartments, but to no avail. When the ship ran upon the iceberg, the sharp-pointed berg cut through both thicknesses of the bottom and left it in such a position that it filled rapidly.

MIGHT HAVE PERISHED.

"I remember that it was a beautiful night. There was no wind and the sea was calm. But for this it is certain that when the boats were launched most all of us would have perished in the ice-covered sea. At first the captain ordered the hatches over the steerage fastened down. This was to prevent the hysterical passengers in that part of the ship rushing to the deck and increasing the panic. Before we left, however, those passengers were released.

"Two sailors were put into each of the boats. When the boats were lowered the women hung back. They feared to go down the long, steep ladder to the water. Seeing them hesitate, I cried: 'Someone has to be first,' and started down the ladder.

"I had hardly starteld before I regretted I had not waited on deck. But I feel if I had not led the way the women would not have started and the death list would have been much larger. Flynn and Calderhead led the way into other boats.

"It was only a short time before the boat was filled. We had fifty-five in our boat, nearly all of them women. We had entered the craft so hastily that we did not take time to get a light.

"For a time we bobbed about on the ocean. Then we start-

ed to row slowly away. I shall never forget the screams that flowed over the ocean toward us from the sinking ship. At the end there was a mad rush and scramble.

"It was fearfully hard on the women. Few of them were completely dressed. Some wore only their night gowns, with some light wrapper or kimono over them. The air was pitilessly cold.

"There were so few men in the boat the women had to row. This was good for some of them, as it kept their blood in circulation, but even then it was the most severe experience for them imaginable. Some of them were half-crazed with grief or terror. Several became ill from the exposure.

"I saw Mr. Widener just before I left, and afterward, while we were rowing away from the vessel I had a good glimpse of him. He appeared as calm and collected as though he were taking a walk on Broad st. When the rush for the boats began he and his son Harry, stood back.

SHIP GOES DOWN AT 2.30 O'CLOCK.

"At the end sailors had to tear Mrs. Widener from him, and she went down the ladder, calling to him pitifully. The ship went down at 2.20 o'clock exactly. The front end went down gradually. We saw no men shot, but just before the finish we heard several shots.

"I was told that Captain Smith or one of the officers shot himself on the bridge just before the Titanic went under. I heard also that several men had been killed as they made a final rush for the boats, trying to cut off the women and children.

"While we were floating around the sailors set off some redfire, which illuminated the ocean for miles around. This was a signal of distress. Unfortunately there was no one near enough to answer in time.

"John B. Thayer, Jr., was saved after he had gone down with the ship. Just as the vessel took the plunge he leaped over the side. He struck out for a life raft and reached it. There he

clung for several hours until, half-frozen, he was taken into one of the boats which was a trifle less crowded than the others.

"For six hours we bobbed around in the ocean. We rowed over to a boat that was provided with a light, and tied the two small craft together. Finally daylight came, and the sun rose in a clear sky. There we were, a little fleet, alone in the limitless ocean, with the ice cakes tossing about on all sides.

"It was after 8 o'clock in the morning when we saw the masts of a steamship coming up over the horizon. It was the most blessed sight our eyes ever saw. It meant an end to the physical suffering, a relief to the strain under which we had been laboring. Many broke down when they saw it.

"The ship, of course, was the Carpathia. While it was hurrying toward us the crew and passengers had made the most generous preparations for us. When they took us on board they had blankets, clothing, food and warm liquids all ready. Their physicians were ready to care for the sick. The passengers gave up their warm beds to us.

BUMPED INTO FLOATING BODIES.

"During the time we were in the water we bumped frequently into the bodies that floated about us. A great many of the men jumped into the water before the boat sank, and they were their bodies that we struck."

D. H. Bishop, a rich lumber man of Dowagaic, Mich., who with his wife, was returning from a bridal trip to Egypt, is the last person known to have seen George D. Widener alive. Mr. Bishop said:

"My wife and I had just retired when we heard the jar and felt a decided tilt of the ship. I got up and started to investigate, but soon became reassured and went back to bed. A few minutes later we heard calls to put on life belts.

"My wife felt very alarmed and kneeled to pray. She said she knew we would be lost, though at that time there was no reason to think so, and she remarked: 'What is the use bothering with jewelry if we are going to die?' Accordingly she left

in her stateroom jewelry worth about $11,000, but strangely enough insisted upon me running back and getting her muff.

"As we came up the stairway we met Captain Smith and Colonel John Jacob Astor talking hurriedly. What they said I do not know. When we got on deck there were not more than fifty people there and no one seemed excited and no one appeared to want to get into the lifeboats, though urged to do so. Mrs. Bishop and I were literally lifted into the first lifeboat.

"At that time I observed Mr. and Mrs. Widener, and I saw the former leave his wife as she was getting into the lifeboat and, accompanied by his son, go toward the stairway. I did not see them again, as our lifeboat with only twenty-eight persons in it and only half-manned, was lowered over the side at that moment. An instant later there was an apparent rush for the lifeboats and as we rowed away they came over the side with great rapidity.

"Before we were a hundred yards away men were jumping overboard, and when we were a mile away the ship went down with cries from the men and women aboard that were heart-rending.

"There is nothing to say concerning the blame, except that I do know that icebergs were known to be in our vicinity and that it was the subject of much talk that the Titanic was out for a record. Captain Smith was dining with J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, and of course was not on the bridge. It was rumored on the Carpathia that Captain Smith tried to save himself in a lifeboat at the last minute, but of this I know nothing.

CHAPTER X.

NOTABLE WOMAN SAVED.

Praises Captain and Crew—Bids President of Grand Trunk Railway Good-bye—In Water for Six Hours— Saved by Cake of Ice—Boats not Filled, she says—Millionaire Died to Save Wife's Maid—Heroic Sacrifice of Railroad Official.

From William E. Carter, Bryn Mawr, Pa., who, with his wife and two children, Lucille and William E. Carter, Jr., was saved from the wreck of the Titanic, it was learned today that the three women probably most notable among the survivors were in the same lifeboat. They were Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. George D. Widener and Mrs. John B. Thayer. In the same boat were Mrs. Carter and her two children.

Colonel Astor, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Widener and Mr. Carter separated as soon as the ladies were safely in the lifeboats, and Mr. Carter never saw the three men again.

Mr. Carter was a passenger on the lifeboat in which J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, made his escape from the sinking liner. Mr. Carter declared that the boat was the last to leave the starboard side of the Titanic and was nearly the last which left the vessel.

When entered by Mr. Carter and Mr. Ismay the boat was occupied entirely by women of the third cabin. Every woman on the starboard side of the vessel had been sent off in lifeboats when Mr. Ismay and he got into the boat, Mr. Carter said.

Mr. Carter and his family were staying for a few days at the home of his brother-in-law, William C. Dickerman, 809 Madison ave., New York. Mr. Carter expressed the greatest admiration for the discipline maintained by the officers of the Titanic, and voiced the opinion that Mr. Ismay should not be held open to criticism.

"If there had been another woman to go, neither Mr. Ismay nor myself would have gotten into the boat. There can be no criticism of Mr. Ismay's action."

In describing his experience Mr. Carter said he had urged Harry Elkins Widener to go with him to the starboard side of the vessel. Young Mr. Widener, thinking that there was no immediate danger, remarked that he would take his chances on the vessel.

Mr. Carter said he was in the smoking room of the Titanic when the crash came. "I was talking to Major Butt, Clarence Moore and Harry Widener," he explained. "It was just seventeen minutes to 12 o'clock.

"Although there was quite a jar, I thought the trouble was slight. I believe it was the immense size of the Titanic which brought many of the passengers to believe there was no danger. I went on deck to see what had happened. Almost as I reached the deck the engines were stopped.

VESSEL LISTS TO PORT.

"I hurried down to see about my family and found they were all in bed. Just then the vessel listed a little to port, and I told my wife and children they had better get up and dress.

"Just then orders were issued for everyone to get on life preservers. When we came out on the deck boats were being lowered. Mrs. Carter and the children got into the fourth or fifth boat with Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Widener and Mrs. Thayer.

"After I got my family into the boat and saw it pushed off the Titanic listed more and more to one side. I decided that I had better look out for myself and went up to a deck on the starboard side. In the meantime a good many boats were getting off.

"There were no women on the starboard side when I reached there except one collapsible raft load of third-class women passengers. Mr. Ismay and myself got into the boat, which was either the last or the next to the last to leave the Titanic.

"As we left the ship the lights went out and the Titanic

started to go down. The crash had ripped up the side and the water rushing into the boiler-room caused the boilers to explode.

"We were a good distance off when we saw the Titanic dip and disappear. We stayed in the boat until about 5 o'clock, Mr. Ismay and myself pulling on the oars with three members of the crew practically all the time.

"Never in my life have I seen such splendid discipline as was maintained by Captain Smith and his men. There was no panic and the order was splendid.

"Before I left Harry Widener I urged him to come with me to the starboard side of the ship, and it was then he told me he would take his chances on the vessel. He had on a life belt, as did every other passenger, many of whom stayed in the smoking room playing bridge.

MR. WIDENER PARTED FROM HIS WIFE.

"I saw Colonel Astor place his wife in the same boat that I put my family in, and at the same time Mr. Widener parted from his wife and Mr. Thayer put Mrs. Thayer in the boat. I did not see the men again."

Major Arthur Puechen, a wealthy resident of Toronto, Canada, was the last man on the Titanic to say goodbye to Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, who lost his life.

After assisting members of the crew in filling up the first five boats, Major Puechen who is an experienced yachtsman, was assigned by the second mate to take charge of boat No. 6. Major Puechen said he declined to accept such a post, not desiring to have any preference over any of his fellow passengers.

Captain Smith, wishing an experienced boatsman on boat No. 6, directed the second officer to give the Major a written order to take charge of it. Major Puechen displayed this order to some of his friends last night, so as to make it plain that it was at the demand of the ship's officers that he undertook the assignment.

Just as the Major was about to leave in the lifeboat, his old

friend, Charles M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk, came up and said goodbye. Mr. Hays had no idea, according to Major Puechen that the ship would sink as soon as it did, but believed that help would be at hand sufficient to care for all before the vessel went down.

Mr. Hays remarked to the Major that the ship could not possibly sink within eight hours, and that long before then everybody would be taken off safely. Mr. Hays expressed no fear that he would be lost by remaining on board the ship.

Peter D. Daly, of New York, jumped from the deck of the Titanic after it was announced that there were only boats enough for the women and children. As he saw the ship settling gradually he swam away with all his might to prevent being carried down with the suction of the sinking liner.

PICKED UP BY CARPATHIA.

"For six hours I beat the water with hands and feet to keep warm," he said. "Then I was picked up by one of the Carpathia's boats, which was cruising around looking for survivors. I was numb from the cold, after a fight which I can scarcely bear to discuss.

"Even after I recovered from the chill and shock, I was practically prostrated by the nervous strain, and every mention of the disaster sends a shiver through me.

"There was no violent impact when the vessel collided with the ice. I rushed to the deck from my cabin, got a life preserver and, when things began to look serious, threw myself into the water. The boat had already begun to settle."

A huge cake of ice was the means of aiding Emile Portaluppi, of Aricgabo, Italy, in escaping death when the Titanic went down. Portaluppi, a second class passenger, was awakened by the explosion of one of the boilers of the ship. He hurried to the deck, strapped a life preserver around him and leaped into the sea. With the aid of the preserver and by holding to a cake of ice he managed to keep afloat until one of the lifeboats pick-

ed him up. There were thirty-five people in the boat when he was hauled aboard.

Mrs. Lucine P. Smith, of Huntington, W. Va., daughter of Representative James P. Hughes, of West Virginia, a bride of about eight weeks, whose husband was lost in the wreck, gave her experience through the medium of her uncle, Dr. J. H. Vincent, of Huntington, West Virginia.

"The women were shoved into the lifeboats," said Dr. Vincent. "The crew did not wait until the lifeboat was filled before they lowered it. As a matter of fact there were but twenty-six people in the boat, mostly all women, when an officer gave instructions to lower it. Mr. Smith was standing alongside the boat when it was lowered. There was plenty of room for more people to get into the lifeboats, the capacity being fifty.

APPEALS TO CAPTAIN WERE IGNORED.

"Mrs. Smith implored Captain Smith to allow her husband in the boat, but her repeated appeals, however, were ignored. This lifeboat was permitted to be lowered with but one sailor in it and he was drunk. His condition was such that he could not row the boat and therefore the women had to do the best they could in rowing about the icy waters.

"As the boat swung out from the side it was evident that the three men knew absolutely nothing about rowing and Mrs. Kenyon said she and another woman seized the oars and helped the sailors to pull clear. Gradually the small boat was worked away from the Titanic. The boat had gone quite a distance when suddenly all heard a terrific explosion and in the glare which followed they saw the body of a man hurled from the bridge high in the air. Then darkness fell. At 6.30 the boat was picked up by the Carpathia."

Mrs. Elizabeth Dyker, of Westhaven, Conn., a bride whose husband perished, lost besides her husband all her worldly possessions.

"When the crash came," said Mrs. Dyker, "I met Adolph on deck. He had a satchel in which were two gold watches, two

diamond rings, a sapphire necklace and two hundred crowns. He couldn't go in the boat with me but grabbed a life preserver and said he would try to save himself. That was the last I saw of him. When the life boat came alongside the Carpathia one of the men in it threw my satchel to the deck. I have not seen it since."

Kate Mullin, of County Longford, Ireland, told of how stewards had tried to keep back the steerage women. She said she saw scores of men and women jump overboard and drown.

Bunar Tonglin, a Swede, was saved in the next to the last boat which left the Titanic. Before getting into the boat he placed two hysterical women in another boat. Then he heard a cry, and, looking up, saw a woman standing on the upper deck. The woman, he said, dropped from her arms her baby, which Tonglin caught, and gave to one of the women he had put in the boat. Then he got into his own boat, which was lowered, and shortly afterwards came the two explosions, and the plunge downward of the Titanic. Tonglin declared that he had seen numerous persons leap from the decks of the Titanic and drown.

HELPS HIS WIFE TO A PLACE IN THE BOAT.

Mrs. Fred R. Kenyon, of Southington, Conn., was one of the Titanic's survivors. Her husband went down with the vessel rather than take the place of a woman in a boat. Mrs. Kenyon said that when the call was given for the women to take places near the boat davits, in readiness to be placed in the boats as they were swung off, Mr. Kenyon was by her side. When it came her turn to enter the boat, Mr. Kenyon helped his wife to a place and kissed her goodbye. Mrs. Kenyon said she asked him to come with her, and he replied: "I would not with all those women and children waiting to get off."

In an instant Mr. Kenyon had stepped back and other women took their places and the boat swung clear and dropped to the water. In the boat Mrs. Kenyon said there were one sailor and three men who had been ordered in because they said they could row.

Mrs. John B. Thayer, whose husband, the second vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, went down with the Titanic, after heroically standing aside to allow his wife's maid to take his place in the lifeboat, and whose young son, John B. Thayer, Jr., was pulled abord a lifeboat after being thrown from the giant liner just before she sank, seemed too dazed by what she had gone through to realize the awful enormity of the tragedy when she reached her home at Haverford, Pa.,

After reaching the Thayer home Mrs. Thayer was put to bed and the greatest precautions were taken to see that neither she nor young "Jack" Thayer was disturbed. Detectives from the Pennsylvania Railroad, assisted by two members of the Lower Merion police force, guarded the house both front and rear. All callers were told that both Mrs. Thayer and her son were too much overcome by their heartbreaking experience to see any one.

DIED TO SAVE WIFE'S MAID.

Mrs. Thayer, young John B. Thayer, junior no longer, Miss Eustis, a sister of Mrs. Walter B. Stephenson, of Haverford, and Margaret Fleming, Mrs. Thayer's maid, for whose safety Mr. Thayer sacrificed his own life, all arrived at the Haverford Station at 12.30 o'clock. They had made the trip from Jersey City in a special train consisting of an engine, baggage car and Pullman, with two day coaches to add the necessary weight to make the train ride easily. The special left the Pennsylvania Station at 10.16 and drew up at the Haverford Station just two hours and fourteen minutes later.

Harry C. Thayer, of Merion, a brother of Mr. Thayer, met his sister-in-law and nephew at the New York pier where the Carpathia docked, together with Dr. R. G. Gamble, of Haverford, the Thayers' family physician. Mrs. Thayer, though seemingly composed, is really in a very serious condition, according to Dr. Gamble. Her hours of exposure in an open boat, her uncertainty as to the fate of her son, whom she saw jump overboard, just before the Titanic sank, carrying her husband to a watery grave, was more than any woman could be expected to bear.

Eight or ten friends and relatives of the Thayer family, together with Captain Donaghy, of the Lower Merion police department, and a squad of his men, were awaiting the special train at the Haverford Station. A big limousine automobile was also on hand with the motor running, ready to whisk the party to the Thayer home, "Redwood," just back of the Merion Cricket Club.

As the train slowed up, the relatives and friends formed a double line opposite the Pullman car. The moment the train stopped, Mrs. Thayer was helped down the steps and to the automobile. Wearing heavy brown furs, a dark hat with a half veil, Mrs. Thayer looked dazed and walked as one asleep, as she was assisted into the motor car. Her son, young "Jack" Thayer, was at her side, with Miss Eustis and the maid, Margaret Fleming, bringing up the rear. The boy, a husky youngster, looked little the worse for his experiences and bore himself in manly fashion.

TOO OVERCOME TO BE QUESTIONED.

There was a clang of the motor car door, a crashing bang as the gears were shoved into place and the machine was off at top speed for the Thayer residence. Dr. Gamble, whose car was also in waiting, acted as spokesman for all. Mrs. Thayer, he said, was too overcome to be questioned, but he had gleaned from young "Jack" Thayer and from Margaret Fleming, the maid, a few details that brought out in vivid relief the quiet heroism of Mr. Thayer.

The son, also had proven, himself in the critical moment. Shortly after the Titanic crashed into the iceberg, said the doctor, Mr. Thayer had collected his wife, his son and his wife's maid and gotten them in line for a lifeboat. Realizing that there was not enough room for the men, Mr. Thayer forced his wife and her maid into the boat and then tried to get his son in also.

The lad, however, refused to desert his father. Stepping back, he made room for some one else, said to have been a grown man, and grasping his father's hand, said he "guessed he would stick by dad." Before Mr. Thayer could protest or

forcibly place his son in the lifeboat, it had been launched and the opportunity was gone.

A few seconds before the Titanic sank, however, Mr. Thayer seemed to grasp the fact that the end was near. Picking up the boy he threw him into the sea. "Swim to a boat, my boy." he said.

Young Thayer, taken by surprise, had no chance to object. Before he knew what had happened, he was struggling in the icy waters of the ocean. Striking out, the lad swam to a lifeboat, said Mr. Gamble, but was beaten off by some of those aboard, as the boat was already overcrowded.

But the pluck that has made so many Thayers famous as athletes in many branches of sport was deeply implanted in young "Jack" Thayer. Turning from the lifeboat from which he had been beaten off, he swam to another. Once again he was fended away with a long oar. And all this time Mrs. Thayer, safe in another boat, watched her son struggle for life, too overcome with horrow to even scream.

NOT AS MUCH SUCTION AS EXPECTED.

A few seconds later the Titanic went down. There was a swirling of the waters, though not as much suction as had been expected. To save himself from the tug of the indraw waters, young Thayer grasped a floating cake of ice. To this he clung until another boat, filled with people of more kindly hearts, came by and pulled him aboard.

In this boat was Miss Brown, a friend of the boy's mother. She took charge of him until they were taken on board the Carpathia. Mrs. Thayer had not seen the rescue of her son. She had fainted, it is said, but revived a few moments later and did yeoman service at the oars. Other survivors in her boat spoke in the highest terms of her calm courage, which served to keep up the spirits of the women, half frozen from the bitter cold, insufficiently clad and bereft of their loved ones. Taking an oar, without waiting to be asked, she used every ounce of her strength for long hours before the Car-

pathia arrived, aiding the few sailors aboard to keep the boat's head to the sea and to dodge the myriads of ice cakes.

The exercise, however, served to keep her warm, and when she was lifted to the deck of the Carpathia she did not need hospital treatment. Her son, however, was in bad shape when he was rescued. His clothing was frozen to his body and he was exhausted from his battle with the ice-filled sea. Restoratives and hot water bottles in the Carpathia's hospital brought him around in time, however, and the moment he was able to stand on his feet he rushed through the ship, seeking his mother. That was a joyful reunion for both, but particularly for Mrs. Thayer, as she had given her son up for lost.

STAYED ON BOARD UNTIL SHE SANK.

Broken in spirits, bowed with grief, Mrs. Thayer stepped off the Carpathia at New York with the other few hundreds of survivors last night. With her was her young son, John B. Thayer, Jr., who stayed on board the vessel until she sank to share his father's fate, but who proved more fortunate than the railroad magnate, and was saved. She was heavily veiled and was supported by the son, who seemed, with his experience, to have aged twice his sixteen years.

Awaiting her arrival was a special train, sent by officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad for her arrival. One of the cars was that in which she and Mr. Thayer frequently had taken trips together. It was in this car that she rode to Philadelphia, the last time she ever will enter it.

Every arrangement had been made for the care and comfort of Mrs. Thayer. Immediately upon her arrival at the pier where the rescue ship, Carpathia, docked, relatives and representatives of the railroad were ready to receive her.

A motor car had beeen held in readiness and when she disembarked from the vessel, leaning upon the arm of her young son, she was led silently to it. They were the first of the Philadelphia survivors to arrive at the Pennsylvania station. It was exactly 10 o'clock when the car in which she and her son had

ridden, pulled up outside the great building erected when her husband was one of the directing heads of the road. With her was Dr. Neidermeier, the station physician, who had been sent to take care of her during the short time she stayed in New York. Tenderly he lifted Mrs. Thayer to the pavement and then led her inside and across the central floor toward the train.

Garments had been brought from her home for Mrs. Thayer, to take the place of those which she had worn when, scantily clad, she bade her husband good-bye and climbed down the ladder of the Titanic to the waiting lifeboats. But the widow was too worn physically and too greatly bowed down with grief to make the change. She wore a thin raincoat which reached nearly to the ground. Its folds were wrinkled. A heavy veil completely covered her head, crushing down her hat.

MET AT THE CUNARD PIER.

Following her from the cab came her son and Henry Thayer, a brother of the former railroad man. Dr. Gamble, the family physician, and Mr. Norris, a relative of Mrs. Thayer, were also in the party which had met her at the Cunard pier.

As the widow of their former chief passed them, the employes of the railroad stopped and removed their hats. T. DeWitt Cuyler, a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, saw her coming and stepped toward her. As he did so, Dr. Neidermeier quicky grasped his arm and drew him to one side where Mrs. Thayer would not hear.

"Mr. Thayer is dead," the physician whispered silently. Mr. Cuyler gripped the doctor's hand and then, his face working violently, he turned quickly away.

It was only a few minutes after Mrs. Thayer had stepped on board the car that the train started for Philadelphia. It left the station at 10.19 o'clock.

"I was with father," said "Jack" Thayer, speaking for himself of his experience. "They wanted me to go into a boat, but I wanted to stay with him. Men and women kept calling to me to hurry and jump in a boat, but it wasn't any use. I knew what

I was doing. It didn't seem to be anything to be afraid about. Some of the men were laughing. Nobody appeared to be excited. We had struck with a smash and then we seemed to slide off backwards from the big field of ice. It was cold, but we didn't mind that.

"The boats were put off without much fuss. Mother was put into one of the boats. As I said, she wanted me to go with her. But I said I guessed I would stick with dad. After awhile I felt the ship tipping toward the front. The next thing I knew somebody gave me a push and I was in the water. Down, down, down, I went, ever so far. It seemed as if I never would stop. I couldn't breathe. Then I shot up through the water just as fast as I went down. I had just time to take a long, deep breath when a wave went over me.

"When I came to the surface a second time I swam to a boat. They wouldn't take me in. Then I tried another. Same result. Finally, when I was growing weak, I bumped against something. I found it was an overturned lifeboat. It was a struggle to pull myself upon it, but I did it after a while. My, it was cold! I never suffered so much in my life. All around were the icebergs.

"I could see boats on all sides. I must have shouted, because my throat was all raw and sore, but nobody seemed to notice. I guess they all were shouting, too. Every part of me ached with the cold. I thought I was going to die. It seemed as if I couldn't stand it any longer.

"The time was so long and I was so weak. Then I just couldn't feel anything any more. I knew if I stayed there I would freeze. A boat came by and I swam to it. They took me aboard. The next thing I remember clearly was when the boat from the Carpathia came and I was taken into it and wrapped up in the coats of the men. They told me I was more than three hours on that raft and in that open boat. It seemed more like three years to me."

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR BUTT, MARTYR TO DUTY.

Major Butt Martyr to Duty—Woman's Soul-Stirring Tribute—Died Like a Soldier—Was the Man of the Hour—Assisted Captain and Officers in Saving Women—Cool as if on Dress Parade—Robert M. Daniel Tells of Disaster and Death of Heroes—Tiny Waifs of the Sea.

Captain E. J. Smith, the commander of the Titanic, was a guest at a banquet which was being given by W. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, when the big steamer plunged into that fated iceberg, according to Robert M. Daniel, member of the banking firm of Hillard-Smith, Daniel & Co., 328 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The fourth officer was in charge of the vessel, said Mr. Daniel, when seen at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, to which hotel he went immediately after landing from the Carpathia, accompanied by his mother and younger brother, who had come up from their home in Virginia to meet him.

"We were about fifty miles ahead of our schedule at the time the accident happened," said Mr. Daniel, "and were running at about a twenty-mile-an-hour rate. Everybody on board had been talking all along about how we were trying to beat the Olympic's record for the Western trip and many pools were made on each day's run.

"I was asleep in my berth when the collision came and so cannot tell how we happened to hit that berg or what occurred immediately afterwards. I got up and looked out of my state-room door, but all seemed to be quiet and I went back to bed again.

"A little later I heard some one crying that the boats were being manned and I got frightened. So I wrapped an overcoat

about me and went on deck. On the way I grabbed a life belt and tied it on.

"The boat had already sunk so far down that the lower decks were awash. I didn't waste any time in thinking. I just jumped overboard. I clung to the same overturned lifeboat that young John B. Thayer, Jr., swam to later and saw him jump from the Titanic. It looked to me as though his father pushed him off and jumped after him, but the boat sank so soon afterwards and things were so mixed up that I couldn't be sure about that.

"A boat came by after a while that was full of women. They were frightened and seeing me, pulled me aboard, saying they needed a man to take charge. I did my best to cheer them up, but it was a poor effort and didn't succeed very well. Still I kept them busy with one thing and another and so helped pass the weary hours until we were picked up by the Carpathia."

JUMPED AS THE LINER WAS GOING DOWN.

Mr. Daniel stated with emphasis that Colonel John Jacob Astor stayed on the Titanic until the last second, then jumped just as the liner was going down, and he did not see the millionaire again.

Captain Smith also stuck to the bridge, until the ship sank, said Mr. Daniel, when the skipper also jumped, but disappeared below the waves and apparently never came up again.

"I spoke to the fourth officer just before I went to my cabin," said Mr. Daniel, "and he told me he was in charge while the captain was at dinner. Then I remembered I had heard Ismay was giving a banquet.

"The fourth officer said the skipper was coming up 'pretty soon' to relieve him," added Mr. Daniel.

On the Carpathia, Mr. Daniel said, were nineteen women who had been made widows by the Titanic disaster. Six of them were young brides who were returning on the steamship from honeymoon trips on the Continent. None of them, he said,

was able to obtain from the passengers of the Carpathia mourning garb.

While on the Carpathia Mr. Daniel proved of cosiderable assistance to the wireless operator. He is an amateur student of wireless telegraphy. Following the disaster the operator on the Carpathia was compelled to work night and day.

While the operator was engaged in the arduous task of sending to shore the long list of those who had been snatched from the sea, Mr. Daniel went into the operating room. He found the operator on the verge of collapse, and, volunteering his services, sent a large part of the list himself.

Mr. Daniel denied that all the lifeboats and collapsible rafts launched from the Titanic had been picked up by the Carpathia.

"Only twelve boats were picked up," he said, "while there were half a dozen more that drifted away in other directions. There has been no storm, and I don't see why they should not have been located by some other vessel."

"FRANKFURT" MUCH NEARER THAN CARPATHIA.

A German steamer, the "Frankfurt," was thirty-five miles nearer to the Titanic than was the Carpathia at the time of the accident, but for some reason would not come to the assistance of the stricken liner, Mr. Daniel said.

Asked if any women had been left aboard the Titanic he said: "Only those women who positively refused to leave their husbands and who could not be forced into lifeboats for lack of time.

"One of the most remarkable features of this horrible affair is the length of time that elapsed after the collision before the seriousness of the situation dawned on the passengers. The officers assured everybody that there was no danger, and we all had such confidence in the Titanic that it didn't occur to anybody that she might sink."

As to the reports that many persons had been shot to prevent them from rushing the lifeboats, Mr. Daniel said several shots had been fired in the air to frighten the steerage passengers

and keep them in order, but that he did not know or hear of anyone being hit by a bullet.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, said Mr. Daniel, had been confined to her stateroom under the doctor's care during her stay on the Carpathia. "I did not lay eyes on her nor on Bruce Ismay. He stuck close to his cabin and I don't think he came on deck once during the trip on the Carpathia."

Even when the passengers finally realized that the Titanic was doomed, there was no disorder, according to Mr. Daniel. The crew's discipline was perfect and the women were placed in the boats quietly and without confusion. It was only after the ship had gone down, he added, and the women awoke to the fact that their husbands, brothers, sons and sweethearts, who had told them they would follow "in other boats," had sunk to their death, that there was any hysteria.

THE CRIES WERE HEART-RENDING.

"Then the cries were awful to listen to; some of the women screamed all the time. For four straight hours they kept at it. First from one boat, then from another. It was heart-rending."

Asked why the Carpathia had refused to answer the wireless messages relayed to her, Mr. Daniel answered that so many land stations were trying to get the vessel that the air was full of cross currents, and it was almost impossible to catch any one message meant for the rescue ship, let alone trying to reply to any of them.

While Mr. Daniel was talking to the newspaper men on the pier, just after landing from the Carpathia, a man ran up and, showing him two newspaper photographs, asked if he remembered the face.

"It's my brother, Mr. White, of California," said the man. "Is he on board the Carpathia?"

"I don't think so," answered Mr. Daniel. "I remember meeting this gentleman on board the Titanic, but I have not seen him since." Mr. White's brother grabbed the photographs and rushed away.

Many of the men, said Mr. Daniel, refused to jump from the Titanic until the ship was actually disappearing beneath the waves.

"They seemed to think they were safer on board," he said, "and by waiting too long lost their chance of being saved, for they were probably carried down by the suction. Howard B. Case, of New York, was one who declined to jump. C. Duane Williams was another. He was washed overboard, but his son, Richard Norris Williams, jumped and was saved."

Mr. Daniel was in the water or on a cake of ice nearly an hour before he was pulled aboard a lifeboat. He had nothing to keep him from freezing save a light overcoat over his pajamas. While on the Carpathia he slept on the floor of the dining saloon and was so weak when he landed that he could hardly move.

When in Philadelphia, Mr. Daniel makes his home at the Southern Club, though he is a native of Richmond, Va., where his mother and brother live.

CRAWLED ON TO CAKE OF ICE.

"When I finally went on deck," said Mr. Daniel, "the water already was up to my ankles. I saw the women and some of the men taking to the boats. A short distance away was a big cake of ice. I jumped for it and crawled on it.

"John B. Thayer, Jr., came to the same ice cake later, after the Titanic sank. Then a boat passed near and he swam to it and was pulled aboard. A half hour afterwards another boat came by and I was pulled aboard.

"It seemed a long time before we saw the masts of the Carpathia, but when the straight masts and the blur of smoke from her funnels were outlined against the horizon, we realized that it meant rescue for all of us. When the boat finally reached us, the men in the boat did what they could to help the women to the vessel, but most of us were almost helpless from the cold and exposure.

"I cannot pretend to explain the accident. All I can say is that we knew for five hours before the accident that there were

ice fields about. I saw Colonel Astor after I was on the raft. He was still on deck. The water was washing about his knees. He made no effort to get into a boat.

"The last I saw of Major Butt," Mr. Daniel added, "he was playing bridge whist with Clarence Moore, of Washington, formerly of Philadelphia, and widely known as a horse show exhibitor, and two other men. This was just before I went to my cabin.

"When I came on deck again, I did not see him. I have no doubt he met his death as a soldier should."

Major Archibald Butt, U. S. A., military aid to President Taft, who lost his life on the Titanic, met his death in a manner that fully justified the President's estimation of him as expressed in the eulogy given out at the White House, in which the President tenderly referred to his late aide as a man "gentle and considerate," and as one who was "every inch a soldier."

GRAVITY OF THE TITANIC'S CONDITION.

From the moment the Titanic climbed to her death on the jagged shelf of the great iceberg until the last boatload of women and children, and some men, was lowered, Major Butt was to all intents and purposes an officer not only of the American Army, but of the British mercantile marine. He was among the first to realize the gravity of the Titanic's condition, and he immediately forgot self and went to the assistance of the sorely taxed skipper and junior officers of the sinking liner.

From the moment that Captain Smith let it be known to his officers and a few of the men passengers that the Titanic was doomed, Major Butt was an officer of the Titanic. He was here and there and everywhere, giving words of encouragement to weeping women and children, and uttering when necessary commands to keep the weak-kneed men from giving in and rendering the awful situation even more terrible.

That this was the manner in which Major Butt met death is certain.

Captain Charles E. Crain, of the Twenty-seventh United

States Infantry was a passenger on the Carpathia, and when he learned that Major Butt was among the dead, he made it his duty to get the true tale of his comrade's death.

"Naturally," said Captain Crain, "I was deeply concerned in the fate of Major Butt, for he was not only a fellow-officer of the army, but also a personal friend of many years' standing. I questioned those of the survivors who were in a condition to talk, and from them I learned that Butt, when the Titanic struck, took his position with the officers and from the moment that the order to man the lifeboats was given until the last one was dropped into the sea, he aided in the maintenance of discipline and the placing of the women and children in the boats.

AS COOL AS THE ICEBERG.

"Butt, I was told was as cool as the iceberg that had doomed the ship, and not once did he lose control of himself. In the presence of death he was the same gallant, courteous officer that the American people had learned to know so well as a result of his constant attendance upon President Taft. There was never any chance of Butt getting into any of those lifeboats.

"He knew his time was at hand, and he was ready to meet it as a man should, and I and all of the others who cherish his memory are glad that he faced the situation that way, which was the only possible way a man of his calibre could face it."

Mrs. Henry B. Harris, of Washington, a survivor of the Titanic, said:

"I saw Major Butt just before they put me into a collapsible raft with ever so many women from the steerage. Mr Millet's little smile, which played on his lips all through the voyage, had gone, but when I was put in the boat I saw him wave his hand to a woman in another boat.

"But, oh, this whole world should rise in praise of Major Butt. That man's conduct will remain in my memory forever; the way he showed some of the other men how to behave when women and children were suffering that awful mental fear that

came when we had to be huddled in those boats. Major Butt was near me, and I know very nearly everything he did.

"When the order to take to the boats came he became as one in supreme command. You would have thought he was at a White House Reception, so cool and calm was he. A dozen or so women became hysterical all at once as something connected with a lifeboat went wrong. Major Butt stepped to them and said: 'Really you must not act like that; we are all going to see you through this thing.'

"He helped the sailors rearrange the rope or chain that had gone wrong and lifted some of the women in with gallantry. His was the manner we associate with the word aristocrat.

MAJOR BUTT A MAN TO BE FEARED.

"When the time came for it, he was a man to be feared. In one of the earlier boats fifty women, it seemed, were about to be lowered when a man, suddenly panic-stricken, ran to the stern of it. Major Butt shot one arm out, caught him by the neck and pulled him backward like a pillow. His head cracked against a rail and he was stunned.

" 'Sorry,' said Major Butt; 'women will be attended to first or I'll break every bone in your body.'

"The boats were lowered away, one by one, and as I stood by my husband he said to me: 'Thank God for Archie Butt.' Perhaps Major Butt heard it, for he turned his face toward us for a second.

"Just at that time a young man was arguing to get into a lifeboat, and Butt had hold of the lad by the arm like a big brother and appeared to be telling him to keep his head.

"I was one of three first cabin women in our collapsible boat, the rest were steerage people. Major Butt helped those poor frightened peolple so wonderfully, tenderly, and yet with such cool and manly firmness. He was a soldier to the last."

"If anything should happen to me, tell my wife in New York that I've done my best in doing my duty."

This was the last message of Benjamin Guggenheim, of

the famous banking family, dictated to a steward only a short while before the banker sank to his death with the Titanic.

It was was not until several days later that the message was received by Mrs. Guggenheim.

It was delivered by James Etches, assistant steward in the first cabin of the Titanic, to whom Mr. Guggenheim communicated it. Etches appeared at the St. Regis Hotel and inquired for Mrs Benjamin Guggenheim. He said that he had a message from Benjamin Guggenheim, and that it had to be delivered in person.

Mrs. Guggenheim was in the care of Daniel Guggenheim, whose apartments are at the St. Regis. The steward was admitted, but was not permitted to see Mrs. Guggenheim, who is prostrated with grief. He insisted that he must see her personally, but finally consented to transmit the message through her brother-in-law.

TOGETHER ALMOST TO THE END.

"We were together almost to the end," said the steward. "I was saved. He went down with the ship. But that isn't what I want to tell Mrs. Guggenheim."

"Then the steward produced a piece of paper. He had written the message on it, he said, to be certain that it would be correct. The message was as given.

"That's all he said," added the steward, "there wasn't time for more."

Little by little Mr. Guggenheim got the account of his brother's death from the steward. It was the first definite news that he had received of his brother.

"Mr. Guggenheim was one of my charges," said the steward anew. "He had his secretary with him. His name was Giglio, I believe, an Armenian, about twenty-four years old. Both died like men.

"When the crash came I awakened them and told them to get dressed. A few minutes later I went into their rooms

and helped them to get ready. I put a life preserver on Mr. Guggenheim. He said it hurt him in the back. There was plenty of time and I took it off, adjusted it, and then put it on him again. It was all right this time.

"They wanted to get out on deck with only a few clothes on, but I pulled a heavy sweater over Mr. Guggenheim's life belt, and then they both went out. They stayed together and I could see what they were doing. They were going from one lifeboat to another helping the women and children.

"Mr. Guggenheim would shout out, 'Women first,' and he was of great assistance to the officers.

"Things weren't so bad at first, but when I saw Mr. Guggenheim about three quarters of an hour after the crash there was great excitement. What surprised me was that both Mr. Guggenheim and his secretary were dressed in their evening clothes. They had deliberately taken off their sweaters, and as nearly as I can remember they wore no life belts at all.

" 'What's that for?' I asked.

" 'We've dressed up in our best,' replied Mr. Guggenheim, 'and are prepared to go down like gentlemen.' It was then he told me about the message to his wife and that is what I have come here for.

"Well, shortly after the last few boats were lowered and I was ordered by the deck officer to man an oar, I waved goodbye to Mr. Guggenheim, and that was the last I saw of him and his secretary."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. ASTOR'S BRAVERY.

Showed Wonderful Fortitude in the Hour of Peril—Sailors in Lifeboat Tell Of Her Heroism—Pleaded To Remain With Husband—Change Clothes to Embark—Seamen Confirm Murdock's Suicide—One Heartless Fiend—Williams Killed as Funnel Fell.

Narratives of the remarkable heroism of Colonel John Jacob Astor and the patient fortitude of Mrs. Astor under conditions that tried the self-control of the hardiest, continue to come to light.

The narrative of the dreadful suspense which in a short time changed her from a radiant bride to a sorrowing widow was told by a friend of the family.

At the same time survivors who occupied lifeboat No. 4, in which Mrs. Astor and her maid escaped, told of how Mrs. Astor had helped calm the other women and had even offered fellow sufferers portions of her slender stock of clothing.

"Mrs Astor was the bravest little woman I ever met," said Jack Foley, who, with his mate, Sam Parks, pulled an oar in boat No. 4.

"Colonel Astor was a man all through, if there ever was one," continued Foley. "You see, it took us some time to launch boat No. 4. After we had all the women and the children in the boat we discovered that we couldn't launch her until we removed the sounding spar several decks below.

"So Sam and I got down and chopped the spar away. We were some time doing this, as we had to hunt for an ax.

"We finally got the spar away and launched the boat. That is why boat No. 4 was the last boat to be launched. The

others had a free way below it and could be put in the water at once.

"While waiting up there Mrs. Astor several times wanted to leave the boat. Mr. Astor kept telling the good little woman that he was sure to be saved and that it was her duty to go.

"She stretched out her arms just as though she was pleading with him to let her get out of the boat and take her place with him. Mr. Astor picked up a heavy steamer shawl and wrapped it about her shoulders.

"After pulling those eight men into the boat I was pretty wet and was shivering. Mrs. Astor threw the shawl about my shoulders and said that I needed it more than she did. I told her that I would get warmed up after pulling a while at the oar and would have no use for it.

WHIMPERING WITH COLD.

"I put the shawl back on her lap. Sitting next to Mrs. Astor was a Swedish woman with a little girl that I should take to be three or four years old. The little girl was whimpering with the cold.

"Mrs. Astor took the shawl and threw it about the shoulders of this woman, who thanked her in some foreign lingo. Then the steerage woman kissed her little girl and took her into her arms and wrapped the shawl about her.

"When the explosion occurred aboard the ship Mrs. Astor made some kind of a sound, but I couldn't understand whether she said anything or merely sobbed. She turned her head away from the direction of the vessel."

So little was the impact felt at the time of the collision that Mrs. Astor thought the crash was the result of some mishap in the kitchen and paid no attention to it until the engines stopped.

Then, realizing that something was wrong, she inquired of her steward the cause. He informed her that a slight accident had happened, and that the captain had ordered the women to the lifeboats, but he added that this was only a precautionary measure, and that they would all be back soon again on the ship.

Mrs. Astor then entered her stateroom and changed her dress, preparatory to leaving the Titanic for one of the lifeboats in company with her maid.

As she left the room the steward told her he would lock up her suite so that nobody would enter it during her absence, for he thought everybody would soon return.

Colonel Astor accompanied his wife and her maid to lifeboat No. 4. When he attempted to enter it he was pushed back by the sailor in charge, and was told that no men were permitted in it.

"But," said Colonel Astor, "there are no more women to be taken in, and there is plenty of room."

"That makes no difference," replied the man; "the orders are no men, so you cannot get in."

There was no use arguing, Colonel and Mrs. Astor thought, so, waving her adieu, he called out:

"Good-bye, Madeleine."

TITANIC GOING DOWN TO HER DOOM.

Lifeboat No. 4 did not go far before she returned to the place which soon after became the Titanic's grave. The great "unsinkable" ship was already going fast to her doom, and fear that the suction from the sinking vessel would draw down the little lifeboat made its sailors once more turn away from the wreck and seek safety, with its handful of women and its empty seats.

When the Carpathia hove in sight two sailors in lifeboat No. 4 were dead. The watch of one, which a woman looked at, had stopped at 2.15 o'clock.

In the roster of the Titanic's heroes the name of Robbins should appear. He was Colonel Astor's old butler, and, like the Colonel's valet, always traveled with him. He is numbered among the Titanic's dead.

Faithful unto death was Kitty, Colonel Astor's Airedale terrier and constant companion. On land or sea, Kitty was

never far from her master's heels, and the two were familiar figures on 5th avenue.

When the crash came Robbins went below and brought Kitty up on deck. There, the most faithful of friends, she stood beside her master while the sea embraced them, and she now shares his grave.

Reports that a number of men—probably steerage passengers—on the Titanic who tried to rush the lifeboats and preempt the places of women and chidlren were unceremoniously shot were confirmed by Jack Williams and William French, able seamen, survivors of the Titanic's crew.

THE FIRST STAMPEDE.

"When the first of the 56-foot lifeboats were being filled," explained Williams, "the first stampede of panic-stricken men occurred. Within a dozen feet of where I stood I saw fully ten men throw themselves into the boats already crowded with women and children.

"These men were dragged back and hurled sprawling across the deck. Six of them, screaming with fear, struggled to their feet and made a second attempt to rush the boats.

"About ten shots sounded in quick succession. The six cowardly men were stopped in their tracks, stagged and collapsed one after another. At least two of them vainly attempted to creep toward the boats again. The others lay quite still. This scene of bloodshed served its purpose. In that particular section of the deck there was no further attempt to violate the 'women and children first' rule."

"Were any of these men from the first or second cabins?" Williams was asked.

Williams, a medium-sized, stockily-built, blond-haired man of thirty-six passed the query on to his sailor chum French, who replied:

"It was hard to tell. All of them were so scantily dressed. In the semi-darkness and prevailing excitement faces left no dis-

tinct impression with me. I should say that most, if not all of them, were from the steerage.

"Other men passengers who in a general way resembled these same men were among a score or so who jumped from the upper decks into the boats occupied by women and children, after the order had been given to lower boats. These men were not shot. They were tossed by the officers and crew of the boat into the sea ,where most of them perished, as they deserved to.

"The report that First Officer Murdock and not Captain Smith, shot himself on the bridge just as the forward section of the Titanic sank is true. I still have before me the picture of Mr. Murdock standing on the bridge as the waters surged up about him, placing the pistol to his head and disappearing as the shot that ended his life rang out."

EMERGENCY BOATS MADE READY.

"French and I," said Williams, "stood by as the two emergency boats—those that are always kept ready for rescue purposes at sea—were made ready. These boats were only twenty-six feet long, while the regular lifeboats are about fifty-six feet in length.

"It was in the first of these emergency boats that Mr. Ismay put off. This boat and emergency boat No. 2 were launched with first class passengers less than a half hour after the collision.

"A lot had been printed in the papers about the heroism of the officers, but little has been said of the bravery of the men below the decks. I was told that seventeen enginemen who were drowned side by side got down on their knees on the platform of the engine room and prayed until the water surged up to their necks.

"Then they stood up clasped hands so as to form a circle and died together. All of these men helped rake the fires out from ten of the forward boilers after the crash. This delayed the explosion and undoubtedly permitted the ship to remain afloat nearly an hour longer, and thus saved hundreds of lives."

Mrs. John C. Hogeboom, her sister, Miss Cornelia T. Andrews, and their niece, Miss Gretchen F. Longley, of Hudson, N. Y., were at the home of Mrs Arthur E. Flack, in East Orange, N. J., where Miss Andrews told how she and her aunts waited for the fourth lifeboat because there was not room for the three of them in the first three boats launched.

"And when we finally did get into a boat," continued Miss Andrews, "we found that our miserable men companions could not row and had only said they could because they wanted to save themselves. Finally I had to take an oar with one of the able seamen in the boat.

"Alongside of us was a sailor, who lighted a cigarette and flung the match carelessly among us women. Several women in the boat screamed, fearing they would be set on fire. The sailor replied: 'We are going to hell anyway and we might as well be cremated now as them."

At this point Mrs. Hogeboom interrupted and said:

BETTER PUT ON LIFE PRESERVERS.

"A little after 12 we heard commotion in the corridor and we made more inquiries, and they told us we had better put on life preservers. We had only five minutes to get ready. We put our fur coats right on over our night dresses and rushed on deck.

"One lifeboat was already full, but there was no panic. The discipline in a way was good. No one hurried and no one crowded. We waited for the fourth boat and were slowly lowered seventy-five feet to the water. The men made no effort to get into the boat. As we pulled away we saw them all standing in an unbroken line on the deck.

"There they stood—Major Butt, Colonel Astor waving a farewell to his wife; Mr. Thayer, Mr. Case, Mr. Clarence Moore, Mr. Widener, all multi-millionaires, and hundreds of other men bravely smiling at us all. Never have I seen such chivalry and fortitude. Such courage in the face of fate horrible to contemplate filled us even then with wonder and admiration.

"Before our boat was lowered they called to some miserable specimens of humanity and said: 'Can you row?' and for the purpose of getting in they answered 'Yes.' But upon pulling out we found we had a Chinese and an American, neither of whom knew how to row. So there we were in mid-ocean with one able-bodied seaman.

"Then my niece took one oar and assisted the seaman and some of the other women rowed on the other side. We then pulled out about a mile as we feared the suction should the ship do down.

"Scarcely any of the lifeboats were properly manned. Two, filled with women and children, capsized before our eyes. The collapsible boats were only temporarily useful. They soon partially filled with water. In one boat eighteen or twenty persons sat in water above their knees for six hours.

EIGHT MEN THROWN OVERBOARD.

"Eight men in this boat were overcome, died and were thrown overboard. Two women were in this boat. One succumbed after a few hours and one was saved.

"The accident was entirely the result of carelessness and lack of necessary equipment. There were boats for only one-third of the passengers—there were no searchlights—the lifeboats were not supplied with food or safety appliances—there were no lanterns on the lifeboats—there was no way to raise sails, as we had no one who understood managing a sailboat."

Mrs. Hogeboom explained that the new equipment of masts and sails in the boats was carefully wrapped and bound with twine. The men undertook to unfasten them, but found it necessary to cut the ropes. They had no knives, and in their frenzy they went about asking the ill-clad women if they had knives. The sails were never hoisted.

According to Richard Norris Williams, Jr., his father, C. Duane Williams, was killed, not drowned, in the Titanic wreck.

The son, who, with his father, was on his way to visit Rich-

ard Norris Williams, his uncle, 8124 St. Martin's lane, Chestnut Hill, Pa., says his father was crushed to death by a falling funnel.

His account of the tragedy was given through Mrs. Alexander Williams, daughter-in-law of Richard Norris Williams.

"Richard told us," she said, "that he and his father had been watching the Titanic's lifeboats lowered and filled with women, The water was up to their waists and the ship was about at her last.

"Suddenly one of the great funnels fell. Richard sprang aside, trying to drag his father after him. But Mr. Williams was caught under the funnel. A moment later the funnel was swept overboard, and the decks were cleared of water. Mr. Williams, the father, had disappeared.

SWAM THROUGH THE ICE.

"Richard sprang overboard and swam through the ice to a life raft. He was pulled aboard. There were five other men there and one woman. Occasionally they were swept off into the sea, even the woman, but they always managed to climb back. Finally those on the raft were picked up by a Titanic lifeboat, and later were saved by the Carpathia."

Young Mr. Williams said he didn't see J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, after the iceberg was struck. He didn't know the Wideners or other Philadelphians aboard when he saw them.

Young Mr. Williams and his father were on their way here from Geneva, Switzerland. The young man was met at the pier in New York when the Carpathia docked by G. Heide Norris, a cousin. Together they went to the Waldorf-Astoria, where they remained for a few days.

The Rev. P. M. A. Hoque, a Catholic priest of St. Cesaire, Canada, who was a passenger on the Carpathia, told of finding the boats containing the survivors. He said:

"Every woman and child, as if by instinct, put the loops around their bodies and drew them taut. Some of the women

climbed the ladders. To others chairs were lowered and in these they were lowered and in these they were lifted aboard.

"Not a word was spoken by any one of the rescued or the rescuers. Everybody was too be-numbed by horror to speak. It was a time for action and not words.

"Not a tear dimmed the eyes of one of the hundreds we got on deck. The women were less excited than the men. Apparently they all had drained their tear ducts dry, for every eye was red and swollen."

One of the most interesting accounts of the Titanic disaster which has come to light is in a letter written on board the Carpathia by Dr. Alice Leeder, of New York, one of the survivors, after she had been transferred to the Carpathia in a lifeboat.

The letter is a personal communication addressed to Mrs. Sarah Babcock, 2033 Walnut st., Philadelphia. By the wavering of the handwriting one can readily realize the state of mind in which it was written.

DR. LEEDER'S LETTER.

In the letter Dr. Leeder said there was no panic on board the Titanic, and that everyone who had to meet death met it with composure. She speaks of the generosity and kindness shown by the crew and passengers of the Carpathia in their treatment of the survivors. Following is the letter:

"Royal Mail Steamship Carpathia,

Wednesday, April 16.

"My Dear Mrs. Babcock:

"We have been through a most terrible experience—the Titanic and above a thousand souls sunk on Monday about 3 o'clock in the morning. Margaret and I are safe, although we have lost everything. One of our party, also, Mr. Kenyon, was lost. He was such a charming man—so honorable and good.

"I sat talking to him a little before the accident—and a little later he was dead. His wife is crushed by the blow. I can say

one thing, nothing could part me from my husband in time of danger.

"After floating about for four hours we were taken on board the steamer that was bound for Naples—but she is now taking us to New York.

"It is terrible to see the people who have lost their families and friends—one lady has lost $15,000 worth of clothing, and no one has saved anything. Many of the passengers have only their night clothes with coats over them.

"I shall never forget the sight of that beautiful boat as she went down, the orchestra playing to the last, the lights burning until they were extinguished by the waves. It sounds so unreal, like a scene on the stage. We were hit by an iceberg.

"We were in the midst of a field of ice; towers of ice; fantastic shapes of ice! It is all photographed on my mind. There was no panic. Everyone met death with composure—as one said the passengers were a set of thoroughbreds.

"We are moving slowly toward New York. Everyone on this boat is so kind to us. Clothing and all the necessaries are at our convenience. I am attired in my old blue serge, a steamer hat; truth to tell, I am a sorry looking object to land in New York.

"This is rather a mixed up epistle, but please pardon lack of clearness of expression. If you want me, some time I will come to Philadelphia for a day or two in the future.

"With dear love,
"ALICE J. LEEDER."

Two handsome little boys, tiny waifs of the sea, are one of the mysteries of the Titanic disaster. These small boys were rescued as the big liner was foundering. Miss Hays, who has them in charge, said:

"These two beautiful children speak French fluently, and they know what their first names are, but they do not know their last names. They are 'Louis,' four and a half years old, I should say, and 'Lump,' a year younger.

"They were rescued from the Titanic and brought to the Carpathia where I was taken in another boat. Nobody knows who they are. There was but one man in the second class cabin who had two children with him, and that was a Mr. Hoffmann, but no one knows any more about him than that. Whether these are his children or not, we do not know.

"We in the first cabin used to see them and greatly admired them for their beauty and sweet ways.

"When they were brought on board the Carpathia there were no New York people except myself, who had not lost friends, I was the only one in a position to befriend them, and I went to the committee of passengers we had on board and offered to take them to my home.

"They gladly gave them to me because it meant that otherwise some society would grab them and they might be separated and never reunited.

"I think that the boys are French, but perhaps Swiss, French or Alsatian. I have tried them in Italian, German and English, but they cannot understand. Louis, the oldest, is brown eyed, with curly brown hair, very regular teeth and has no scar or mark on his body that would identify him. Both are well bred. The little fellow is just like his brother, but a year younger. Both have very long, curling lashes.

"When they got up this morning they asked first thing for a bath, and at breakfast placed their napkins under their chins themselves. Louis came aboard wrapped in a blanket that a sailor had given him. The other boy had a little blue coat with white collar. Louis's French is not a patois and he has a very large vocabulary.

I shall keep them till they are identified and make every effort to find out who they are. Any one who can help me will win my thanks and the thanks doubtless of some poor, stricken relatives. It seems almost impossible that these boys can fail to be identified in this day and generation."

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFEBOATS BUNGLINGLY HANDLED.

Widow of College Founder Scores Management for Lack of Drill—First Thought Damage was Slight—Aid May Have Been Near—No Oil in Life Lamps—Hudson, N. Y., Woman's Pathetic Recital—A. A. Dick, of New York, Talks.

The urgent need of lifeboat drills on the trans-Atlantic liners was touched upon by Mrs. William R. Bucknell, widow of the founder of Bucknell University, and herself one of the survivors of the disaster, in the course of a graphic account of the wreck of the Titanic given by her at the home of her son-in-law, Samuel P. Wetherill, Jr., at 23d and Spruce sts., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Bucknell said that not only were the passengers on the Titanic absolutely unfamiliar with the life saving equipment of the vessel, but that the equipment was inadequate and even faulty.

The lifeboats were bunglingly fastened to their davits, she said, and many of the collapsibles were too stiff to open and thus useless for service.

To her the greatest crime was the "unpreparedness" of the lifeboat equipment. Mrs. Bucknell declared one of the boats was launched with the plug out of the bottom, and afterwards sank, the occupants fortunately being rescued by the Titanic's fifth officer.

The lifeboat in which she was placed by Captain Smith, she declared, was manned only by a steward and three ordinary seamen. And none of the men, she declared, knew how to row.

Mrs. Bucknell also said that she had not seen a lifeboat drill while she was aboard the Titanic, and diligent inquiry among those rescued, after they were safely aboard the Carpathia, fail-

ed to develop any knowledge on their part of such drills ever having been held.

Mrs. Bucknell said that the only provisions aboard her lifeboat was a basket full of bread. She saw no water, although she said that two small casks beneath one of the seats may have contained water.

"The lifeboats were so bunglingly fastened to the davits in the first place that it was hard work to get them free." said Mrs. Bucknell.

"Half the collapsible boats were so stiff that they could not be opened and were useless. Those that were not already opened and ready for use were unavailable, also, for none on board seemed to understand how they worked. Hundreds more could have been saved if these collapsible boats had worked properly.

LIFEBOAT BEGINS TO FILL.

"One of the lifeboats had a big hole in the bottom. A plug had fallen out, I believe. When it was loaded and lowered over the side into the sea it began to fill at once. At this point the fifth officer proved himself a hero. Women in the leaking boat were screaming with fright and tearing off their clothing in wild and fruitless efforts to plug up the hole.

"The boat filled to the gunwhales before any were saved. The brave fifth officer to my knowledge rescued nineteen of the women in this boat, some of whom had fallen over the side into the sea. It was finally hauled alongside and replugged, loaded and relaunched.

"I was asleep in my cabin when the crash came," said Mrs. Bucknell, beginning her account of the disaster. "I cannot explain just what the noise was like, except that it was horrible and sounded like a mixture of thunder and explosions.

"In a moment there was a roaring sound and I knew that something serious was the matter. The corridors filled rapidly with frightened passengers and then the stewards and officers came, reassuring us with the announcement that everything was all right and that only a small hole had been stove in the bow.

"As I stepped out of my stateroom I saw lying before me on the floor a number of fragments of ice as big as my fists. More was crumbled about the porthole, and it flashed over me at once just what had happened.

" 'We have hit an iceberg,' I said to my maid, 'get dressed at once.'

"We hurried into our clothes, and I took the precaution to get fully dressed. So did my maid. I even thought to wrap myself in my warm fur coat, for even then I felt sure we would have to take to the boats. Something told me the damage was greater than we had been told.

"My fears were realized a few minutes later when a steward walked briskly down the corridor, calling to the passengers who had retired again to hurry into their clothes and get on deck at once. I could see by this man's drawn and haggard face that something dreadful had happened.

WOULD NOT BE SEPARATED.

"There was very little confusion on the deck. Once a group of men shouted that they would not be separated from their wives if it became necessary to take to the boats and made a rush to find accommodations for themselves. The captain seemed to straighten out his shoulders and his face was set with determination.

" 'Get back there, you cowards,' he roared. 'Behave yourself like men. Look at these women. Can you not be as brave as they?"

"The men fell back, and from that moment there seemed to be a spirit of resignation all over the ship. Husbands and wives clasped each other and burst into tears. Then a few minutes later came the order for the women and children to take to the boats.

"I did not hear an outcry from the women or the men. Wives left their husbands' side and without a word were led to the boats. One little Spanish girl, a bride, was the only exception.

She wept bitterly, and it was almost necessary to drag her into the boat. Her husband went down with the ship.

"The last person I remember seeing was Colonel Astor. When he had been told by the captain that it would be impossible for the husbands to take to the boats with their wives, he took Mrs. Astor by the arm and they walked quietly away to the other side of the vessel. As we pulled away I saw him leaning tenderly over her, evidently whispering words of comfort.

"There were thirty-five persons in the boats in which the captain placed me. Three of these were ordinary seamen, supposed to manage the boat, and a steward.

"One of these men seemed to think that we should not start from the sinking ship until it could be learned whether the other boats would accommodate the rest of the women. He seemed to think that more could be crowded into ours, if necessary.

"'I would rather go back and go down with the ship than leave under these circumstances,' he cried.

ORDERED TO PULL FOR THE LIGHT.

"The captain shouted to him to obey orders and to pull for a little light that could be just discerned miles in the distance. I do not know what this little light was. It may have been a passing fishing vessel, which, of course, could not know our predicament. Anyway, we never reached it.

"We rowed all night. I took an oar and sat beside the Countess de Rothes. Her maid had an oar and so did mine. The air was freezing cold, and it was not long before the only man that appeared to know anything about rowing commenced to complain that his hands were freezing.

"A woman back of him handed him a shawl from about her shoulders.

"As we rowed we looked back at the lights of the Titanic. There was not a sound from her, only the lights began to get lower and lower, and finally she sank. Then we heard a muffled explosion and a dull roar caused by the great suction of water.

"There was not a drop of water on our boat. The last min-

ute before our boat was launched Captain Smith threw a bag of bread aboard. I took the precaution of taking a good drink of water before we started, so I suffered no inconvenience from thirst.

"Another thing that I must not forget to mention, it is but additional proof of my charge that the Titanic was poorly equipped. The lamp on our boat was nearly devoid of oil.

" 'For God's sake, keep that wick turned down low, or you will be in complete darkness,' we were told on leaving. It wasn't long before these words proved true, and before daylight we were dependent on a cane one of the women had brought along, which contained a tiny electric lamp.

FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

"With this little glow worm we fought our way through the darkness. I rowed for an hour straight ahead. Then I rested and some one else took my place. Then I grasped the oars again. I have had lots of experience in this form of exercise, and at my place in the Adirondacks am at it continually, so, contrary to stories that have been written, I did not blister my hands.

"I want to say right here that I did not manage the boat. I helped row it and that's all.

"We had rowed about ten miles when looking over Countess Rothe's oar I spied a faint light to the rear.

" 'What's that light?' I almost screamed.

"One of the sailors looked where I indicated and said: 'It's a ship—I can tell by the lights on her masthead.'

"As we passed over the spot where the Titanic had gone down we saw nothing but a sheet of yellow scum and a solitary log. There was not a body, not a thing to indicate that there had been a wreck. The sun was shining brightly then, and we were near to the Carpathia."

Mrs. K. T. Andrews, of Hudson, N. Y., a first class passenger on the Titanic, said:

"When our boat was away from the Titanic there was an explosion and the Titanic seemed to break in two. Then she

sank, bow first. Just before this, I saw Mr. Astor, Mr. Thayer and Mr. Case standing on deck. They were smiling and as we went off they waved their hands."

Thomas Whitley, a waiter on the Titanic, who was sent to a hospital with a factured leg, was asleep five decks below the main saloon deck. He ran upstairs and saw the iceberg towering high above the forward deck of the Titanic.

"It looked like a giant mountain of glass," said Whitely. "I saw that we were in for it. Almost immediately I heard that stokehold No. 11 was filling with water and that the ship was doomed. The water-tight doors had been closed, but the officers, fearing that there might be an explosion below decks, called for volunteers to go below to draw the fires.

COULD ALMOST FEEL THE WATER RUSHING IN.

Twenty men stepped forward almost immediately and started down. To permit them to enter the hold it was necessary for the doors to be opened again, and after that one could almost feel the water rushing in. It was but a few minutes later when all hands were ordered on deck with lifebelts. It was then known for a certain fact that the ship was doomed."

Charles Williams, the racquet coach at Harrow, Eng., who is the professional champion of the world and was coming to New York to defend his title, said he was in the smoking-room when the boat struck. He rushed out, saw the iceberg, which seemed to loom above the deck over a hundred feet. It broke up amidship and floated away.

He jumped from the boat deck on the starboard side as far away from the steamer as possible. He was nine hours in the small boat, standing in water to his knees. He said the sailors conducted themselves admirably."

A. A. Dick, of New York, said:

"Everybody in the first and second cabin behaved splendidly. The members of the crew also behaved magnificently. But some men in the third class, presumably passengers, were shot

by some of the officers. Who these men were we do not know. There was a rush for the lifeboats.

"It was fully an hour after the boats struck that the lifeboats were launched. This was due to the fact that those aboard had not the slightest idea that the ship would sink."

George Rheims, of 417 Fifth avenue, New York, was on the Titanic with his brother-in-law, Joseph Holland Loring, of London. He said no one seemed to know for twenty minutes after the boat struck that anything had happened. Many of the passengers stood round for an hour with their life belts on, he said, and saw people getting in the boats.

When all the boats had gone, he added, he shook hands with his brother-in-law, who would not jump, and leaped over the side of the boat.

BOAT HALF UNDER WATER.

He swam for a quarter of an hour and reached a boat and climbed in. He found the boat, with eighteen occupants, half under water. The people were in water up to their knees. Seven of them, he said, died during the night.

The sufferings of the Titanic's passengers when taken off the lifeboats by the Carpathia were told by John Kuhl, of Omaha, Neb., who was a passenger on the latter vessel. Many of the women, he said, were scantily clad and all were suffering from the cold. Four died on the Carpathia as a result of the exposure.

"In spite of the suffering and the crowded condition of the boats," said Mr. Kuhl, "the utmost heroism was displayed by all of the unfortunates. When they were lifted to the deck of the Carpathia many of the women broke down completely, and there were many touching scenes. Many of the women were incoherent and several were almost insane."

Of all the heroes who went to their death when the Titanic dived to its ocean grave, none, in the opinion of Miss Hilda Slater, a passenger in the last boat to put off, deserved greater credit that the members of the vessel's orchestra.

According to Miss Slater, the orchestra played until the

last. When the vessel took its final plunge the strains of a lively air mingled gruesomely with the cries of those who realized that they were face to face with death.

Mrs. Edgar J. Meyer, of New York, said:

"It was a clear and star-lit night. When the ship struck we were in our cabin. I was afraid and made my husband promise if there was trouble he would not make me leave him. We walked around the deck a while.

"An officer came up and cried: 'All women into the lifeboats.' My husband and I discussed it—and the officer said: 'You must obey orders.' We went down into the cabin and we decided on account of our baby to part. He helped me put on warm things.

"I got into a boat, but there were no sailors aboard. An English girl and I rowed for four hours and a half. Then we were picked up at 6 o'clock in the morning."

THERE WAS TWO EXPLOSIONS.

Hugh Wellner, a son of Thomas Wellner, R. A., of London, says there were two explosions before the Titanic made her dive into the sea. Wellner believes he was the last person to leave the Titanic.

Mrs. Alexander T. Compton and her daughter, Miss Alice Compton, of New Orleans, two of the Titanic's rescued, reached New York completely prostrated over the loss of Mrs. Compton's son, Alexander, who went down with the big liner.

"When we waved good-bye to my son," said Mrs. Compton, "we did not realize the great danger, but thought we were only being sent out in the boats as a precautionary measure. When Captain Smith handed us life preservers he said cheerily: 'They will keep you warm if you do not have to use them.' Then the crew began clearing the boats and putting the women into them. My daughter and I were lifted in the boat commanded by the fifth officer. There was a moan of agony and anguish from those in our boat when the Titanic sank, and we insisted

that the officer head back for the place where the Titanic had disappeared.

"We found one man with a life preserver on him struggling in the cold water, and for a moment I thought that he was my son."

That all possible means were taken to prevent the male passengers on board the Titanic from going away in lifeboats and allowing the women and children to perish is the tale told by Miss Lily Bentham, of Rochester, N. Y., a second class passenger, who said she saw shots fired at men who endeavored to get away.

Miss Bentham was in a hysterical condition when the Carpathia landed, and was unable to give a full account of what happened, but Mrs. W. J. Douton, a fellow passenger, who also comes from Rochester, and who lost her husband, told about what took place.

PACKED LIKE SARDINES IN THE BOAT.

"I had not been in bed half an hour," said Mrs. Douton, "when the steward rushed down to our cabin and told us to put on our clothes and come upon deck. We were thrown into lifeboats and packed like sardines. As soon as the men passengers tried to get to the boats they were shot at.

"I don't know who did the shooting. We rowed frantically away from the ship and were tied to four other boats. I arose and saw the ship sinking.

"The band was playing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' There was a baby in the boat with one of the women. The baby's hands had been cut off. I think it was still alive. The mother did not give it up. During the night, when waiting for the Carpathia, four of the crew died in the boat and were thrown overboard.

"It was bitter cold, and we had to wait until 8 o'clock in the morning before being taken off by the lifeboats of the Carpathia."

John R. Joyce, a banker of Carslbad, N. M., a passenger on the Carpathia, said: "When the Carpathia reached the scene

of the wreck we saw eighteen boats and one raft on the water. The Carpathia picked them all up. Four persons on the raft were dead. They were buried at sea on our way back to New York. A survivor told me that some of the Titanic's passengers jumped for the lifeboats, missed them and were drowned. I heard nothing of Major Butt."

Mrs. Dickinson Bishop, of Detroit, declared that she was the first woman in the first boat. "We floated around a half mile or so from the scene of the disaster for four hours before we were picked up by the Carpathia," she said.

"I was in bed when the crash came. I was not much alarmed, but decided to dress and go on deck. By the time I was dressed everything seemed quiet, and I lay down in my berth again, assured that there was no danger. I rose again at the summons of a stewardess. There were very few passengers on the deck when I reached there.

DISCIPLINE WAS PERFECT.

"There was no panic and the discipline of the Titanic's crew was perfect. My husband joined me on the Carpathia, and we knelt together and thanked God for our preservation."

That the stokers of the Titanic were the first to realize the seriousness of the accident and came rushing pell mell to the upper decks for safety was the tale related by one of the survivors to John R. Joyce, a passenger aboard the Carpathia, who hails from Carlsbad, N. M.

"Soon after the crash," said Mr. Joyce, "I was told that about a dozen stokers came scrambling to the upper decks. They were whispering excitedly and edging their way cautiously toward one of the lifeboats. Suddenly and without consulting any of the officers of the ship they climbed into the lifeboat and were off before any others of the crew were the wiser."

George Biorden, of California, had this to say:

"I was beside Henry B. Harris, the theatrical manager, when he bade his wife bood-bye. Both started toward the side of the boat where a lifeboat was being lowered.

"Mr. Harris was told it was the rule for women to leave the boat first. 'Yes, I know, I will stay,' Harris said. Shortly after the lifeboats left a man jumped overboard. Other men followed. It was like sheep following a leader.

"Captain Smith was washed from the bridge into the ocean. He swam to where a baby was drowning and carried it in his arms while he swam to a lifeboat, which was manned by officers of the Titanic. He surrendered the baby to them and swam back to the steamer.

"About the time Captain Smith got back there was an explosion. The entire ship trembled. I had secured a life preserver and jumped over. I struck a piece of ice but was not injured.

"I swam about sixty yards from the steamer when there was a series of explosions. I looked back and saw the Titanic go down, bow first. Hundreds of persons were in the water at the time. When the great steamer went down they shrieked hysterically."

MRS. PAUL SCHABERT'S STORY.

Mrs. Paul Schabert, of Derby, Conn., said:

"I was in stateroom No. 28, on the port side and was asleep at the time of the collision. The shock awoke me, but there seemed no excitement and people were walking about in orderly fashion, many stateroom doors being opened simply to permit inquiries as to the cause of the shock.

"Then in the midst of all this quiet, came the startling cry of 'Ladies first,' and it was the first intimation of danger that we had. Many of us, however, went back to our staterooms to dress, and did it in rather leisurely fashion, until the order was passed that women must leave their husbands, brothers and other male relations and take to the lifeboats.

"By this time the ship's orchestra had been ordered to play as the lifeboats were sent away from the Titanic's side. I refused to leave unless my brother also was permitted to go with me.

"I stood aside and saw about a dozen boats rowed away and

several times officers of the boat tried to persuade me to go along. When the next to the last lifeboat was ready to leave, there was not another woman in sight and the word was passed that I might take Philip with me.

"The Titanic sank about 1.50 o'clock Monday morning, and it was 6 o'clock the same morning that the Carpathia put in an appearance and we were picked up. We were probably a mile from the Titanic's grave when taken aboard the Carpathia."

C. H. Romaine, Georgetown, Ky., tells his story as follows:

"I had just retired for the night when the Titanic crashed to its doom. The jar was so slight that not much attention was paid to it. Before going on deck I was told that there was not the slightest danger.

"Forty-five minutes afterwards we were told that the vessel was sinking. Men, women and children were gathered together on deck. Men stood aside to let the women and children take their places in the boats. The men who remained behind were confident that the Titanic would float for hours. I was commanded to row in one of the first boats that left the ship.

"We passed out of sight of the Titanic before she sank, but distinctly heard the explosion."

CHAPTER XIV.

NOT LIKE BOURGOGNE DISASTER.

Lone Woman Survivor Makes Comparison—Does Not Like "Law of the Sea"—Families First, It Should Be, She Says—Husband Greeted Like the Hero He Was—Privations and Horror Hasten Death.

Whenever men speak of tragedies of the sea, the story of La Bourgogne, the French Line steamship, which was sunk in collision with the British ship Cormartyshire, is always recalled. The conduct of the French sailors upon that occasion is held up as a shining example of what the behavior of a crew should not be. It even appears more reprehensible in the light of comparison with the heroism and noble sacrifices of the male passengers and crew who went down with the Titanic.

There were 584 persons drowned in the wreck, and only one woman was saved. She was saved by her husband, who seems to have been the only man in all that great company who showed his manhood in the face of that overwhelming disaster.

This hero was Adrien Lacasse, a young French teacher, of Plainfield, N. J. He died three years ago in New York, pneumonia being given as the immediate cause of death. His friends know that the horrors through which he had gone so weakened his constitution that he could not withstand the illness.

Mrs. Victoire Lacasse is living quietly in this city with her son Robert, who was born after the disaster.

Time has not erased the lines left by the tragedy in her face, and only a glance at that sad, patient face tells the story of her suffering.

Since the news of the wreck of the Titanic came she has not dared to remain alone with her thoughts, but has always had

some friend near her when it was possible, and when it was not has found comfort in talking to them over the telephone.

Mrs. Lacasse has written the story of the Bourgogne. She has taken occasion in this story to protest against the "rule of the sea" which provides for "women and children first."

On the contrary, she believes that it should be "families first," and says that she would rather have gone down with her husband than have been saved without him. Mrs. Lacasse's story follows:

I have read only the headlines about the wreck of the Titanic. That is all that I had to read. The rest I know. I can see all the things that happened aboard the big funeral ship as vividly as if I had been aboard her when she collided head-on with the iceberg.

WENT DOWN OFF SABLE ISLAND.

I can even picture the ocean, the day and all the surroundings, because, as many will recall, it was just off Sable Island that La Bourgogne went to her grave on July 4, 1898, the same day that all America was rejoicing over its victory in the Spanish-American War.

I have the most heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved, unfortunate survivors of this last terrible wreck. It has always seemed to me a great mistake to compel women and children to be saved first. How much better it would be to save entire families than to have so many widows and children.

I know that I should have preferred going down with my husband to being saved without him. The women and children from the Titanic, who have just passed through this ordeal of being separated from their husbands and fathers, stepping into little boats and looking back on their loved ones for the last time, must feel just as I do.

Why should the rule of the sea supersede the marriage vow, "until death do us part."

The story of La Bourgogne has been told and retold so often, and there have been so many different versions of the

wreck, that I do not believe that the public understands the truth yet. For one thing, I think too much stress has been laid upon the alleged brutality of the crew.

While it is undoubtedly true that they were untrained and undisciplined, and were not at their proper stations, I don't believe that they fought back the women and children with their knives. It was the men in the steerage who did these things.

We boarded La Bourgogne on Saturday, July 2, from New York. The steamship was bound for Havre. My husband, who, I may mention, had served ten years in the French navy, wanted to spend the summer months with his parents.

The first two days we had beautiful weather. Sunday night I could not sleep, recalling the stories of the passengers as I did. At one o'clock on Monday morning I awakened my husband, telling him that I heard a foghorn.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR.

He laughed and tried to comfort me by saying that we had a good boat and that Captain Deloncle was a good captain and there was nothing to fear. I insisted and told him that I would not to go to sleep unless he went up on deck to make certain that everything was all right.

My husband dressed himself and went up on deck. He did not come down to our cabin again until half-past four and then he threw himself, all dressed, upon the bed. I called to him again that I heard the foghorn, which had been blowing all that time. He went to the port hole to look out.

He had hardly done so when the crash came and he was thrown violently on his back. He was on his feet in a minute, and half dragged me out of bed. Then he put a life preserver on me and another on himself.

Then we both went on deck, my husband taking several other life preservers with him and leaving them on the deck for others. Some men from the steerage saw us and evidently

thought that we had the best life preservers, because they came at us with their knives. I screamed and they went away.

Meanwhile some sailors and passengers were trying to launch boats on the other side of the ship. My husband tried to help them, but there was no use. The ship was listing too much.

I cannot describe much of what happened on board after this, as my husband cried to me to close my eyes if I would keep my senses. I do remember hearing the captain shouting orders, but I don't believe they were being obeyed. We ran to the stern and climbed aboard a raft.

Immediately after this the raft slipped from under us into the water and left us hanging on the rail of the steamer. Then we both fell into the water backwards. My husband swam to the raft with me. He climbed on it first and then dragged me up after him.

EVERYONE FIGHTING EVERYONE ELSE.

We were the first people on the raft, but it wasn't long before we were surrounded by the men from the boats. Everyone was fighting everyone else to get on the raft and to keep the others from getting on.

It was more horrible than the most realistic nightmare. About twenty men had managed to get on our raft, which was built to hold ten.

The buoys of the raft were already under water and the raft was nearly sinking. An old man swam to us. The men shouted to push him off if he tried to get on, but my husband wouldn't do it and pulled him on board.

He was a Mr. Achard, of Baltimore, and had lost his wife, his son and his daughter in the wreck.

We were drifting helplessly around, no one knowing what to do, when my husband said that there must be a pair of oars on the raft. He felt underneath and found a pair, so the men were able to row out of danger.

The ship first went down up to the stern, but righted up.

Then the bow arose above the water almost like a porpoise. The ship went slowly down. We saw the captain on his bridge.

We saw the water come up and up until it almost reached him. Then we heard a pistol shot. Many people thought that he had shot himself, but it was simply his last call for help. He went down with his boat.

It had been just forty minutes after the collision that La Bourgogne took her final dive. Then suddenly men, women and children, some of them still alive, were spouted out like sticks in a boiling volume. Those poor creatures, those who had the strength, would swim to the rafts and beg to be taken aboard, and, being denied, turn and disappear into the ocean.

Presently the sun broke through the heavy fog and the great curtain lifted. The surface of the ocean, which had been disturbed by great swells, became as calm as a millpond. It was a beautiful summer's day. There was nothing to indicate that a great tragedy had just been enacted on these waters.

NEARLY AN HOUR BEFORE RELIEF CAME.

Our men pulled at the oars and after some hours we came in sight of the Cromartyshire. There were two boats from La Bourgogne tied to her stern, but it was nearly an hour before they sent a boat for us. When they did I would not get into one and they towed us to the side, where I was helped aboard.

When wireless telegraphy was discovered I thought that great wrecks would be impossible, but the fate of the Titanic has shown us differently. We must rely upon lifeboats and life preservers. I think every person should learn how to put on a life preserver when he goes on board a vessel. He can not learn when the ship starts to sink. My husband said that nearly all could have been saved from La Bourgogne if they had put on life belts and kept cool.

Adrien Lacasse was greeted as a returning hero. On his trip through Canada to this city, he was besieged by people who wanted to see him and shake hands with him. He pulled down the shade of the window in his car to avoid notoriety. The crowds

shook hands with an American woman, who sat behind him, believing that she was Mrs. Lacasse.

Mothers named their babies after him, and from all corners of the earth came letters of praise. He was a hero because he kept cool, and was the only man who did. The heroes of the Titanic can not be counted. They all kept their heads, so far as is known, but their only reward was the knowledge that they had not been cowards in the face of death.

Standing in a circle in the engine room of the Titanic as she went down, with hands clasping those of their comrades and all praying, the gallant thirty-three engine men of the wounded vessel met their death.

The tragic story of their bravery in the face of what they must have known was certain death was told by Thomas Hardy, chief steward of the Titanic, as he left for England, a passenger on board the Red Star Line steamship Lapland.

SCENE THAT HARDY WITNESSED.

His voice breaking with emotion, Hardy told the story of the scene that he and other stewards witnessed from the galleries overlooking the engine room.

"When the order that every man should take his post, as the vessel was sinking, was sent through the Titanic," said Hardy, "there were eleven men on duty in the hold.

"The twenty others, without the least hesitancy, came hurrying to their posts beside the engines and dynamos. They must have known as well as Captain Smith that the Titanic was going down, for when they arrived in the engine room the water was rising over the floor. There was nothing for them to do but to keep the dynamos running.

"Not one of them moved to quit their posts and not one would have dared to, even they had been willing, in the face of the stern men who had chosen to die there. Yet they could be of no use, for the Titanic was going down then.

"The water was rising about them when I looked down from a gallery. I saw the little circle of Chief Engineer Bell and sixteen

of his men standing there in the water with their lips moving in prayer. I pray that I may never see the like of it again; it was real heroism."

Perhaps one of the clearest stories of the disaster was told by Albert Smith, steward of the Titanic. Smith was one of the number of six members of the crew of the sunken liner who manned boat No 11, which carried fifty women and no men other than the half dozen necessary to row it to safety.

"From the time that the first boat pushed off," he said, "until ten minutes before the Titanic sank, the band was playing. They played light music, waltzes and popular airs at first.

"The last thing they played was 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' The voices of the men on board joining in the singing came perfectly clear over the water. It was so horrible it was unbelieveable. You kept thinking you would wake up.

"I saw First Officer Murdock, of the Titanic, shoot himself. It was Murdock who was on the bridge when the ship struck.

DID NOT THINK IT SERIOUS.

"I was in my bunk when the crash came. It was not much of a shock. Of course, I knew something had happened, but it never dawned on me there was anything serious.

"I threw on a few clothes, hurriedly, though according to drill, and went to boat No. 11, which was my place in case of emergency. I stood there until one of the officers came by and said there was no danger and that the men might return to their bunks. I was partly undressed again when the second call came.

"I went back to my post at No. 11 and we prepared to lower the small boats. We had made 565 miles during the day and the Titanic was running at the rate of twenty-three knots an hour when she struck. My boat station was on the promenade deck. I want to say right here that there was no confusion or panic while the boats were being filled.

"As a matter of fact, there was no particular rush for the boats, because it did not enter the heads of any at first that the Titanic could actually sink.

"Many believed it was safer to stay on board the big liner, even wounded as she was, than to trust themselves to the boats. When we had filled our boat we lowered. We had about fifty women with us, which crowded our small craft, so that we were only able to man our oars very slowly and clumsily. In consequence of this we were not more than a half mile from the Titanic when she sunk.

"We saw her plainly all the time, and whatever anybody else may say, believe me, her lights were gleaming until about five minutes before she went down. The night was clear and cold and calm and so bright that the many stars were reflected in the sea.

"We put off into a field of small ice. The berg we had struck was plainly visible. The Titanic struck a large, jagged, submerged portion of the berg, on the port side; as she slowly slid back and away from the mountain of ice it passed her on the starboard side and went slowly on its way.

IT WAS APPALLING.

"As I say, we rowed slowly because of our heavy cargo. The Titanic settled slowly at first. When she got going, though, she went rapidly. It was appalling. I do not think any of us really believed until her final lurch that she would actually sink.

"She started to go down bow first. She dove like that until her propeller was out of water. Everybody rushed to the stern of the boat. You could see them climbing and clinging to the higher places. Suddenly the Titanic gave a frightful lurch. Hundreds of those on the stern were flung into the air.

"They looked like a swarm of bees; little and black. Then the Titanic broke, snapped in the middle and the boilers blew up and the engines dropped out with a frightful noise. She sank practically in two pieces, broken directly in half. There was little or no swirl or intake. I do not think any of the boats were drawn down.

"Murdock stood on the promenade deck when the last boat pushed off. Captain Smith had taken charge of the bridge. Mur-

dock put a pistol to his right temple and fired. I saw him do it. And I saw him drop.

"Now I have just one dollar and twenty-five cents left tied up in a corner of my handkerchief. I was going to take that to cable one word. It will cost me one dollar to cable "Safe," but I have a mother who is walking the streets of London waiting for that one word."

The survivors of the Titanic are still paying a tribute without precedent to the bravery of the men and women of the wrecked liner, steerage passenger, stoker and millionaire.

Major Archibald Butt, U. S. A., military aide to President Taft, met his death in a manner that fully justified the President's estimation of him as expressed in the eulogy given out at the White House, in which the President tenderly referred to his late aide as a man "gentle and considerate," and as one who was "every inch a soldier."

MAJOR BUTT AN OFFICER OF THE TITANIC.

From the moment that Captain Smith let it be known to his officers and a few of the men passengers that the Titanic was doomed, Major Butt was an officer of the Titanic.

He was here and there and everywhere, giving words of encouragement to weeping women and children, and uttering, when necessary, commands to keep weak-kneed men from giving in and rendering the awful situation even more terrible.

That this was the manner in which Major Butt met death is certain. Captain Charles E. Crain, of the Twenty-seventh United States Infantry, was a passenger on the Carpathia, and when he learned that Major Butt was among the dead, he made it his duty to get the true tale of his comrade's death.

"Naturally," said Captain Crain, "I was deeply concerned in the fate of Major Butt, for he was not only a fellow-officer of the army; but also a personal friend of many years' standing.

"I questioned those of the survivors who were in a condition to talk, and from them I learned that Butt, when the Titanic struck, took his position with the officers and from the moment

that the order to man the lifeboats was given until the last one was dropped into the sea, he aided in the maintenance of discipline and the placing of the women and children in the boats.

"Butt, I was told, was as cool as the iceberg that had doomed the ship, and not once did he lose control of himself. In the presence of death he was the same gallant, courteous officer that the American people had learned to know so well as a result of his constant attendance upon President Taft.

"There was never any chance of Butt getting into any of those lifeboats. He knew his time was at hand, and he was ready to meet it as a man should, and I and all of the others who cherish his memory are glad that he faced the situation that way, which was the only possible way a man of his calibre could face it."

"This is a man's game, and I will play it to the end," was the word that Benjamin Guggenheim, the millionaire smelter magnate, sent to his wife from the ill-fated Titanic.

NO CHANCE OF ESCAPING.

The message was delivered to the stricken widow by John Johnson, the room steward, to whom it was given. Guggenheim, Johnson said, realized almost from the beginning that there was no chance of escaping. He sent for Johnson, who he knew was an expert swimmer, and for his secretary, and asked them if they should be saved to get word to Mrs. Guggenheim.

"Tell her, Johnson," the steward relates, "that I played the game straight and that no woman was left on board this ship because Benjamin Guggenheim was a coward. Tell her that my last thoughts were of her and the girls."

Guggenheim, according to Johnson, lit a cigar and sauntered up to the boat deck to help load the lifeboats. He afterward returned to the main deck and was engulfed with the ship.

"Mr. Guggenheim was one of my charges," said the steward anew. "He had his secretary with him. His name was Giglio, I believe, an Armenian, about twenty-four years old. Both died like men.

"When the crash came I awakened them and told them to get dressed. A few minutes later I went into their rooms and helped them to get ready. I put a life preserver on Mr. Guggenheim. He said it hurt him in the back. There was plenty of time and I took it off, adjusted it, and then put it on him again. It was all right this time.

"They wanted to get out on deck with only a few clothes on, but I pulled a heavy sweater over Mr. Guggenheim's lifebelt, and then they both went out.

"They stayed together and I could see what they were doing. They were going from one lifeboat to another helping the women and children. Mr. Guggenheim would shout out, 'Women first,' and he was of great assistance to the officers.

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT.

"Things weren't so bad at first, but when I saw Mr. Guggenheim about three-quarters of an hour after the crash there was great excitement. What surprised me was that both Mr. Guggenheim and his secretary were dressed in their evening clothes. They had deliberately taken off their sweaters, and as nearly as I can remember they wore no lifebelts at all.

"'What's that for?' I asked.

"'We've dressed up in our best,' replied Mr. Guggenheim, 'and are prepared to go down like gentlemen.' It was then he told me about the message to his wife and that is what I have come here for.

"Well, shortly after the last few boats were lowered and I was ordered by the deck officer to man an oar, I waved good-bye to Mr. Guggenheim, and that was the last I saw of him and his secretary."

Taking refuge on the bridge of the ill-fated Titanic, two little children remained by the side of Captain Smith until that portion of the big ship had been swept by water. Survivors of the crew who went down with the Titanic, but were saved by clinging to an over turned lifeboat, told of their gallant commander's effort to save the life of one of the children. He died

a sailor's death, and the little girl who had intrusted her life to his care died with him.

"He held the little girl under one arm," said James McGann, a fireman, "as he jumped into the sea and endeavored to reach the nearest lifeboat with the child. I took the other child into my arms as I was swept from the bridge deck. When I plunged into the cold water I was compelled to release my hold on the child, and I am satisfied that the same thing happened to Captain Smith.

"I had gone to the bridge deck to assist in lowering a collapsible boat. The water was then coming over the bridge, and we were unable to launch the boat properly. It was overturned and was used as a life raft, some thirty or more of us, mostly firemen, clinging to it. Captain Smith looked as though he was trying to keep back the tears as he thought of the doomed ship.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

"He turned to the men lowering the boat and shouted: 'Well, boys, it's every man for himself.' He then took one of the children standing by him on the bridge and jumped into the sea. He endeavored to reach the overturned boat, but did not succeed. That was the last I saw of Captain Smith."

Other graphic accounts of the final plunge of the Titanic were related by two Englishmen, survivors by the merest chance. One of them struggled for hours to hold himself afloat on an overturned collapsible lifeboat, to one end of which John B. Thayer, Jr., of Philadelphia, whose father perished, hung until rescued.

The men give their names as A. H. Barkworth, justice of the peace of East Riding, Yorkshire, England, and W. J. Mellors, of Christ Church Terrace, Chelsea, London. The latter, a young man, had started for this country with his savings to seek his fortune, and lost all but his life.

Mellors says Captain Smith, of the Titanic, did not commit suicide. The captain jumped from the bridge, Mellors declares,

and he heard him say to his officers and crew: "You have done your duty, boys. Now every man for himself."

Mellors and Barkworth, both declare there were three distinct explosions before the Titanic broke in two, and bow section first, and stern part last, settled with her human cargo into the sea.

Her four whistles kept up a deafening blast until the explosions, declare the men. The death cries from the shrill throats of the blatant steam screechers beside the smokestacks so rent the air that conversation among the passengers was possible only when one yelled into the ear of a fellow unfortunate.

"I did not know the Thayer family well," declared Mr. Barkworth, "but I had met young Thayer, a clean-cut chap, and his father on the trip. I did not see Mr. Thayer throw his son from the ship, but the lad and I struggled in the water for several hours endeavoring to hold afloat by grabbing to the sides and end of an overturned lifeboat.

KEPT AFLOAT BY FUR OVERCOAT.

"I consider my fur overcoat helped to keep me afloat. I had a life preserver under it, under my arms, but it would not have held me up so well out of the water but for the coat. The fur of the coat seemed not to get wet through and retained a certain amount of air that added to buoyancy. I shall never part with it.

"The testimony of J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, that he had not heard explosions before the Titanic settled, indicates that he must have gotten some distance from her in his lifeboat.

"There were three distinct explosions and the ship broke in the centre. The bow settled headlong first and the stern last. I was looking toward her from the raft to which young Thayer and I had clung.

"I thought I was doomed to go down with the rest. I stood on the deck, awaiting my fate, fearing to jump from the ship. Then came a grinding noise, followed by two others, and I was hurled into the deep. Great waves engulfed me, but I was not

drawn toward the ship, so that I believe there was little suction. I swam about for more than one hour before I was picked up by a boat."

Confirming the statements made by J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, before the Senatorial Investigating Committee in New York, William E. Carter, of Philadelphia, who was saved, together with his wife and two children, declared that J. Bruce Ismay had not acted like a coward but instead had aided in placing women and children in the boats and had gotten into the last one himself only after he had failed to find any more women after calling for several minutes.

Mr. Carter related his experience on the Titanic from the time the ship struck the mountain of ice until he left the ill-fated vessel on the last lifeboat a short time before she went to her doom.

UNJUST TO MR. ISMAY.

Mr. Carter declared that the statements which have been made by many persons regarding Mr. Ismay's conduct were an injustice to him and added that the head of the White Star Line felt extremely sad following the collision and the subsequent sinking of the world's largest steamer.

He said that while the lifeboat containing himself and Ismay was moving away from the Titanic, Ismay rowed with two seamen and himself until they sighted the Carpathia.

One of the most interesting statements made by Mr. Carter was that a short time before he left the ship he spoke to Harry E. Widener and advised him to get into one of the boats if he could. Mr. Widener replied: "I think I'll stick to the big ship, Billy, and take a chance."

Relating his experiences, Mr. Carter said: "I was in the smoking room for several hours prior to the collision with Major Archie Butt, Colonel Gracie, Harry Widener, Mr. Thayer, Clarence Moore, of Washington; William Dulles and several other men.

At exactly seventeen minutes to 12 o'clock we felt a jar and left the room to see what the trouble was outside. We were told that the ship had struck an iceberg. Many of the men were in the card room, and after learning what had happened returned to their games.

The officers informed us that the accident was not a serious one, and there was little excitement at the time. However, I went to the lower deck, where Mrs. Carter and my two children were sleeping. I awoke my wife and told her what had occurred and advised her to dress and take the children to the deck.

"I then returned to the upper deck and found that the crew were lowereing lifeboats containing women and children. When Mrs Carter and the children came up I had them placed in one of the boats, which also contained Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Widener, Mrs. Thayer and several other women.

WATER POURING INTO THE SHIP.

"I believed at the time that they would all return to the steamer in a short time, feeling certain that there was no danger. A few minutes later, however, I learned that water was pouring into the ship and that she was in a serious condition. I saw Harry Widener and walked to where he was standing on the port side of the Titanic. An order had been given before the boats were launched to put on lifebelts, and I had adjusted one around myself.

"I said to Mr. Widener, 'Come on, Harry, let us go to the starboard side and see if there is any chance to get in one of the boats.' He replied, 'I think I'll stick to the big ship, Billy, and take a chance.' I left him there and went to the starboard side of A deck.

There I saw Mr. Ismay and several officers filling the boats with women. I aided them in the work, and as the last boat was being filled we looked around for more women.

"The women that were in the boat were from the steerage with their children. I guess there were about 40 of them. Mr. Ismay and myself and several of the officers walked up and down

the deck crying, 'Are there any more women here?' We called for several minutes and got no answer.

"One of the officers then declared that if we wanted to we could get into the boat if we took the place of seamen. He gave us this preference because we were among the first-class passengers.

"Mr Ismay called again and after we got no reply we got into the lifeboat. We took the oars and rowed with the two seamen. We were about a mile away from the Titanic when she went down. It seemed to me that it was less than a half hour.

All the women were clad in thin clothes while I was in my evening clothes, withtout a hat, and had on a pair of slippers. The night was a dark one despite the fact that the stars were out. I looked around just as the Titanic went down, being attracted by the explosions. Mr. Ismay did not turn and look but instead was very quiet, pulling on the oars.

THE CARPATHIA SIGHTED.

"I don't know how long we were in the boat. It seemed to be several hours before we sighted the Carpathia. One of the women saw the steamer with her lights standing out in the darkness. We then started toward her. All this time I was fearing for my family, not knowing how they fared after leaving the Titanic in the lifeboat.

"We reached the side of the Carpathia before dawn and were taken aboard and given food and warmed. I do not know what became of Mr. Ismay, for I saw my wife and children and hurried toward them. I can tell you I was happy at that moment.

"On board the Carpathia we were taken care of excellently and treated fine by the officers and passengers. As we were among the first taken aboard we were given a little room. My wife and little girl slept in the bunk, while I slept on the floor. It was a terrible experience and one I never want to go through again.

"It was my intention, if I could not get into one of the boats, to leap from the hurricane deck and swim to one of the boats.

"During the trip across I did not see any lifeboat drills, but this may have been due to the fact that the members of the crew were new to the boat and the fact that the officers thought her perfectly safe. I believe that many more could have been saved if there had been more boats.

"The men seemed to think that there was no immediate danger, and I myself did not know whether to get into the boat with Mr. Ismay or not until he said, 'Come on, you might as well get aboard.'

"I desire to correct what has been said about him. He was perfectly cool and collected and aided a great deal in keeping the women from the steerage quiet. I will probably be called before the Senatorial investigating committee, and I can only say that Mr. Ismay only left the boat after he saw there were no more women on the deck.

"He called and so did I and we found none. I heard no shooting while I was on the Titanic, but do not know what happened after I left on the last boat."

"Billy" Carter, his ten-year-old son, told of his experience after he was awakened by his mother and dressed.

"Mamma woke me just after it happened," he said "and papa hurried to our rooms. While mamma and sister were dressing I got dressed as quickly as I could. She told me to be a brave boy, and we all went to the upper deck.

"All the women were on one side and the men on the other. The officers held revolvers in their hands. We were placed in one of the boats and rowed around for an awful long time until everybody began to worry and think we would not be picked up. Mamma helped to row our boat, and in the morning we sighted the big ship Carpathia and were taken on board. I felt cold, but we soon got warm and got something to eat. Then a short time later papa came on board."

CHAPTER XV.

BOY'S DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Plunged Into Icy Sea—Did Not See Berg—Parted From Parents —Saw Many Jump Overboard—Leaped Into Ocean—Eight Year Old Boy's Narrative—Was "Very Quiet After He Was In Boat"—Another Lad Tells How He Saw His Uncle Die.

John B. Thayer, the seventeen-year-old son of Mrs. John B. Thayer, gave a thrilling account of the sinking of the Titanic in which his father lost his life.

Mrs. Thayer was saved in one of the lifeboats, while her son was rescued after a most exciting experience on an upturned boat, upon which he clambered after struggling on the icy water for some time.

According to Thayer's account there was an explosion as the Titanic sank, this explosion forcing him a considerable distance and probably saving him from being drawn in by the suction as the steamer went down. His statement follows:

"Father was in bed and mother and myself were about to get into bed. There was no great shock. I was on my feeet at the time, and I do not think it was enough to throw anyone down.

"I put on an overcoat and rushed up on 'A' deck on the port side. I saw nothing there. I then went forward to the bow to see if I could see any signs of ice. The only ice I saw was on the well deck.

"I could not see very far ahead, having just come out of a brilliantly lighted room. I then went down to our room and my father and mother came on deck with me, to the starboard side of 'A' deck. We could not see anything there. Father thought he saw small pieces of ice floating around, but I could not see any myself. There was no big berg.

"We walked around to the port side and the ship had then a fair list to port. We stayed there looking over the side for about five minutes. The list seemed very slowly to be increasing. We then went down to our rooms on 'C' deck, all of us dressed quickly, putting on all our clothes.

"We all put on life preservers, including the maid, and over these we put our overcoats. Then we hurried up on deck and walked around, looking out at different places until the women were all ordered to collect on the port side. Father and I said good-bye to mother at the top of the stairs on 'A' deck on the port side and we went to the the starboard side.

"As at this time we had no idea the boat would sink, we walked around 'A' deck and then went to 'B' deck. Then we thought we would go back to see if mother had gotten off safely, and went to the port side of 'A' deck. We met the chief of the main dining saloon and he told us that mother had not yet taken a boat and he took us to her.

FATHER LOST SIGHT OF FOREVER.

"Father and mother went ahead and I followed. They went down to 'B' deck, and a crowd got in front of me and I was not able to catch them, and lost sight of them. As soon as I could get through the crowd I tried to find them on 'B' deck, but without success. That is the last time I saw my father.

"This was about one-half hour before she sank. I then went to the starboard side, thinking that father and mother must have gotten off in a boat. All of this time I was with a fellow named Milton C. Long, of New York, whom I had just met that evening.

"On the starboard side the boats were getting away quickly. Some boats were already off in a distance. We thought of getting into one of the boats, the last boat to go on the forward part of the starboard side, but there seemed to be such a crowd around I thought it unwise to make any attempt to get into it.

"He and I stood by the davits of one of the boats that had left. I did not notice anybody that I knew, except Mr. Lindley, whom I had also just met that evening. I lost sight of him in a

few minutes. Long and I then stood by the rail just a little aft of the captain's bridge.

"The list to the port had been growing greater all the time. About this time the people began jumping from the stern.

"I thought of jumping myself, but was afraid of being stunned on hitting the water. Three times I made up my mind to jump out and slide down the davit ropes and try to make the boats that were lying off from the ship, but each time Long got hold of me and told me to wait a while.

"He then sat down and I stood up waiting to see what would happen. Even then we thought she might possibly stay afloat.

"I got a sight on a rope between the davits and a star and noticed that she was gradually sinking. About this time she straightened up on an even keel and started to go down fairly fast at an angle of about thirty degrees.

SAYS GOOD-BYE TO EACH OTHER.

"As she started to sink we left the davits and went back and stood by the rail about even with the second funnel. Long and myself said good-bye to each other and jumped up on the rail. He put his legs over and held on a minute and asked me if I was coming.

"I told him I would be with him in a minute. He did not jump clear, but slid down the side of the ship. I never saw him again.

"About five seconds after he jumped I jumped out, feet first. I was clear of the ship, bent down, and as I came up I was pushed away from the ship by some force. I came up facing the ship, and one of the funnels seemed to be lifted off and fell towards me, about 15 yards away, with a mass of sparks and steam coming out of it.

"I saw the ship in a sort of a red glare, and it seemed to me that she broke in two just in front of the third funnel. At this time I was sucked down, and as I came up I was pushed out again and twisted around by a large wave, coming up in the midst of a great deal of small wreckage.

"As I pushed it from around my head my hand touched the cork fender of an overturned lifeboat. I looked up, saw some men on the top and asked them to give me a hand. One of them, who was a stoker, helped me up. In a short time the bottom was covered with about 25 or 30 men.

"When I got on this I was facing the ship. The stern then seemed to rise in the air and stopped at about an angle of 60 degrees. It seemed to hold there for a time and then, with a hissing sound, it shot right down out of sight with people jumping from the stern.

"The stern either pivoted around towards our boat or we were sucked towards it, and as we only had one oar we could not keep away. There did not seem to be very much suction and most of us managed to stay on the bottom of our boat.

"We were then right in the midst of fairly large wreckage, with people swimming all around us. The sea was very calm and we kept the boat pretty steady, but every now and then a wave would wash over it.

SANG A HYMN AND SAID THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"The assistant wireless operator was right next to me, holding on to me and kneeling in the water. We all sang a hymn and said the Lord's prayer, and then waited for dawn to come.

"As often as we saw the other boats in a distance we would yell 'Ship ahoy!' but they could not distinguish our cries from any others so we all gave it up, thinking it useless. It was very cold and none of us were able to move around to keep warm, the water washing over her almost all the time.

"Towards dawn the wind sprang up roughing up the water and making it difficult to keep the boat balanced. The wireless man raised our hopes a great deal by telling us that the Carpathia would be up in about three hours. About three thirty or four o'clock some men on our boat on the bow sighted her mast lights.

"I could not see them as I was sitting down with a man kneeling on my leg. He finally got up and I stood up. We had

the second officer, Mr. Lightholler, on board. We had an officer's whistle and whistled for the boats in the distance to come up and take us off.

"It took about an hour and a half for the boats to draw near. Two boats came up. The first took half and the other took the balance, including myself.

"We had great difficulty about this time in balancing the boat, as the men would lean too far, but were all taken aboard the already crowded boat and in about a half or three-quarters of an hour later we were picked up by the Carpathia.

"I have noticed second officer Lightholeer's statement that 'J. B. Thayer was on our overturned boat,' which would give the impression that it was father, when he really meant it was I, as he only learned my name in subsequent conversation on the Carpathia and did not know I was 'Junior.' "

Little Arthur Olsen, eight years old, said that America was a pretty good place, and that he was going to like it.

TOOK CARE OF HIM IN THE LIFEBOAT.

Arthur came to that conclusion because so many people had been good to him. First there was Fritzjof Madsen, one of the survivors, who took care of him in the lifeboat.

Then Miss Jean Campbell gave him hot coffee and sandwiches and propped him comfortably against some clothing while she busied herself with others.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., next appeared with two nice, big men, put him in a taxi with Miss Campbell and sent him to a hot bath and bed at the Lisa Day Nursery, No. 458 West Twentieth street, New York. And the next morning Miss Florence Hayden taught him kindergarten songs and dances with her class.

Later Arthur's stepmother, Mrs. Esther Olson of No. 978 Hart street, Brooklyn, appeared and clasped him in her arms. Her husband, Arthur's father, Charlie Olsen, perished in the wreck.

Mrs. Olsen had never seen Arthur, because after Charlie

Oslen's first wife died in Trondhjem, Norway, leaving the little baby Arthur, he had come to America, where he married again.

A while ago Olsen crossed to see about the settlement of an estate and to bring his son home. He and the boy were in the steerage of the Titanic.

Arthur is a sturdy, quiet-faced little chap with red hair, freckles and a ready smile. He speaks only Norwegian, but Mrs. Olsen translated for him when he told his story.

"I was with papa on the boat," said the youngster timidly, "and then something was the matter. Papa said I should hurry up and go into the boat and be a good boy. We had a friend, Fritzjof Madsen, with us from our town, and he told me to go too.

"The ship was kind of shivering and everybody was running around. We kept getting quite close down to the water, and the water was quiet, like a lake.

THE LAST BOY SAW OF PAPA.

"Then I got into a boat and that was all I saw of papa. I saw a lot of people floating around drowning or trying to snatch at our boat. Then all of a sudden I saw Mr. Madsen swimming next to the boat and he was pulled in. He took good care of me.

"In our boat everybody was crying and sighing. I kept very quiet. One man got very crazy, then cried just like a little baby. Another man jumped right into the sea and he was gone.

"It was awful cold in the boat, but I was dressed warm, like we dress in Norway. I had to put on my clothes, when my papa told me to on the big ship. I couldn't talk to anybody, because I don't understand the language. Only Mr. Madsen talked to me and told me not to be afraid, and I wasn't afraid. Mr. Madsen was shivering in his wet clothes, but he got all right after the Carpathia came."

A bright-faced boy of eight walked up and down in front of Blake's Star Hotel at No. 57 Clarkson street, New York, the day after the Carpathia arrived. He was Marshall Drew of Greenport, L. I., one of the survivors of the Titanic.

"It all seems just like the bad dreams that I used to have," he

confided. "I never want to go to England again. I went over there with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Drew, to visit my grandpa. We had a good time in England and started back on the Titanic.

"The night of the wreck my aunt woke me and said she was going to dress me and take me out on deck. I was sleepy and didn't want to get up. I could hear funny noises all over the ship and sometimes a woman talking loud out in the corridor. My aunt didn't pay any attention to what I said but hurried me into my clothes and rushed me with her up to the deck.

"There every one was running about. Some of the men were laughing and saying there was no danger. They were taking all the women and hurrying them into the boats along with the children. We could not see what for. I thought at first that we had got home.

WAS HURRIED INTO A BOAT.

"Aunt Lulu put me into the boat and then stood back with Uncle James, and in a moment some one had hurried her into the boat, too, and we went down the side, Uncle James waving his hand at us and Aunt Lulu standing up and looking at him.

"Then the boat pulled away from the ship and there was a lot of talk and screaming. We were a long time on the water and were finally picked up by the Carpathia."

Marshall and his aunt were saved. They were met at the pier by his grandfather, Mr. Henry P. Christian, of Greenport, and with his aunt were taken to the hotel along with other survivors of the second cabin.

Miss Emily Rugg, 20 years old, of the Isle of Guernsey, England, told a graphic story of the sinking.

Miss Rugg, who was one of the second class passengers, was met in New York by her uncle, F. W. Queripel, a grocer. The young woman was on her way to visit relatives.

She was asleep when the ship struck the berg, and the jar aroused her. Looking out she saw a mass of ice. Throwing a coat about her, she went on deck and saw lifeboats being lowered.

Returning to the cabin, she dressed, and then went to an adjoining cabin and aroused two women friends.

Following this Miss Rugg ran up on deck and was taken in charge by some of the crew, who dragged her toward a lifeboat. She was lifted into the third from the last which left the ship.

She said that there seemed to be nearly seventy-five persons in the boat and that it was very much crowded. In the meantime a panic had started among those who remained on board the Titanic.

An Italian jumped from the steerage deck and fell into a lifeboat, landing upon a woman who had a baby in her arms.

Miss Rugg saw the Titanic go down and declares but for the horror of it all, it might have been termed one of the grandest sights she ever saw.

SHIP TAKES ITS FINAL PLUNGE.

The boat seemed to have broken in half, and with all the lights burning brightly, the stern arose into the air, the lights being extinguished as it did so. A moment later the ship plunged beneath the surface.

Karl H. Behr, the well known tennis player, who went to Australia in 1910 with the American team, was one of the Titanic survivors.

He was graduated from Yale in 1906 and later from Columbia, where he took a law degree. This is his statement of his experiences on the night of the disaster.

"We were a party of four, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Beckwith, Mrs. Beckwith's daughter, Miss Helen W. Newsom, and myself. Mr. Beckwith and I had stayed up in the smoking room. We left just before it closed for the night.

"I went to my stateroom and only partly undressed when I felt a distinct jar run through the whole vessel, which quivered all over. It was distinct enough for me to be certain that we had hit something. I dressed again immediately, my first thought and purpose being to reach my party at once."

Mr. Behr told of assembling his party and added:

"I knew exactly where the lifeboats were, so Miss Newsom and I and Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith went to the top deck. We waited quietly while the first boat filled and was lowered. It appeared to me to be quite full.

"We then went to the second boat, which was quite full. Mr. Ismay was directing its launching. When Mrs. Beckwith came to the edge of the lifeboat, which was hanging over the sides, she asked Mr. Ismay before attempting to get in whether her men could go with her, and I heard him reply quietly, 'Why certainly, madam.' We then got into the boat.

"After we were in the boat we heard Mr. Ismay calling out and asking if there were any more passengers to go in the boat.

THE LAST PASSENGERS ON TOP DECK.

"There were none, and we must have waited at least three minutes or more before he ordered an officer into the boat and two or three more of the crew who were alone on deck and under perfect control. We were evidently the last passengers on the top deck, as we could see no others.

"Most fortunately for us, when we left the ship everything was handled in perfect discipline, Mr. Ismay launching our lifeboat in a most splendid fashion, with absolute coolness, making sure that all passengers were on board and that our crew was complete. What happened later we know little about.

"As far as I am concerned I saw no signs of a panic and not one person in our boat lost his head, nor do I know of a single person being left behind on the top deck."

George A. Harder, of No. 117 Eightth avenue, Brooklyn, who with his bride was saved from the Titanic, told at his home a graphic story of his experience.

"When the crash came my wife and I were in our stateroom, about to retire," said Harder. "Suddenly there came what seemed like a low, long groan at the ship's bottom. It did not sound like a collision.

"Taking my wife by the arm, I rushed to the deck. Passengers were already swarming there, asking what had happened.

"I heard an officer order a carpenter below to ascertain the damage. He never returned. That the officers already knew the ship was likely to founder was evident from the fact that one lifeboat containing among others Karl M. Behr, the Brooklyn tennis player, had been launched. Persons on our side of the boat—the starboard side—were climbing into a second boat.

"It was a bitter cold night. The stars were bright and their rays were reflected in the surrounding sea, which was as smooth as glass. Farther and farther we drifted away in the lifeboat, leaving behind us the doomed ship.

BLOWN TO SAFETY BY EXPLOSION.

"Suddenly there sounded from the Titanic the strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' As I glanced back at the mighty vessel in the glare of her lights I saw Col. Archibald Gracie clinging to a brass rail near one of the forward funnels. I afterward learned the explosion of the boilers blew him out of the vortex of the sucked in water to calmer water, where he was rescued.

"Gradually the distance between the Titanic and our lifeboat increased. Her lights continued to gleam, her band to play. Two hours later, as she loomed a dark mass on the horizon, her lights suddenly went out. Then across the water, mingling with the strains of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' came the distressing cries of those about to die.

"Out of the jumble of foreign tongues could be distinguished the shrieks of steerage women who were grouped at the aft end of the boat. And above all the sounds, like a benediction, sounded that hymn. It was nameless anguish to us to sit in that open boat and realize our helplessness to aid those about to die. We forgot our own losses, our own sufferings. Only a few of us dared to look at the mighty ship as, bow first, she plunged beneath the surface."

Harder denied that many passengers were shot. He said

he knows three Italians were killed, but by whom he does not know.

Police Magistrate Robert C. Cornell, whose wife and her two sisters, Mrs. Edward Appleton and Mrs. John Murray Brown, of Denver, were among those rescued from the Titanic, told her story.

"Mrs. Cornell," said the Magistrate, "is of the same opinion as many others of the survivors, that many of the lifeboats left the side of the Titanic before they had nearly their capacity.

"Mrs. Cornell, with Mrs. Appleton, was assigned a place in the second boat. This boat when it was lowered contained twenty-three persons and she says there was room for at least seventeen more without overcrowding. In fact, all of the boats, my wife says, could have carried many more passengers with safety.

"There were three oars in the boat in which my wife and Mrs. Appleton were put, and no food or water or covering of any sort to keep out the cold. The crew of this boat consisted of one sailor and one petty officer.

"When the boat was lowered an Italian was seen struggling in the water and he was picked up. The three men then each took an oar and did the best they could.

"Mrs. Cornell and her sister, who have a slight knowledge of rowing, took turns at the oars, as did the other women in the boat, and after drifting about in the sea for about four hours were picked up by the Carpathia.

"Miss Edith Evans, a niece of Mrs. Cornell and her sisters were traveling with them, and she and Mrs. Brown were assigned to places in one of the boats which left after the one in which Mrs. Cornell and Mrs. Appleton were placed.

"When this boat was about to be lowered it was found that it contained one more passenger than it could carry. Then the question came as to who should leave.

"Miss Evans, a handsome girl of twenty-five, said to Mrs. Brown that she had children at home and should be the one to remain. Miss Evans left the boat saying she would take a chance of getting in a boat later.

CHAPTER XVI.

CARPATHIA TO THE RESCUE.

Cunarder's Race to Titanic's Aid—Captain Rostrom's Unvarnished but Dramatic Report—Knot in Operator's Shoelace Saved Hundreds of Lives—Was About to Retire, but Slight Delay Enabled Him to Hear Message—Icebergs Defied in Desperate Rush.

Before the Carpathia sailed once again on her sadly interrupted voyage to the Mediterranean, Captain A. H. Rostrom made public the report he has sent to the Cunard Company telling an unvarnished tale of the rescue of the Titanic survivors. The report written on the regular stationery of the Carpathia, reads:

R. M. S. Carpathia,
April 19, 1912.

General Manager Cunard Steamship Company, Ltd., Liverpool.

Sir: I beg to report that at 12.34 A. M. on the 15th inst. I was informed of urgent distress message from Titanic, with her position. I immediately ordered ship turned around and put in course for that position; we being then fifty-eight miles S. 42 E. (T) from her. Had heads of all departments called and issued what I considered the necessary orders to be in preparation for any emergency.

At 2.40 A. M., saw flare half a point on port bow, taking this for granted to be ship. Shortly after we sighted our first iceberg (I had previosuly had lookouts doubled, knowing that Titanic had struck ice, and so took every care and precaution).

We soon found ourselves in a field of bergs, large and small, and had to alter course several times to clear bergs; weather fine

and clear, light airs, calm sea, beautifully clear night, though dark.

We stopped at 4 A. M., thus doing distance in three hours and a half, picking up the first boat at 4.10 A. M.; boat in charge of an officer and he reported to me that Titanic had foundered.

At 8.30 A. M. last boat picked up. All survivors aboard and all boats accounted for, viz fifteen lifeboats alongside, one lifeboat abandoned, two Berthon boats alongside (saw one bottom upward among wreckage) and according to second officer not been launched, it having got jammed, making sixteen lifeboats and four Berthon boats accounted for.

By the time we had cleared first boat it was breaking day, and we could distinguish the other boats all within an area of four miles. We also saw that we were surrounded by icebergs, large and small, and three miles to the N. W. of us a huge field of drift ice with large and small bergs in it, the ice field trending from N. W. round by W. and S. to S. E., as far as we could see either way.

PROMPT IN RESCUE WORK.

At 8 A. M. the Leyland S. S. California came up. I gave him the principal news and asked him to search and I would proceed to New York; at 8.50 proceeded full speed. While searching over vicinity of disaster and while we were getting people aboard I gave orders to get spare hands along and swing in all our boats, disconnect the falls and hoist us as many Titanic boats as possible in our davits; also, get some on fo'castle deck by derricks. We got thirteen lifeboats, six on forward deck and seven in davits.

After getting all survivors aboard and while searching I got a clergyman to offer a short prayer of thankfulness for those saved and also a short burial service for those lost

Before deciding definitely where to make for I conferred with Mr. Ismay, and though he told me to do what I thought best I informed him, taking everything into consideration. I considered New York best.

I knew we should require more provisions, clean linen, blankets and so forth, even if we went to the Azores.

As most of the passengers saved were women and children, and they were very hysterical, and not knowing what medical attention they might require, thought it best to go to New York; also thought it would be better for Mr. Ismay to get to New York or England as soon as possible and knowing that I should be out of wireless communication with anything very soon if I proceeded to the Azores.

Again, passengers were all hysterical about ice, and pointed out to Mr. Ismay the possibility of seeing ice if we went to Halifax. Then I knew from the gravity of the disaster that it would be desirable to keep in touch with land stations all we could.

THE MAJORITY OF THE WOMEN LOSE THEIR HUSBANDS.

I am pleased to say that all survivors have been very plucky. The majority of the women, first, second and third classes lost their husbands, and considering all have been wonderfully well. Tuesday our doctor reported all survivors physically well.

Our first class passengers have behaved splendidly, giving up the cabins quite voluntarily and supplying the ladies with clothes and so forth. We all turned out of our cabins to give them up to survivors, saloons, smokerooms, library and so forth also being used for sleeping accommodations. Our crew also turned out to let the crew of the Titanic take their quarters.

I am pleased to state that owing to preparations made for the comfort of the survivors none are the worse for exposure and so forth.

I beg to specially mention how willingly and cheerfully the whole of the ship's company have behaved throughout, receiving the highest praise from everybody, and I can assure you, that I am very proud to have such a ship's company under my command.

We have experienced very great difficulty in transmitting news, also names of survivors. Our wireless is very poor, and

again, we have had so many interruptions from other ships, and also messages from shore (principally press, which we ignored). I gave instructions to send first all official messages, then names of passengers, then survivors' private messages, and the last press messages, as I considered the three first items most important and necessary.

We had haze early Tuesday morning for several hours; again more or less all Wednesday from 5.30 A. M. to 5 P. M. Strong south-southwesterly winds and clear weather Tuesday with moderate rough sea.

Bearing the survivors of the ill-fated Titanic and with them the first detailed news of the most terrible catastrophe of the sea, the steamship Carpathia, vessel of woe, bore up through the narrows of the harbor of New York, and tied up at the Cunard pier whence it had sailed less than a week before.

LIKE A FUNERAL SHIP.

Silently as a funeral ship the Carpathia sped. Passengers and crew lined the upper decks. From portholes peered the faces of scores.

But no cheer such as usually comes at the end of a cruise was heard. The lights shone brilliantly from every port and from the upper decks, but the big vessel moved silently, almost spectral in its appearance.

There was all the speed at the vessel's command in its approach. Moving in from the open sea, the liner turned its prow up the channel toward the spot where the reflection in the sky showed the presence of the great city.

At full speed she bore northward between the twinkling lights on shore. There were sick on board and their condition did not permit of delay.

To the dismal souls on board, the weather must have seemed peculiarly fitting.

All day the vessel had raced before a half a gale which beat fiercely against her prow as her course was changing northward.

The rain fell heavily and was blown in gusts that defied protecting shelter.

Spray flew from the waves and was thrown in showers as high as the top of the huge bulwarks.

Such good headway had the Carpathia made, that she docked fully two hours before it had been expected. All day heavy fog had hung over the lower bay and it was reported that the weather was heavy and thick outside.

Officers of the Cunard and White Star Lines, from their offices on Lower Broadway, informed the anxious hundreds who appealed for information that the boat would not be in until probably one or two o'clock in the morning. Tug skippers, shipping men and the weatherwise made wagers among themselves, over the time the Carpathia would arrive. There were many who predicted confidently that the sorrow-laden liner would not be able to come up the channel before the dawn.

CARPATHIA'S WELCOME RETURN.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the wireless flashed to the shore that the Carpathia was abreast of the Nantucket light ship. This is 187 miles from Ambrose Light, at the entrance to the Channel. The Carpathia is rated as a thirteen knot boat, and it was not believed port would be reached until at least 11 o'clock at night.

But a favorable wind beat upon the ship that was bringing home the griefstricken women who had sailed so joyously on the Titanic. The gale that beat the waves, also hurried the ship on the last leg to port. It seemed that Captain Rostrom, in command, anticipating possibly that fog might make dangerous a trip up the channel in the night, had wished to avoid the scores of tugs that he knew would be sent to meet him.

In consequence, the first word that came from Fire Island Light was vague and uncertain. They knew only that a great vessel, lighted from stem to stern, was approaching the harbor, but whether it was the Carpathia, the Mauretania or some other liner, could not be ascertained.

But when the vessel came opposite Ambrose Light, there was no longer any doubt. From Sandy Hook to Quarantine and to all the stations up the channel the word was flashed that the Carpathia was coming. From the Battery to the Bronx the news spread and sent thousands hurrying toward the great Cunard docks.

Then the tugs began snorting and steaming as they pushed the large hulk around in midstream. Slowly she yielded until headed straight toward the slip.

The slow process was accomplished while a dozen other tugs pressed their noses against the sides, and those on board tried vainly to get some connected descriptions of the great catastrophe that stunned the peoples of two continents.

Their efforts were largely futile. The passengers were too far away for their voices to carry well. The crew, acting under instructions, which, rightly or wrongly, have been credited by persons here to the desires of J. Bruce Ismay, the White Star Line chief, who escaped in one of the boats from the Titanic, refused to give any information they may have procured.

While the ship was being docked, the photographers on the tugs were active. Flash after flash shot across the water as the camera men took their pictures.

Finally the Carpathia was fast at her dock, and the gangways were lowered to let the sorrow-laden survivors ashore to receive the welcome that awaited them.

CHAPTER XVII.

REFUSED TO LEAVE HUSBAND.

"Where You Are I Shall Be," Said Mrs. Isidor Straus—He Begged Her in Vain to Enter the Waiting Lifeboat—Women Row Lifeboats—Stokers no Oarsmen—Crazed Men Rescued—Collapsible Boats Failed to Work.

The story of how Mrs. Isidor Straus, wife of the New York merchant, met death with her husband on the Titanic rather than be separated from him, was rendered complete when Miss Ellen Bird, maid to Mrs. Straus, told how the self-sacrifice of Mrs. Straus made it possible for her to escape a watery grave.

Miss Bird also supplied details of the appealing scenes between Mrs. Straus and her husband when the elderly though heroic woman brushed aside three opportunities to be saved, declaring to solicitous passengers that death in her husband's arms was more to be desired than life without him.

Miss Bird's narrative was repeated by Sylvester Byrnes, general manager of R. H. Macy & Co. He said:

"When the Titanic struck the iceberg Mr. and Mrs. Straus were walking arm in arm on the upperdeck. Although assured by the officers that there was no immediate cause for alarm, Mrs. Straus, with her husband, hurried to the stateroom of her maid, cautioning Miss Bird to dress hurriedly and as comfortably as she could, because the passengers might have to take to the lifeboats. Then Mr. and Mrs. Straus returned to the deck, where, shortly after, they were joined by Miss Bird.

"Mr. Straus stepped aside when the first boat was being filled, explaining that he could not go until all the women and children had been given places. 'Where you are, Papa, I shall be,' spoke up Mrs. Straus, rejecting all entreaties to enter the boat.

"Mr. Straus vainly attempted to persuade his wife to enter the

second boat, assuring her that eventually he would find a place after all the women and children had been taken off.

"Miss Bird, who was making her first trip across, having been engaged in London by Mrs. Straus, joined other passengers in urging Mrs. Straus to enter the boat, but she clung closer to her husband and repeated previous declarations that unless Mr. Straus accompanied her she would remain behind. Mr. Straus only shook his head.

"One after another the boats were lowered. Finally that in which Mrs. John Jacob Astor was rescued was made ready. 'Here is a place for you, Mrs. Straus!' cried Mrs. Astor. Mrs. Straus only shrank closer to her husband.

"Several passengers, at least two of them being women, attempted to force Mrs. Straus into the boat, but she cried out against separation from her husband and ordered her maid, Miss Bird, to take the place beside Mrs. Astor.

" 'You go,' said Mrs. Straus to the maid. I must stay with my husband.'

CLASPED IN EACH OTHERS ARMS.

"Seeing it was useless to argue with Mrs. Straus, several men passengers lifted Miss Bird into the boat, which was lowered with all haste. As this boat and two others, comprising the last to leave the vessel, glided across the waters into the black night the last glimpse caught of Mr. and Mrs. Straus showed them standing on the deck, clasped in each other's arms, weeping."

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Henry Stengel, of Newark, N. J., received the congratulations of friends on their rescue in their home at Broad street and Lincoln Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Stengel left the Titanic in different boats. Mr. Stengel first saw his wife safely aboard one boat, then assisted other women to leave. As a small boat, half full, was being lowered, Mr. Stengel says he asked the officer in charge if he should come aboard.

"He replied, 'Sure, come on in,' said Mr. Stengel.

"I jumped and was rolled along the bottom of the boat. The

man in charge said, 'That's the funniest drop I have seen in a long while.'

"Every one in the boat was laughing. There was no real thought of danger among the passengers, and we all expected to return to the steamer within a few hours.

"In our boat was Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff-Gordon, Miss Francatolla, A. L. Solomon, three stokers and two sailors. We tried to keep near the other boats, but, finding it hard to do so, tied three of the boats together.

An officer on one of the boats had provided himself with some blue fire, and so when the Carpathia arrived at the scene we were the second or third boat to be picked up.

"I cannot tell the time of events. For a long time after we left the Titanic her lights were all burning, and we were trying to keep as close as possible to her. She settled so slowly that I did not notice anything unusual, until suddenly all the lights of the steamer went out.

CAPTAIN KEEPS EVERY BODY IN GOOD SPIRITS.

"Then I realized that every one was in danger. I saw the captain twice after the collision with the iceberg. His face showed great anxiety, but his words were so reassuring that every one kept in good spirits."

Mrs. Stengel said:

"When the shock came I was retiring. At first I was not going to leave the stateroom, but we heard some loud talking, and Mr. Stengel urged me to go. I put on a coat and tied a veil over my head. He put on his trousers and wore a coat. As we reached the deck a loud order was given of 'Women and children into the lifeboats!' There did not appear to be any danger, but my husband insisted I should get into one of the boats. He walked away and I could see him assisting other women into boats.

"Suddenly our boat was lowered. I could still see my husband, and waved my veil, and he waved a handkerchief. Our boat was crowded with women. There were three stokers and one officer.

The stokers knew nothing about the use of oars, and we women took the oars.

"We stayed close by another boat in which three Chinamen had been found lying face down at the bottom of the boat. They could not be made to do anything. There was little alarm. The band was playing on the steamer and most every one wished to get back.

"Suddenly the lights on the steamer went out, and then we realized what had happened. At first several of the boats kept together, as there was something in the distance that appeared to be a light. We all tried to get to the light, but after an hour or so found that it was simply some light reflection from the tip of an iceberg.

"Just before leaving the steamer I saw Col. Astor. He was with his wife, and was insisting that she get into a lifeboat that was being filled. She seemed to resist, and Mr. Astor picked her up and put her in a seat. He was smiling all the time. There was some difficulty in the next boat, and Col. Astor was laughing as he helped several women into the boat.

ALL THE MEN ACTED CALMLY AND CHEERFULLY.

"All the men among the passengers, so far as I could see, acted calmly, cheerfully, masterfully. Among the stokers and others who were sent to man the lifeboats there were many cowards."

Mrs. Emily Richards, who with her mother and her two children was on the Titanic, journeying from Penzance, Cornwall, to join her husband in Akron, O., said:

"I had put the children in bed and had gone to bed myself. We had been making good time all day, the ship rushing through the sea at a tremendous rate, and the air on deck was cold and crisp. I didn't hear the collision, for I was asleep. But my mother came and shook me.

" 'There is surely danger,' said mamma. 'Something has gone wrong.'

"So we put on our slippers and outside coats and got the children into theirs and went on deck. We had on our night gowns under our coats. As we went up the stairway some one was shout-

ing down in a calm voice: 'Everybody put on their life preservers before coming on deck!'

"We went back and put them on, assuring each other that it was nothing. When we got on deck we were told to pass through the dining room to a ladder that was placed against the side of the cabins and led to the upper deck.

"We were put through the portholes into the boats, and the boat I was in had a foot of water in it. As soon as we were in we were told to sit down on the bottom. In that position we were so low that we could not see out over the gunwale.

"Once the boat had started away some of the women stood up, and the seamen, with their hands full with the oars, simply put their feet on them and forced them back into the sitting position.

"We had not got far away by the time the ship went down, and after that there were men floating in the water all around, and seven of them were picked up by us in the hours that followed between that and daybreak.

MAD WITH EXPOSURE.

"Some of these seven were already mad with exposure, and babbled gibberish, and kept trying to get up and overturn the boat. The other men had to sit upon them to hold them down.

"Two of the men picked up were so overcome with the cold of the water that they died before we reached the Carpathia, and their dead bodies were taken aboard. One woman, who spoke a tongue none of us could understand, was picked up by the boat and believed that her children were lost.

"She was entirely mad. When her children were brought to her on the Carpathia she was wild with joy, and lay down on the children on the floor, trying to cover them with her body, like a wild beast protecting its young, and they had to take her children away from her for the time to save them from being suffocated."

Miss Caroline Bonnell, of Youngstown, O., one of the survivors, said that passengers who got into lifeboats were led to believe that a steamship was near and that the lives of all would be saved.

Miss Bonnell and her aunt, Miss Lily Bonnell, of London, Eng-

land, were traveling with George D. Wick, an iron and steel manufacturer of Youngstown, his wife and daughter, Mary Natalie Wick. The women were saved. Mr. Wick went down with the ship. Like hundreds of others, he stood aside to give the women and children first chance.

"Miss Wick and I occupied a stateroom together," said Miss Bonnell. "We were awakened shortly before midnight by a sudden shock, a grinding concussion. Miss Wick arose and looked out of the stateroom window. She saw some men playfully throwing particles of ice at one another, and realized that we had struck an iceberg.

"She and I dressed, not hastily, for we were not greatly alarmed, and went on deck.

"There we found a number of passengers. Naturally they were all somewhat nervous, but there was nothing approaching a panic. The other members of our party also had come on deck, and we formed a little group by ourselves.

HAD NO IDEA THE SHIP WAS SINKING.

"We were told to put on life belts, and obeyed. Then the sailors began to launch the lifeboats. Still we were not alarmed. We had no doubt that all on board would be saved. In fact, we had no idea that the ship was sinking and believed that the resort to the lifeboats was merely a precaution.

"Mr. Wick kissed his wife good-by, and our boat, the first on that side of the ship, was lowered to the sea. There were about twenty-five women in the boat, with two sailors and a steward to row. These were the only men. The boat would have held many more.

"As the boat was being loaded the officer in charge pointed out a light that glowed dimly in the distance on the surface of the sea and directed our sailors to row to that, land their passengers and return to the Titanic for more.

"As we were rowed away we saw that the great liner was settling. We kept our boat pointed toward the light to which we were to row. As a matter of fact, there were two lights—one red and

the other white. Sailormen on the Carpathia told us subsequently that the lights might have been those of a fishing boat caught in the ice and drifting with it—but who can tell?

"After a while our sailors ceased rowing, saying it was of no use to keep on. Then we women tried to row, with the double light our objective. We rowed and rowed, but did not seem to gain on the light, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, seemed ever to evade us. Finally we gave up and sat huddled in the lifeboat.

"Some of the women complained of the cold, but the members of our own party did not suffer, being provided with plenty of wraps.

"From the distance of a mile or more we heard the explosion and saw the Titanic go down. The lights did not go out all at once. As the ship slowly settled the rows of lights, one after another, winked out, disappearing beneath the surface. Finally the ship plunged down, bow first, and the stern slipped beneath the waves.

HAD HOPED ALL ON BOARD WOULD BE SAVED.

"Even then we had hoped that all on board might be saved. It was only after we had been taken aboard the Carpathia, and somehow few of us there were compared with the great company aboard the Titanic, that we got the first glimmer of the appalling reality."

"I never dreamed that it was serious," said Alfred White, one of the two oilers from the engine room who were saved by being picked up.

"I was on the whale deck in the bow calling the watch that was to relieve me when the ice first came aboard. It was a black berg that we struck—that is, it was composed of black ice. It could not be seen at all at night.

"The striking opened seams below the water line, but did not even scratch the paint above the line. I know that because I was one of those who helped make an examination over the side with a lantern.

"I went down into the light engine room, where my station was, at 12.40 o'clock. We even made coffee, showing that there wasn't much thought of danger. An hour later I was still working around

the light engines. I heard the chief engineer tell one of his subordinates that No. 6 bulkhead had given away.

"At that time things began to look bad, for the Titanic was far down by the bow. I was told to go up and see how things were going, and made my way up through the dummy funnel to the bridge deck.

"By that time all the boats had left the ship and yet every one in the engine room was at his post. I was near the captain and heard him say: 'Well, boys, I guess it's every man for himself now.'

"I slipped down some loose boat falls and dropped into the water. There was a boat not far away, which later picked me up. There were five firemen in her as a crew, forty-nine women and sixteen children. There was no officer.

"THE MILLIONAIRES BOAT."

"During the six hours we were afloat we were near what we boys later called the millionaries' boat. That lifeboat had only sixteen passengers in her. When all were put aboard the Carpathia the six men who were the crew of that millionaires' boat each got £5. Those who had worked harder saving second-class passengers didn't get a cent."

White then told of the way in which the children from the open boats were swung aboard the Carpathia in sacks, while the women were hoisted up in rope swings.

"Near the boat in which I was," White went on, "were two collapsible boats which had failed to work and were not better than rafts. They had thirty-two men clinging to them who were later picked up by the lifeboats.

"The other two collapsible boats which had about sixty persons in them deposited what women they carried in the regular lifeboats and went to the scene of the sinking.

"From the water were picked up perhaps fifty of the crew who had floated off when she sank or else who had jumped before. The second officer was picked up, too, and took command of a boat.

"Now, about the sinking itself. There was some sort of an explosion just about 2 o'clock, or shortly after I had gone overboard.

It was not until this explosion, the nature of which I do not know, that the lights went out. They had been fed by steam from oil boilers.

"The explosion caused a break in the ship just aft of the third funnel. The forward section went down bow first. The after part then seemed almost to right itself, and we thought she might keep afloat.

"But it wasn't long before the propellers shot out of the water, and down she went. A steward who stood on the poop deck had the ship go down under him. He was picked up later, and his watch was found to have stopped at 2.20 A. M., so we knew that that was the time she foundered. There was no apparent suction when she foundered.

CONTINUALLY BUMPED INTO DEAD BODIES.

While we were cruising about the place our oars continually bumped into dead bodies, wearing life belts. Some of the bodies were of the half-naked stokers. They were killed by the shock. We knew that the temperature of the water had been 28 degrees at 11 o'clock the same evening. While we were waiting for the boat to go down we heard some fifteen or twenty shots from the rail of the ship. We only surmised what they were."

There was a fireman who told of a woman in the boat which he helped man who started up "Pull for the Shore" and "Nearer My God, to Thee" after his boat had left the wreck. This kept up all night until the Carpathia arrived.

Laurence Beasley, a Cambridge University man, who was a second-cabin passenger on the Titanic, amplified his previous account while visiting the White Star offices. After describing events immediately following the collision with the iceberg and his departure in a lifeboat, Mr. Beasley is quoted as saying:

"We drifted away easily as the oars were got out, and headed directly away from the ship. Our crew seemed to be mostly cooks in white jackets, two at an oar, with a stoker at the tiller, who had been elected captain. He told us he had been at sea twenty-six years and had never yet seen such a calm night on the Atlantic.

"As we rowed away from the Titanic we looked back from time to time to watch her, and a more striking spectacle it was not possible for any one to see. In the distance she looked an enormous length, her great bulk outlined in black against the starry sky, every porthole and saloon blazing with light. It was impossible to think anything could be wrong with such a leviathan, were it not for that ominous tilt downward in the bows where the water was by now up to the lowest row of portholes.

SHIP'S END ONLY A QUESTION OF MINUTES.

"About 2 A. M., as near as I can remember, we observed her settling very rapidly, with the bows and the bridge completely under water, and concluded it was now only a question of minutes before she went, and so it proved. She slowly tilted straight on end, with the stern vertically upward, and, as she did, the light in the cabins and saloons, which had not flickered for a moment since we left, died out, came on again for a single flash, and finally went out altogether. At the same time the machinery roared down through the vessel with a rattle and a groaning that could be heard for miles, the weirdest sound, surely, that could be heard in the middle of the ocean a thousand miles away from land.

"But this was not quite the end. To our amazement, she remained in that upright position for a time which I estimate at five minutes; others in the boat say less, but it was certainly some minutes while we watched at least one hundred and fifty feet of the Titanic towering up above the level of the sea and looming black against the sky.

"Then, with a quiet, slanting dive, she disappeared beneath the waters. And there was left to us the gently heaving sea, the boat filled to standing room with men and women in every conceivable condition of dress and undress; above, the perfect sky of brilliant stars, with not a cloud in the sky, all tempered with a bitter cold that made us all long to be one of the crew who toiled away with the oars and kept themselves warm thereby—a curious, deadening, bitter cold unlike anything we had felt before.

"And then, with all these, there fell on the ear the most appall-

ing noise that ever human ear listened to—the cries of hundreds of our fellow-beings struggling in the icy-cold water, crying for help with a cry that we knew could not be answered. We longed to return and pick up some of those swimming, but this would have meant swamping our boat and further loss of the lives of all of us. We tried to sing to keep the women from hearing the cries, and rowed hard to get away from the scene of the wreck.

"We kept a lookout for lights, and several times it was shouted that steamers' lights were seen. Presently, now down on the horizon, we saw a light that slowly resolved itself into a double light, and we watched eagerly to see if the two would separate and so prove to be only two of our boats. To our joy they moved as one, and round we swung the boat and headed for her.

"The steersman shouted: 'Now, boys, sing!' and for the first time the boat broke into song, 'Row for the Shore, Sailors,' and for the first time tears came to the eyes of us all as we realized that safety was at hand. Our rescuer showed up rapidly, and as she swung around we saw her cabins all alight, and knew she must be a large steamship. She was now motionless and we had to row to her. Just them day broke—a beautiful, quiet dawn. We were received with a welcome that was overwhelming in its warmth."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY DUFF-GORDON'S EXPERIENCES.

Says it was as if Giant Hand had Pushed Ship Down—Realistic Picture of Titanic's Death Plunge—The Long, Dreary Wait—Man at Wheel Tells of Crash—Told by Phone "Iceberg Ahead" Just as Ship Struck—Saw Captain on Bridge.

Almost frenzied by the memory of the disaster through which they had passed many of the survivors were unable for days even to discuss all the details of the Titanic horror.

One of the best accounts was given by Lady Duff-Gordon, wife of Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, who dictated it. Her tale shows that the Titanic was near icebergs before she went to bed on the night of the disaster.

Here is her story, as well as that of others:

"I was asleep. The night was perfectly clear. We had watched for some time the fields of ice. There was one just before I went below to retire. I noticed among the fields of ice a number of large bergs.

"There was one which one of the officers pointed out to me. He said that it must have been 100 feet high and seemed to be miles long. It was away off in the distance. I went to my bedroom and retired.

"I was awakened by a long grinding sort of shock. It was not a tremendous crash, but more as though some one had drawn a giant finger all along the side of the boat.

"I awakened my husband and told him that I thought we had struck something. There was no excitement that I could hear, but my husband went up on deck. He returned and told me that we had hit some ice, apparently a big berg, but that there seemed to be no danger. We went on deck.

"No one, apparently, thought there was any danger. We watched a number of women and children and some men going into

the lifeboats. At last one of the officers came to me and said, 'Lady Gordon, you had better go in one of the boats.'

"I said to my husband: 'Well, we might as well take the boat, although I think it will be only a little pleasure excursion until morning.

"The boat was the twelfth or thirteenth to be launched. It was the captain's special boat. There was still no excitement. Five stokers got in and two Americans—A. L. Solomon, of New York, and L. Stengel, of Newark. Besides these there were two of the crew, Sir Cosmo, myself and a Miss Frank, an English girl.

"There were a number of other passengers, mostly men, standing near by and they joked with us because we were going out on the ocean. "The ship can't sink," said one of them. "You will get your death of cold out there in the ice."

CRUISED AMONG ICE FOR TWO HOURS.

"We were slung off and the stokers began to row us away. We cruised around among the ice for two hours. Sir Cosmo had looked at his watch when we went off. It was exactly 12.15 A. M., and I should think fifteen minutes after the boat struck. It did not seem to be very cold. There was no excitement aboard the Titanic.

"Suddenly I had seen the Titanic give a curious shiver. The night was perfectly clear. There was no fog, and I think we were a thousand feet away. Everything could be clearly seen. There were no lights on the boats except a few lanterns which had been lighted by those on board.

"Almost immediately after the boat gave this shiver we heard several pistol shots and a great screaming arose from the decks.

"Then the boat's stern lifted in the air and there was a tremendous explosion. Then the Titanic dropped back again. The awful screaming continued. Ten minutes after this there was another explosion. The whole forward part of the great liner dropped down under the waves. The stern rose a hundred feet, almost perpendicularly. The boat stood up like an enormous black finger against the sky. The screaming was agonizing. I never heard such a continued chorus of utter despair and agony.

"Then there was another great explosion and the great stern of the Titanic sank as though a great hand was pushing it gently down under the waves. As it went, the screaming of the poor souls left on board seemed to grow louder. It took the Titanic but a short time to sink after that last explosion. It went down slowly without a ripple.

"We had heard the danger of suction when one of these great liners sink. There was no such thing about the sinking of the Titanic. The amazing part of it all to me as I sat there in the boat, looking at this monster being, was that it all could be accomplished so gently.

"Then began the real agonies of the night. Up to that time no one in our boat, and I imagine no one in any of the other boats, had really thought that the Titanic was going to sink. For a moment a silence seemed to hang over everything, and then from the water about where the Titanic had been arose a bedlam of shrieks and cries. There were women and men clinging to the bits of wreckage in the icy water.

AN AWFUL CHORUS OF SHRIEKS.

"It was at least an hour before the last shrieks died out. I remember next the very last cry was that of a man who had been calling loudly: 'My God! My God!' He cried monotonously, in a dull, hopeless way. For an entire hour there had been an awful chorus of shrieks gradually dying into a hopeless moan until this last cry that I spoke of. Then all was silent. When the awful silence came we waited gloomily in the boats throughout the rest of the night.

"At last morning came. On one side of us was the ice floes and the big bergs, and on the other side we were horrified to see a school of tremendous whales. Then, as the mist lifted, we caught sight of the Carpathia looming up in the distance and headed straight for us.

"We were too numbed by the cold and horror of that awful night to cheer or even utter a sound. We just gazed at one another and remained speechless. Indeed, there seemed to be no one among us who cared much what happened.

"Those in the other boats seemed to have suffered more than we had. We, it seemed, had been miraculously lucky. In one of the boats was a woman whose clothing was frozen to her body.

"The men on the Carpathia had to chop it off before she could be taken to a warm room. Several of the stokers and sailors who had manned the boats had been frozen to death, and they lay stiff and lifeless in the bottom of the boats, while the women and children were lifted to the Carpathia.

"I did not see Captain Smith after I was put into the small boat, but others told me that when the Titanic went down Captain Smith was seen swimming in the icy water. He picked up a baby that was floating on a mass of wreckage and swam with it to one of the small boats. He lifted the baby into the boat, but the child was dead.

"The women in the boat, according to the story told me, wanted the captain to get into the boat with them, but he refused, saying: 'No, there is a big piece of wreckage over here, and I shall stick to that. We are bound to be rescued soon.' Nothing more was seen of Captain Smith.

FIFTEEN BRIDES LOSE THEIR HUSBANDS.

"There was an absolute calm and silence on the Carpathia. There were hundreds of women who had lost their husbands, and among them fifteen brides. Few of these had been married more than five or six months. No one cared to talk. The gloom was awful. I buried myself in my cabin and did not come on deck again."

From Robert Hichens, quartermaster at the wheel of the Titanic when the great vessel crashed into the iceberg, and then in command of one of the boats which left the steamship before it went down, have come details of the terrible sight at sea which could have been known to perhaps no other person.

And standing out in memory of this young Cornishman are shrieks and groans that went up from the dark hulk of the giant steamship before she sank.

Hichens, a type of young Englishman who follows the sea, had for years been on the troopship Dongolo, running to Bombay, and thought himself fortunate when he obtained his berth as quarter-

master of the Titanic, the greatest and largest of all steamships. He told in their sequence the events of the night and morning of April 14 and 15.

It was in his boat that Mrs. John Jacob Astor took her place, after Col. Astor had kissed her good-by, and handed her a flask of brandy, then taking his place in the line of men, some of whom realized even then that the steamship was doomed. And his last sight as his boat was lowered was of Captain Smith, standing on the bridge, giving his orders as calmly as if he were directing her entrance into a harbor.

He told of how the officers stood with revolvers drawn, to enforce, if the emergency should arise, that rule of the sea of women first; but the emergency did not arise, and the men stood back or helped the women to their seats.

A SEAMAN'S NARRATIVE.

In the way of a seaman, he told the narrative of the night spent in the little boat, comforting as best he could the women who did not realize as he did that some of them had looked upon their loved ones for the last time.

"My watch was from 8 to 12 o'clock," said Hichens. "From 8 to 10 o'clock I was the stand-by man, and from 10 to 11 o'clock I had the wheel. When I was at the stand-by it was very dark, and, while it was not dark, there was a haze. I cannot say about the weather conditions after 10 o'clock, for I went into the wheelhouse, which is enclosed.

"The second officer was the junior watch officer from 8 to 10 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock he sent me to the carpenter with orders for him to look after the fresh water, as it was going to freeze.

"The thermometer then read 31½ degrees, but so far as could be seen there was no ice in sight. The next order was from the second officer for the deck engineer to turn the steam on in the wheelhouse, as it was getting much colder. Then the second officer, Mr. Lotehellen, told me to telephone the lookout in the crow's nest.

" 'Tell them,' he said, 'to keep a sharp and strict lookout for

small ice until daylight and to pass the word along to the other lookout men.'

"I took the wheel at 10 o'clock, and Mr. Murdock, the first officer, took the watch. It was 20 minutes to 12 and I was steering when there were the three gongs from the lookout, which indicated that some object was ahead.

"Almost instantly, it could not have been more than four or five seconds, when the lookout men called down on the telephone, 'Iceberg ahead!' Hardly had the words come to me when there was a crash.

"I ain't likely to forget, sir, how the crash came. There was a light grating on the port bow, then a heavy crash on the port bow, then a heavy crash on the starboard side. I could hear the engines stop, and the lever closing the watertight emergency doors.

TITANIC SETTLES IN THE WATER.

"Mr. Murdock was the senior officer of the watch, and with him on the bridge were Mr. Buxtell, the fourth officer, and Mr. Moody, the sixth officer. The Titanic listed, perhaps, five degrees, to the starboard, and then began to settle in the water. I stood attention at the wheel from the time of the crash until 20 minutes after 12, and had no chance to see what the captain did."

Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Earnshaw and Mrs. Stephenson had spoken freely of the accident to the conductor of the train which took them home.

"From the descriptions of the scene that followed the accident given to me by the three ladies," said the conductor, "it seems utterly impossible to tell adequately of the suffering and hardship brought about by the catastrophe. It all happened so suddenly, without a moment to make the least preparation.

"Most of the passengers had gone to bed. The day had been clear, and nearly everybody spent the afternoon and evening on the decks and between 10 and 10.30 o'clock the steamer chairs, smoking rooms and cafes were gradually vacated. The sea was perfectly calm, and least expected was the crash which was the sounding note of the Titanic's doom.

" 'I was in the first lifeboat that was lowered,' Mrs. Potter told me. 'The jar, which tumbled nearly everyone from his berth, was followed by a wild scramble to the decks. Women in night clothes, over which were thrown coats, ran distractedly in all directions. Men almost crazed with excitement, tore madly about trying to gather together families and relatives, and the confusion was increased by the orders shouted by the ship's officers to the crew to make ready the lifeboats.

" 'Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor were standing near me when I got into the boat. They did not attempt to leave the ship, and the last time I saw them together was when they, embracing each other, watched the first boat lowered.

" 'I was placed in the boat with Mrs. Thayer. From the boat we could see 'Jack' Thayer jump from the ship. His mother saw him struggling in the water. We cried to him to swim to our boat. He tried twice to get into a lifeboat near him, and both times he was pushed away by persons in it. We saw him swim to an icecake on which were thirty men. Only ten of them were saved.

SUFFERED FROM EXPOSURE.

" 'In our boat were about twenty persons, most of them women, who suffered intensely from the exposure. Their scanty clothes were no protection from the water and ice. Mrs. Thayer rowed us for more than two hours. She battled with the waves which threatened to overturn us, and worked as valiantly as any experienced seaman could have done. To her, for the most part, we owe our lives.

" 'We did not meet with Mrs. Thayer's son until we had been on the Carpathia for twenty-four hours. He had been picked up from a raft and placed in the ship's hospital. As soon as he was able to get about he ran hurriedly through the Carpathia, and there was a happy meeting when he there saw his mother.

" 'While the accommodations on the Carpathia were not very comfortable, the passengers of the Titanic who were rescued by that vessel were well treated, and feel grateful to the officers and passengers.' "

The eight musicians who went down in the Titanic and who

were playing "Nearer My God to Thee" when all the boats had gone, were under the leadership of Bandmaster Hartley, who was transferred from the Mauretania to take up his duties on the largest steamer of the White Star Line Under his direction were John Hume, violinist; Herbert Taylor, pianist; Fred Clark, bass viol; George Woodward, cellist, and Messrs. Brailey, Krins and Breicoux, who played when the others were off duty.

On the Celtic were John S. Carr and Louis Cross, cellist and bass viol of the orchestra on that steamship. When they got shore leave they told something about the men on the Titanic, with whom they had made many voyages. They also were acquainted with the conditions under which the men lived on the Titanic, and gave a graphic idea of the manner in which they must have responded when the call of duty came.

A MAN WITH A HIGH SENSE OF DUTY.

"Some were already in bed and some were probably smoking when the ship hit the iceberg," said John S. Carr. "The Titanic had a special lounging and smoking room, with the sleeping rooms opening off it. It was so late that they all must have been there when the first shock came. Bandmaster Hartley was a man with the highest sort of a sense of duty.

"I don't suppose he waited to be sent for, but after finding how dangerous the situation was he probably called his men together and began playing. I know that he often said that music was a bigger weapon for stopping disorder that anything on earth. He knew the value of the weapon he had, and I think he proved his point."

"The thing that hits me hardest," said Louis Cross, "is the loss of Happy Jock Hume, who was one of the violinists. Hume was the life of every ship he ever played on and was beloved by every one from cabin boys to captains on the White Star Line. He was a young Scotchman, not over 21, and came of a musical family.

"His father and his grandfather before him had been violinists and makers of musical instruments. The name is well known in Scotland because of it. His real first name was John, but the Scotch nickname stuck to him,and it was as Jock Hume that he was known

to every one on the White Star Line, even when he sailed as bandmaster.

"Over in Dumfries, Scotland, I happen to know there's a sweet young girl hoping against hope. Jock was to have been married the next time that he made the trip across the ocean. He was a young man of exceptional musical ability. If he had lived, I believe he would not long have remained a member of a ship's orchestra. He studied a great deal, although he could pick up without trouble difficult composition which would have taken others long to learn.

"The odd part of it is that Jock Hume's mother had a premonition that something would happen to him on this trip. He was on the sister ship Olympic a few months ago when, on her maiden voyage, she collided with the warship Hawk. There was a rent torn in the side of the Olympic at that time and she had to be towed back to Belfast.

A MOTHER'S FATEFUL DREAM.

"Young Hume went back to his home in Dumfries to spend the time until she should be repaired, and when his mother heard of the accident she begged him not to go back to life on the sea. He told numbers of persons in Liverpool about it. Mrs. Hume had a dream of some sort, and said she was sure no good would come of it if he went back.

"Jock had his eye on going in for concert music sooner or later, but he laughed at his mother's fears and took the chance to go on the Titanic. He was known on many ships and had friends in New York. Last winter he got to know Americans who were wintering at the Constant Springs Hotel in Kingston, Jamaica.

"He had been bandmaster on the Carmania, of the Cunard Line, and had played with the orchestra of the Majestic, the California, of the Anchor Line, and the Megantic, of the White Star Company, which plies between Liverpool and Montreal.

"Hume was a light hearted, fine tempered young fellow with curly blond hair, a light complexion and a pleasant smile. He was the life of every ship he ever sailed on and was full of fun. He is mourned by every man who knew him.

"Another thing of which we are all talking is that Fred Clark, the bass viol of the Titanic, should have gone down on his first trip across the Atlantic. Clark was well known in concert in Scotland, and had never shipped before. The White Star people were particularly anxious to have good music on the first trip of the Titanic, and offered him good pay to make just one trip. As the winter concert season had closed, he finally accepted.

"He was 34 years of age and was not married, but had a widowed mother. He was a well set-up man of a little over medium height, with black hair, dark complexion, and a high forehead. Clark was jolly company and of optimistic temperament. Just before he sailed a number of persons were joking with him about his finally going to sea, and he said:

" 'Well, you know it would be just my luck to go down with the ship. I've kept away from it so long it might finish me on this trip.' Then he laughed cheerily and all his friends joined in. They all considered the Titanic as safe as a hotel.

THE BOAT'S MUSICIANS.

"Herbert Taylor, the pianist, was considered a master of his instrument. He was a man of an intellectual turn of mind, with a thin studious face. He was married, and his home was in London. About Woodward, the 'cello, I can tell you but little. His home was in Leeds. The other three men—Brailey, Krins and Breicoux—made up the trio which played in the second cabin and in the restaurant. They had been playing together for some time, but neither Carr nor myself shipped with them on any voyage.

"It's a mistake from the technical point of view to call a steamer's orchestra a band," said Carr. "The term is a survival of the days when they really had a brass band on board. On all the big steamships now the music is given by men who are thorough masters of their instruments. The Titanic orchestra was considered one of the finest which was ever boated when the ship put out from the other side, and I think the way the men finished up showed that they had about as good stuff inside as any who went down in the Atlantic."

H. E. Steffanson, of New York, another survivor who leaped into the sea and was picked up, declared that he saw the iceberg before the collision.

"It seemed to me that the berg, a mile away, I should say, was about 80 feet out of the water. The ice that showed clear of the water was not what we struck. After the collision I saw ice all over the sea. When we hit the berg we seemed to slide up on it. I could feel the boat jumping and pounding, and I realized that we were on the ice, but I thought we would weather it. I saw the captain only once after the collision. He was telling the men to get the women and children into the boats. I thought then that it was only for precaution, and it was long after the boats had left that I felt the steamer sinking.

"I waited on the upper deck until about 2 o'clock. I took a look below and saw that the Titanic was doomed. Then I jumped into the ocean and within five minutes I was picked up."

DISCIPLINE DESCRIBED AS PERFECT.

Steffanson also described the discipline upon the boat as perfect. Many women, as well as men, he said, declined to leave the Titanic, believing she was safe.

Miss Cornelia Andrews, of Hudson, N. Y., was one of the first to be put into a lifeboat.

"I saw the Titanic sink," she said. "I saw her blow up. Our little boat was a mile away when the end came, but the night was clear and the ship loomed up plainly, even at that distance. As our boat put off I saw Mr. and Mrs. Astor standing on the deck. As we pulled away they waved their hands and smiled at us. We were in the open boat about four hours before we were picked up."

E. W. Beans, a second-cabin passenger, was picked up after swimming in the icy water for twenty minutes. He, too, jumped into the sea after the boats were lowered.

"I heard a shot fired," said Beans, "just before I jumped. Afterward I was told a steerage passenger had been shot while trying to leap into a lifeboat filled with women and children."

How the wireless operator on the Carpathia, by putting in an

extra ten minutes on duty, was a means of saving 745 lives was told by Dr. J. F. Kemp, the Carpathia's physician.

"Our wireless operator," said Dr. Kemp, "was about to retire Sunday night when he said, jokingly: 'I guess I'll wait just ten minutes, then turn in.'

"It was in the next ten minutes that the Titanic's call for help came. Had the wireless man not waited, there would have been no survivors."

"The iceberg that sank the Titanic looked to be as big as the Rock of Gibraltar," said Thomas Brown, one of the stewards of the Carpathia, in describing what he saw when the crew of his ship picked up the survivors from the Titanic. Brown left the Carpathia a few minutes after she was docked and he gave a vivid description of the work of the rescue.

"There were 2,341 persons aboard the Titanic, counting officers and crew," said the steward. "Seven hundred and ten persons were saved; so the list of those who drowned numbers 1,631 persons.

A CLEAR S. O. S. SIGNAL.

"I had turned in for the night when Main, our wireless operator, caught the 'S. O. S.' signal of distress. He told me it was the clearest signal of any sort he ever received. The minute he got the message he hastened to Captain Rostrom and said, 'Captain, the Titanic is sinking; she struck an iceberg.' Captain Rostrom did not believe it. 'Here it comes again, Captain,' said the operator.

"That was all the captain needed to get our crew into action; he sounded the bell for the watchman, and sent him to order all hands on deck.

"I doubt if any passengers on the Carpathia knew of the tragedy until Jones, the first mate, sounded the emergency gong after the watchman had summoned the crew.

"A few minutes after we got the signal for help we were ready for action. The 'S. O. S.' reached us shortly after midnight. We were then 56 miles away from the Titanic. Our engineer turned about and put on full speed, and we reached the Titanic about 3.30 o'clock Monday morning.

"While the Carpathia was speeding toward the doomed ship Captain Rostrom summoned the higher officers together, and said he would hold every man responsible for the work assigned to him.

"He told Main to answer the Titanic and tell Captain Smith that we were making for his ship, full steam ahead.

"Phillips, the operators of the Titanic, evidently did not get our reply, or, if he did receive it, he could not answer us in any way. Captain Rostrom told Mrs. Smith, the stewardess, to prepare for any emergency. He told me to get coffee, sandwiches and other food ready for the survivors.

"On our way to the Titanic the captain went below and told the engineer that he must get to the Titanic before she sank. I doubt if Captain Rostrom ever got as much speed out of the Carpathia as he did on the way to the Titanic.

"Long before the Carpathia got near the scene of the wreck our boats were ready to be lowered into the water.

PROMPTNESS IN HANDLING LIFEBOATS.

"Two men were stationed at each boat, and I and Thomas McKenna, seaman, were in charge of boat No. 1. We have sixteen boats on the ship, and they were hanging suspended from the davits within fifteen minutes after we received the 'S. O. S.' call for help.

"I must not forget the women who were on the Carpathia. They were the most self-sacrificing women I ever saw. Their fortitude under the distressing circumstances was so remarkable that each one ought to be rewarded for the work she did after the survivors were lifted aboard the Carpathia.

"As we got near the scene of the wreck the barometer dropped considerably. It became cold—bitter cold. We did not see the icebergs then, but Captain Rostrom said that we were nearing them. Suddenly, as the iceberg loomed up ahead of our ship, Captain Rostrom ran to the pilot house and took charge of the helm.

"The night was clear and starlight, but we did not see an iceberg until the Carpathia was within a half mile of it. Of course, we had ample time to steer clear of the floes.

"At 3.30 o'clock our vessel plunged into a sea of open ice. I

believe there must have been thirty or forty icebergs in the water around the Carpathia. Captain Rostrom took his ship safely through the floe and suddenly we heard a shriek. It was faint at first and then it became louder.

" 'The women and children, get them first,' Captain Rostrom shouted to the crew on the boat deck who were awaiting the signal to cut loose lifeboats. Our searchlight was trained on the sea ahead and the boats filled with the shipwrecked passengers stood out in bold relief.

"I shall never forget the sight. There were many boats from the Titanic loaded with women and children wedged among the ice. Even before we got up to the first boat from the Titanic we could see the iceberg which sank her. It looked to be as big as the Rock of Gibraltar. It towered high in the air and it moved very slowly.

AVOIDS CRASHING INTO SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS.

"I believe it was over 500 feet high, and we can judge by its size by recalling that seven-eighths of an iceberg is submerged. Within fifty yards of the boats in the water Captain Rostrom gave the signal to reverse the engines so our ship would not crash into the shipwrecked passengers.

" 'Ready men—go,' shouted the captain to me, and McKenna loosened the rope and our boat dropped into the water. We tugged away at the oars with all our strength. We shoved our boat alongside of boat No. 13 from the Titanic. It was filled with passengers. I believe there were about fifteen children in it.

"Poor little things! Some were benumbed with cold; others were apparently lifeless, and several moaned piteously. The women in the boat were scantily clad. Their clothing was grotesque. They had on wraps, night robes, silk shawls over their heads and men's coats around them. Many had no shoes, and all of them suffered from the cold.

"McKenna and I tied a hawser to the boat and then rowed back to the Carpathia. Harris, the bos'n's mate, and another member of the crew helped us to lift the unfortunate ones from the boat. Some had to be carried up the ladder to the boat deck of the Carpathia.

"A few could walk, but the majority were so benumbed that they could neither speak nor walk.

"As fast as others of our crew could get the Titanic's boats they were dragged toward the side of the Carpathia. We rescued twenty boatloads of passengers—710 in all. Our ship resembled a hospital on our way back to New York, for a number of the women and children were ill.

"The three physicians on the Carpathia told me as we were going up the bay that there were sixteen patients for the hospital as soon as the Carpathia docked."

From a little porthole on the side of the Carpathia a woman passenger told how the wireless call from the wrecked Titanic sent the Cunard liner racing to the rescue; how the fainting, hysterical survivors were taken from the lifeboats, and of the nerve-wrecking scenes that followed on board the rescue ship.

A NARRATIVE ON THE TUG BOAT REYNOLDS.

The narrative was told to persons on the tug boat Reynolds as the latter sped side by side with the Carpathia as she moved up the North river to her berth at the Cunard pier. The woman thrust her head through the porthole of the liner in response to megaphone calls shouted from the Reynolds.

"What's the trouble now?" she asked.

"Tell us about the wreck of the Titanic. Who are you?"

"Miss Peterson, of Passaic, N. J.," was the answer. She was a passenger on the Carpathia.

The captain of the Reynolds, William Bennett, turned his craft closer to the Carpathia, so those on the tug could get within speaking distance.

"It's almost too horrible to speak about," began Miss Peterson. "It seems like a dream. I was asleep in my berth. I had walked along the promenade deck until about 10 o'clock and had gone to my room and fallen asleep. Suddenly I heard a deep blast from the horns. I awoke startled.

"Then came another blast. The lights were turned on all over the ship. I heard the officers and crew running up and down the

decks. I dressed hurriedly, thinking something was wrong on the Carpathia. I hastened to the deck. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning and the stars were shining brightly overhead.

"I met Captain Rostrom and asked what was the trouble. 'The Titanic has struck an iceberg and is sinking. Great God, men,' he shouted, turning to his officers, 'get ready to save these poor souls. There must be 2,500 on board.'

"Before the captain had told us of the wreck the Carpathia was being turned around toward the Titanic. I went on the boat deck and met many of our passengers. I heard the wireless buzz, and I knew the operator was trying to talk to the Titanic. I tried to get below to see the wireless instrument and operator, but I was told to go on deck again. The operator was clad only in his trousers and undershirt.

"Captain Rostrom said: 'Can't you get her?' 'No,' replied the operator, 'she doesn't answer.'

" 'She's going down,' said Captain Rostrom, and he ordered the engineer to put on full speed.

SPEEDED FASTER THAN USUAL.

"I don't know how fast we went, but the speed of the Carpathia at that time was greater by far than the way we had been traveling on our way across the ocean. You can imagine the excitement aboard the Carpathia. Everyone was dressed and on deck before we got to the Titanic, or rather what was left of her.

"I guess it was about 3.30 o'clock when we got near the boats of the Titanic. The Carpathia had all her boats hanging on the davits and Captain Rostrom was ready. I heard women scream as the Carpathia approached the Titanic's boats. I shrieked with them because every one was saying, 'Oh, oh, it's awful, awful.' I saw the first boat of the Titanic taken from the water.

"I saw the icebergs all around the boats. I wonder now how they kept afloat. Before the Carpathia had slackened speed much a lifeboat from our ship was in the water and the men were pushing toward the other boats.

"They tied a rope to the Titanic's boats and then moved back

to the Carpathia and the first boatload of survivors were taken from the water only a few minutes after we saw it.

"There were about fifty women and children in it; some had fainted and lay motionless. Others were screaming and were hysterical. There were no men in the boat and none of the survivors were dressed properly.

"They had on night robes, furs, evening gowns, anything they could find. Some were almost frozen. A little girl, they called her Emily, was shrieking, 'Oh, mama, mama, I'm sick. Oh, mama, mama!'

"Her mother could not comfort her, because she collapsed as soon as she was lifted to the deck of the Carpathia. All the women on our boat got their heavy clothing and threw it around the survivors. Captain Rostrom told us to take them to our staterooms, and we did all we could to make them comfortable.

NEARLY ALL BOATS TAKEN FROM WATER.

"I did not go on deck again until an hour or more had passed; by that time the crew of the Carpathia had taken nearly all the boats from the water. I saw three loads of passengers taken from the boats and the mate of the Carpathia said there were about 800 saved. Captain Rostrom had tears in his eyes while he was directing the work of rescue.

"We were here, there, everywhere it seemed all at once. We got a few men aboard, but they were not taken from the lifeboats. It was women and children first.

"Our ship was a hospital ship on April 15. All the women on our boat offered to give up their staterooms and the captain ordered many of the survivors placed in our berths.

"The doctors had more than they could do to care for the sick. Women fainted one after the other. Mrs. Astor was unconscious at times. She called for her husband time and again, and so we dared not tell her that Colonel Astor was not aboard."

A steward from the Carpathia told the following tale of the rescue of the Titanic's passengers and crew to a group of his mates:

"It was between quarter after and half after 1 o'clock, ship's

time, Monday morning," he said, "when all the stewards were mustered and Chief Steward Highes told us that a wireless had just come in that the Titanic had hit an iceberg and probably would need help. He urged us to turn right in and get ready for a ship's load of people. The Carpathia turned in the direction the wireless had called from.

"We got hot coffee ready and laid out blankets and made sandwiches and everything like that. It seemed as if every passenger on the boat knew about the trouble and turned out. Captain Rostrom had shut off the hot water all over the ship and turned every ounce of heat into steam, and the old boat was as excited as any of us.

"After we got things ready we went out on deck. It was a glorious morning— no swell in the sea, but bitter cold. The ship's lights were on full blaze and we were there in the middle of a sea of ice—the finest sight I ever saw.

COMPARATIVELY EMPTY BOAT WITHOUT WOMEN.

"Just as it was about half day and dark we came upon a boat. There were eighteen men in it and it was in charge of an officer. There were no women in the boat, and it was not more than one-third filled. All of the men were able to come up the Jacob's ladder on the Carpathia, which we threw over the port side. Every one of them was given some brandy or hot black coffee. After they were all on board we pulled up their boat.

"It was bright morning by now and all around the Carpathia, here and there, about a quarter mile apart, were more boats. These were fuller than the first and there were women in all of them. The women were hoisted up in bo'suns chairs, and the men who could do so climbed the Jacob's ladder. Some of the men, however, had to be hauled up, especially the firemen. There was a whole batch of firemen saved. They were nearly naked. They had jumped overboard and swam after the boats, it turned out, and they were almost frozen stiff.

"The women were dressed, and the funny thing about it is only five of them had to be taken to the hospital. Both the men's hospitals were filled—twenty-four beds in all. We got twelve boatloads,

I think, inside of a little more than an hour. Then, between quarter after and half after 8 o'clock, we got the last two boats—crowded to the guards and almost all women.

"After we got the last boatload aboard the Californian came alongside and the captains arranged that we should make straight for New York and the Californian would look around for more boats. We circled round and round, though, and we saw all kinds of wreckage. There was not a person on a stick of it and we did not get sight of another soul.

"While we were pulling in the boatloads of women we saved were quiet enough and not making any trouble at all. But when it seemed sure we would not find any more persons alive then bedlam came.

"I hope I never go through it again. The way those women took on for the folks they had lost was awful and we could not do anything to quiet them until they cried themselves out.

"There were five Chinamen in the boats and not a soul knew where they came from. No one saw them get into the boats; but there they were—wherever they came from.

"The fellows from the crew of the Titanic told us that lots more of them could have got away, only no one would believe that their ship could sink."

CHAPTER XIX.

SENATORS HEAR STARTLING STORIES.

Senators Hear Startling Stories—Probing Committee Took Prompt Action—Special Investigation to Forestall Spiriting Away of Witnesses—Prominent Persons on Stand—Carpathia's Captain and Head of White Star Line Chief Witnesses—Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy Also Testifies.

Managing Director of the White Star Line, J. Bruce Ismay; Captain Rostrom, of the Carpathia; Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless; the second officer of the Titanic and others testified before the Senate committee which was investigating the disaster that caused the loss of more than 1600 lives when the Titanic hit an iceberg.

Mr. Ismay was visibly nervous when he took the stand to testify in the Waldorf-Astoria, where the hearings were being held.

Several times he avoided direct answers by saying: "I know nothing about it." Little if any light was thrown on the sea tragedy by his testimony.

That the Titanic's rate of speed was approximately 26½ land miles was brought out from his lips.

He was not sure in just what boat he left the Titanic, nor was he sure how long he remained on the liner after she struck.

He added, however, that before he entered a lifeboat he had been told that there were no more women on the deck, and he denied that there had been any censorship of messages from the Carpathia.

The seriousness of the inquiry by the Senate investigating committee in the Titanic disaster was disclosed when Senator Smith, of Michigan, the chairman, at first flatly refused to let

any of the officers or the 200 odd members of the crew of the sunken steamship get beyond the jurisdiction of the United States Government. The men were all to have sailed on the steamer Lapland.

Later it was settled that the greater part of the crew would be permitted to sail on this steamer, but that the twelve men and four officers among the survivors now under subpena, together with Mr. Ismay, would not be allowed to depart.

Captain Rostrom told a simple, apparently straightforward story, thrilling from its very simplicity and the sailorman quality of the narrative.

He answered questions direct and gave the first authoritative tale of the hearing of the appeal for help, the rush to aid the sinking liner and the sighting of the ship's boats and picking them up, the preparations made, while the Carpathia was being urged along under every ounce of steam its boilers could make, to provide for the reception of the survivors on board.

CAPTAIN ROSTROM'S DENIAL.

Captain Rostrom denied emphatically there was any intention on his part to disregard the inquiry made by the President of the United States or that any censorship was exercised over wireless messages by any person other than himself.

Charles W. Lightholder, second officer of the Titanic and senior surviving officer of the ship, told of what preceded the sinking of the Titanic, what happened while women were taken away in boats as brave men stood by, and what happened when the Titanic took her last dip. It was a story of heroism, told quietly and calmly.

Lightholder said that tests of the water had been made for ice. It was part of the routine. Water was taken from the side of the ship in canvas buckets and the temperature learned by putting a thermometer in it.

As the second officer of the ship, Lightholder said he had been in charge of it on Sunday when the Titanic struck, from 6

o'clock in the evening until 10, or inside of two hours before the collision.

He would not admit that the tests were being made solely for the purpose of searching for information as to icebergs.

It was part of the routine of the ship. The tests were made for routing purposes and other purposes. The water was not much above freezing.

The witness said that he did not know what the tests of the water that day showed. No reports had been made to him. He did not think it necessary that night, when he was on the bridge in charge, to make tests for the purpose of finding out if the Titanic was in the vicinity of icebergs.

ICEBERGS REPORTED.

"Did you know that the Amerika had reported to the Titanic the location of icebergs in that neighborhood?" asked Senator Smith.

"I heard of the message, but I didn't know that it was the Amerika."

"Did you get from Captain Smith that night any information about the icebergs?"

"Not that night,' said Lightholder. "I think it was in the afternoon, about 1 o'clock. I was on the bridge, having relieved First Officer Murdock, who had gone to lunch."

Captain Smith, he said, told him of the wireless message from the Amerika about the icebergs. Lightholder said he couldn't recall just what position the ship was in then, but he could work it out on the chart.

When Chief Officer Murdock returned to the bridge, Lightholder said, he told him exactly the information Captain Smith had communicated to him.

"What did Murdock say?" asked Senator Smith. "All right," replied Lightholder.

"So the chief officer of the ship was fully advised by you that you were in proximity to icebergs?" he was asked. "Yes, sir."

"How fast was the boat going at that time?" "Between 21½ and 22 knots."

"Was that her maximum speed?" "So far as we knew," said Lightholder, "she could go faster than that if pushed. We understood that that was not her maximum speed."

"During your voyage, did you know you were in the vicinity of ice?" Senator Smith asked. "I knew some had been reported."

He said the ship was not in proximity to icebergs Saturday or Sunday, although he knew the ship would be near ice on Sunday night. The witness said he knew nothing of the Amerika and the Titanic talking by wireless about icebergs.

Senator Smith asked if he sought to send any wireless messages from the Titanic after she struck. He said not.

MR. ISMAY'S REMARKS.

Turning to the subject of lifeboats, Mr. Ismay said he heard the captain give the order to lower the boats. "I then left the bridge." Three boats, he said, he saw lowered and filled. In his own boat were four members of the crew and forty-five passengers.

"Was there any jostling or attempt by men to get into the boats?" asked Senator Smith. "I saw none."

"How were the women selected?" "We picked the women and children as they stood nearest the rail."

Representative Hughes handed Senator Smith a note, and then the chairman told Mr. Ismay that it was reported that the second lifeboat left without its full complement of oarsmen, and from 11.30 until 7.30 women were forced to row the boat. "I know nothing about it."

Representative Hughes' daughter was in this boat and was assigned to watch the cork in the boat and, if it came out, to use her finger as a stopper.

Then Senator Smith asked the circumstances under which he left the boat. "The boat was being filled," began Mr. Ismay. "The officers called out to know if there were any more women

to go. There were none. No passengers were on the deck. So as the boat was being lowered I got into it."

"The ship was sinking?" asked Senator Smith. "The boat was sinking," almost whispered Mr. Ismay.

"Was there any attempt to lower the boats of the Carpathia to take on passengers after you went aboard her?" asked Senator Smith. "There were no passengers there to take on," said Mr. Ismay.

He said he saw no liferafts in the sea.

"How many lifeboats were there on the Titanic?" "Twenty altogether, I think," said Mr. Ismay, "sixteen collapsible and four wooden boats." Whether the boats were taken on board the Carpathia or not he did not know.

"It has been suggested," Senator Smith continued, "that two of the lifeboats sank as soon as lowered. Do you know anything about that?" "I do not. I never heard of it, and I think all the lifeboats were accounted for."

NO INDICATIONS OF TITANIC'S BREAKING.

"When you last saw her were there indications that the Titanic had broken in two?" "No, there was no such indication."

"How long after you left her was it that you looked back for the last time?" "It may have been ten minutes or a half hour. I am not sure. Impossible for me to tell."

"Was there confusion apparent on the Titanic when you looked back?" "I didn't see any. All I saw was the green light the last time I looked."

"After you left Captain Smith on the bridge did you see him again?" "I did not."

"Did you have any message from him?" "None."

"How many wireless operators were there on the Titanic?" "I presume there were two. One is always on watch."

"Did they survive?" "I have been told one did, but I do not know whether it is true or not."

Mr. Ismay was asked what he had on when he got into the

lifeboat. "A pair of slippers, a pair of pajamas, a suit of clothes and an overcoat."

Captain Rostrom, of the Carpathia, followed Mr. Ismay. He told Mr. Smith that he had been captain of the Carpathia since last January, but that he had been a seaman twenty-seven years.

The captain told in detail of the arrangements made to prepare the lifeboats and the ship for the receipt of the survivors.

Arriving at the zone of the accident, Captain Rostrom testified, he saw an iceberg straight ahead of him and, stopping at 4 A. M., ten minutes later he picked up the first lifeboat. The officer sang out he had only one seaman on board and was having difficulty in manning his boat.

ICEBERGS ON EVERY SIDE.

"By the time I got the boat aboard day was breaking," said the captain. "In a radius of four miles I saw all the other lifeboats. On all sides of us were icebergs; some twenty, some were 150 to 200 feet high, and numerous small icebergs or 'growlers.' Wreckage was strewn about us. At 8.30 all the Titanic's survivors were aboard."

Then, with tears filling his eyes, Captain Rostrom said he called the purser. "I told him," said Captain Rostrom, "I wanted to hold a service of prayer—thanksgiving for the living and a funeral service for the dead.

"I went to Mr. Ismay. He told me to take full charge. An Episcopal clergyman was found among the passengers, and he conducted the services."

As the prayers were being said, Captain Rostrom testified, he was on the bridge searching for survivors. He told of talking with the California, which had arrived. As he searched the sea, one body with a life preserver on floated by.

The man was dead, probably a member of the crew, the captain said. The body was not picked up, the officer explaining, "because the survivors of the Titanic were in no condition then to see a body brought aboard."

"But I must say," declared Captain Rostrom with positiveness, "every one of the survivors behaved magnificently. They sat in the boats until the order came for them to mount the ladder in turn, and then came up."

Asked about the lifeboats, Captain Rostrom said he found one among the wreckage in the sea. Several of the lifeboats brought in on the Carpathia to New York, he said, were lowered last night and hauled away by tenders, he knew not where.

Captain Rostrom said that the Carpathia had twenty lifeboats of her own, in accordance with the British regulations.

"Wouldn't that indicate that the regulations are out of date, your ship being much smaller than the Titanic, which also carried twenty lifeboats?" Senator Smith asked. "No. The Titanic was supposed to be a lifeboat herself."

Captain Rostrom then explained that it was for the good of the shipwrecked people that he brought his ship to New York instead of going to Halifax.

WOMEN AT THE OARS.

At Representative Hughes' suggestion, Captain Rostrom was asked further about the lifeboat with one officer and one seaman in it. This was the boat from which the Representative's daughter was rescued. At least two women were rowing in this boat. In another lifeboat he saw women at the oars, but how many he could not tell.

In discussing the strength of the Carpathia's wireless, Captain Rostrom said the Carpathia was only 58 miles from the Titanic when the call for help came. "Our wireless operator was not on duty," said Captain Rostrom, "but as he was undressing he had his apparatus to his ear. Ten minutes later he would have been in bed and we never would have heard."

Mr. Marconi took the stand as soon as the hearing was resumed for the afternoon. He said he was the chairman of the British Marconi Company. Under instructions of the company, he said operators must take their orders from the captain of the ship on which they are employed.

"Do the regulations prescribe whether one or two operators should be aboard the ocean vessels?" "Yes, on ships like the Titanic and Olympic two are carried," said Mr. Marconi. "The Carpathia, a smaller boat, carries one. The Carpathia's wireless apparatus is a short-distance equipment. The maximum efficiency of the Carpathia's wireless, I should say, was 200 miles. The wireless equipment on the Titanic was available 500 miles during the daytime and 1000 miles at night."

"Do you consider that the Titanic was equipped with the latest improved wireless apparatus?" "Yes, I should say that it had the very best."

Charles Herbert Lightholder, second officer of the Titanic, followed Mr. Marconi on the stand. Mr. Lightholder said he understood the maximum speed of the Titanic, as shown by its trial tests, to have been 22½ to 23 knots. Senator Smith asked if the rule requiring life-saving apparatus to be in each room for each passenger was complied with.

LIFE-SAVING EQUIPMENT INSPECTED.

"Everything was complete," said Lightholder. Sixteen lifeboats, of which four were collapsible, were on the Titanic, he added. During the tests, he said, Captain Clark, of the British Board of Trade, was aboard the Titanic to inspect its life-saving equipment.

"How thorough are these captains of the Board of Trade in inspecting ships?" asked Senator Smith. "Captain Clark is so thorough that we called him a nuisance."

Lightholder said he was in the sea with a lifebelt on one hour and a half.

"What time did you leave the ship?" "I didn't leave it."

"Did it leave you?" "Yes, sir."

"Where were you when the Titanic sank?" "In the officers' quarters."

"Were all the lifeboats gone then?" "All but one. I was about fifteen feet from it. It was hanging in the tackle, and they were trying to get it over the bulwarks the last time I saw it.

The first officer, Mr. Murdock, who lost his life, was managing the tackle."

The last boat, a flat collapsible, to put off was the one on top the officers' quarters, Lightholder said. Men jumped upon it on deck and waited for the water to float it off. Once at sea, it upset. The forward funnel fell into the water, just missing the raft, and overturning it. The funnel probably killed persons in the water.

"This was the boat I eventually got on," declared Lightholder. "No one was on it when I reached it. Later about thirty men clambered out of the water on to it. All had on life preservers."

DIED AND SLIPPED OFF INTO THE WATER.

"Did any passengers get on?" asked Senator Smith. "J. B. Thayer, the second Marconi operator and Colonel Gracie I recall," said the witness. "All the rest were firemen taken out of the water. Two of these died that night and slipped off into the water. I think the senior Marconi operator did that."

"Did you see any attempt to get women to go who would not?" "Yes."

"Why would they not go?" "I hadn't time to learn."

"Did any ask for their family to go?" "Yes, one or two."

"Did any families go?" "No."

In the first boat to put off, Lightholder said, he put twenty to twenty-five. Two seamen were placed in it. The officer said he could spare no more and that the fact that women rowed did not show the boat was not fully equipped.

At that time he did not believe the danger was great. Two seamen placed in the boat he said were selected by him, but he could not recall who they were.

"The third boat?" "By the time I came to the third boat—all these on the portside—I began to realize that the situation was serious and I began to take chances."

"How long did all the work of loading and lowering a life-

boat take?" "It was difficult to say, but I think about fifteen or twenty minutes."

"How many passengers did the third boat contain?" "I filled it up as full as I dared, sir, then lowered it; about thirty-five, I think. The women and children couldn't have stood quieter if they'd been in church."

In loading the fourth lifeboat Lightholder said he was running short of seamen. "I put two seamen in and one jumped out. That was the first boat I had to put a man passenger in. He was standing nearby and said he would go if I needed him.

"I said, 'Are you a sailor?' and he replied that he was a yachtsman. Then I told him that if he was sailor enough to get out over the bulwarks to the lifeboat to go ahead. He did and proved himself afterward to be a very brave man."

"Who was he—did you know him?" "I didn't know him then, but afterward I looked him up. He was Major Peuchen, of Toronto."

"Had you ever seen him before?" "Never."

DIFFICULTY IN FINDING WOMEN.

Of the fifth boat Lightholder had no particular recollection. "The last boat I put out, my sixth boat," he said, "we had difficulty finding women. I called for women and none were on deck. The men began to get in—and then women appeared. As rapidly as they did the men passengers got out of the boats again.

"The boat's deck was only ten feet from the water when I lowered the sixth boat. When we lowered the first the distance to the water was 70 feet." All told, Lightholder testified, 210 members of the crew were saved.

Lightholder declared he stood on top the officers' quarters and as the ship dived he faced forward and dived also. "I was sucked against a blower and held there," testified the officer.

"Head above water?" "No, sir. A terrific gust came up the blower—the boilers must have exploded—and I was blown clear."

"How far were you blown?" "Barely clear. I was sucked down again; this time on the 'fidley' grating."

"Did anyone else have a similar experience?" "Yes, Colonel Gracie."

"How did you get loose?" "I don't know, maybe another explosion. All I know is we came up by a boat."

"Were there any watertight compartments on that ship?" the Senator asked. "Certainly, forty or fifty."

Thomas Cottam, 21 years old, of Liverpool, the Marconi operator on the Carpathia, was the first witness at the evening session.

He denied himself some glory by saying he had no stated hours for labor on the Carpathia. Previous witnesses had testified he was not "on duty" when he received the Titanic's signal for help.

UNCERTAIN AS TO THE KIND OF WORK.

He was decidedly uncertain whether he was required to work at night, finally saying it depended on whether he had commercial or ship's business to get off.

"What were you doing last Sunday evening about 10 o'clock?" asked Senator Smith. "Receiving news from Cape Cod," said Cottam. He said he had also been "sending a lot of messages for the Titanic."

"Had you closed your station for the night?" "No."

"What do you do when you close your station?" "Switch the storage battery out," said Cottam.

"Does that prevent receiving or sending messages?" the Senator continued. "No."

"Does it lessen the likelihood of your getting a signal of any kind?" "No, not in the least," Cottam replied.

"You say the Carpathia wireless instruments would send a message about 250 miles with accuracy?" "Yes, sir."

"Was there any thunder or lightning Sunday night?" "No, it was clear."

"Well, how did you happen to catch the Titanic message of

distress?" "I was looking out for a confirmation by the steamer Parisian of a previous message from the Parisian—a message that came some time in the afternoon."

"Did you hear the captain of the Carpathia testify here today?" "No."

"He said you were about to retire and caught this Titanic distress message rather providentially?" "Yes, sir."

"How far had you got along in your arrangement to retire? Had you taken off your clothes?" "Yes, my coat."

"Did you have any instruments then?" "Yes, the telephones were on my head. I was waiting for the Parisian's answer. I had just called it."

"How long would you have waited?" "Several minutes."

"Would you have retired pretty soon, you think?" "Yes."

"Well, when you got the distress message from the Titanic Sunday night, how did you get it?" "I called the Titanic myself, sir."

SENDING MESSAGES TO THE TITANIC.

"Who told you to call the Titanic?" "No one, sir. I did it of my own free will. I asked the Titanic operator if he was aware that Cape Cod had been sending messages for the Titanic."

"What was the answer?" "'Come at once' was the message, sir," said Cottam.

"Was that all of it?" "No, the operator said, I think, 'come at once—this is a distress message. C. Q. D.'" Cottam testified.

When word of the Titanic's distress was received, Operator Cottam said he immediately sent them the position of the Carpathia and added that they would hurry to the rescue.

"Get any reply to that?" asked Senator Smith. "Yes, sir; immediately. They acknowledged receipt of it."

The witness said the next communication with the Titanic was four minutes later, when he confirmed the position of both vessels. At this juncture the Frankfurt, of the North German Lloyd Line, broke in on the communication, having heard the

Titanic's call for help. Later the steamship Olympic also replied.

"What did you do then?" asked Senator Smith. "I called the attention of the Titanic to the Olympic's efforts to raise it," answered the witness. "The Titanic replied it could not hear because of the rush of air and the noise made by the escaping steam."

Immediately after telling the Titanic of the Olympic's attempt to get in communication with her, the former, the witness said, sought the Olympic's aid, reporting that it was "head down" and giving its position. The Baltic broke in at this time, but its efforts to reach the Titanic were without avail.

"I was in communication with the Titanic at regular intervals until the final message," said Cottam. "This was 'come quick; our engine room is filling up to the boilers.'"

"What was your condition?" asked Senator Smith. "I was desperately tired. I was worked out," answered Cottom, who was then excused.

The committee adjourned at 10.20 o'clock to meet at 10 o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER XX.

SURVIVING OPERATOR'S EXPERIENCES.

Surviving Operator's Experiences—Tells Senator How He Escaped—Tale of Suffering and Death—Managing Director's Flight Balked—Long Hours and Low Wages for Wireless Men—Refused Help from Frankfurt—Called Its Operator a Fool—Laxity of Wireless—Denies Sending "Saved" Message—Gave Warning of Ice.

With J. Bruce Ismay, managing director, and P. A. S. Franklin, general manager of the White Star Line, Harold Thomas Cottam, wireless operator on the Carpathia; Harold Bride, surviving operator of the Titanic, the five surviving officers from the ill-fated ship and thirty of her seamen in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, Senator Smith, of Michigan, and Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, brought their investigation of the greatest sea horror of modern times to a close so far as New York was concerned.

When the men of the Titanic, British seamen, had been heard under oath by the committee they were allowed to return to their homes, where they were subject to the call of their own government.

"We must hear the Englishmen first," said Chairman Smith, a few minutes before he and Senator Newlands left shortly after midnight for Washington, "because they need to get back home as soon as possible. We will be able to get the Americans whenever we want them."

It had been suggested to Chairman Smith that the British Government might offer objections to the keeping of British seamen in this country under the circumstances.

"I am proceeding," said Mr. Smith, "just as if there was not

the slightest possibility of such a protest. Should one come we will deal with it at that time."

The committee had in mind the drafting of important legislation as the result of its hearing. Regulation of the use of the air by wireless operators so as to prevent interference in times of wreck at sea is one law that seemed almost sure to be enacted. Another was legislation requiring not only American, but all foreign vessels using American ports to be equipped with enough lifeboats to take off every passenger and every member of the ship's crew if need be. Patrol of the steamship lanes for icebergs was another.

It seemed likewise not at all unlikely that the committee would recommend and Congress enact a law requiring ships, at least those under American registry, to carry two operators so that one may be on duty while the other sleeps. The President seemed likely to be asked by a joint resolution of Congress to open negotiations with foreign powers to establish a new and much more southerly steamship lane across the Atlantic by international agreement.

SENATE TO PROBE FALSE MESSAGE.

It developed that the Senate Committee intended to make one of the most important features of its probing work and examination in the false messages that were given out by the White Star Line office in New York on Monday when it was said that the Titanic had struck an iceberg, but that she was in tow of the Virginian, which was taking her to Halifax and that all on board were safe.

Incident to the sudden close of the hearing was the story of Harold S. Bride, the second and only surviving wireless operator of the Titanic. His tale was one of suffering and of death.

He told of the final plunge of the vessel to its ocean burial. It's captain's end also was revealed. He leaped from the bridge when the waters were closing over his ship.

In connection with the transfer of the hearing to Washington it was intimated that the power of the Senate on federal ter-

ritory would be undisputed in getting at the real facts and no question of State rights could arise to interfere.

Throughout the hearing, also, officials of the White Star Line had portrayed the dangers of sailors' boarding houses in New York as a reason why those detained by the committee should be allowed to sail on the Lapland, which left today.

Throughout the hearing Wireless Operator Bride, crippled as a result of his experiences and seated in an invalid's chair, told his story of the last moments of the Titanic.

His narrative, drawn from him piecemeal by Senator Smith, of Michigan, chairman of the committee held enthralled the committee and the audience.

When his ordeal was ended he was almost on the verge of collapse.

THE LAXITY OF THE WIRELESS

Another phase of the laxity of the wireless, so far as man is concerned, was developed by the chairman. He drew from the witness an acknowledgment that on Sunday evening Bride was sitting, the telephonic apparatus strapped to his ears, adjusting his accounts, while the steamship Californian, seeking to warn the Titanic that icebergs were invading the lanes of ocean travel, called incessantly.

Bride said he heard the call but did not answer because he was "busy."

It was not until a half hour later that the Californian, striving to reach the steamship Baltic, reached also the Titanic, whereupon the warning that three huge icebergs had been sighted, was noted by Bride and verbally communicated to the liner's captain.

"At this time, however, neither of us worried a bit. When we heard the confusion on deck I went out to investigate and when I returned I found Mr. Phillips sending out a "C. Q. D." call, giving our position.

"We raised the Frankfurt first and then the Carpathia and the Baltic. As I have said, we did not try for the Frankfurt for

any length of time, but concentrated our messages on the Carpathia, which had answered that she was rushing to our aid."

"From time to time either Mr. Phillips or I would go on deck to observe the situation. The last time I went on deck I found the passengers running around in confusion and there was almost a panic.

"They were seeking lifebelts. All of the large lifeboats were gone, but there was one liferaft remaining. It had been lashed on the top of the quarters on the boat deck. A number of men were striving to launch it.

"I went back to the wireless cabin then. Mr. Phillips was striving to send out a final 'C. Q. D.' call. The power was so low that we could not tell exactly whether it was being carried or not, for we were in a closed cabin and we could not hear the crackle of the wireless at the mast.

BOTH CARED FOR A WOMAN

Phillips kept on sending, however, while I buckled on his lifebelt and put on my own. Then we both cared for a woman who had fainted and who had been brought into our cabin.

"Then, about ten minutes before the ship sank, Captain Smith gave word for every one to look to his own safety. I sprang to aid the men struggling to launch the liferaft and we had succeeded in getting it to the edge of the boat when a giant wave carried it away.

"I went with it and found myself underneath. Struggling through an eternity, I finally emerged and was swimming one hundred and fifty feet from the Titanic when she went down. I felt no suction as the vessel plunged.

"I did not see Mr. Ismay at all. Captain Smith stuck to the bridge and, turning, I saw him jump just as the vessel glided into the depthts. He had not donned a life belt, so far as I could see, and went down with the ship."

The witness showed so plainly the mental and physical strain under which he was laboring that both Senators Newlands

and Reed urged Senator Smith to excuse him. After a few more interrogations Senator Smith did so.

"I regret extremely having had to subject you to such an ordeal," he said, addressing Bride, "because of your condition. I would have avoided it, if possible, but the committee thanks you most heartily for the forbearance you have shown and the frankness of your testimony."

Senator Smith then called what he evidently expected to be one of the most important witnesses, Harold S. Bride, the sole surviving wireless operator of the Titanic.

Crippled as a result of his experiences, he was wheeled in an invalid's chair to the table where the committee sat.

"Contrary to the usual procedure," said Senator Smith, rising in his place, "I must place you under oath. Raise your right hand."

SENATE REPEATS THE OATH.

The witness, hand uplifted, listened while the Senator repeated the oath. Then he bowed in assent. Bride said he was a native of London, was 22 years old and had learned his profession in a British school of telegraphy.

"What practical experience have you had?" asked Senator Smith.

"I have crossed to the States three times and to Brazil twice," said Bride.

Bride remembered receiving and sending messages relative to the speed of the Titanic on its trial tests. After leaving Southampton on the Titanic's fatal trip he could not remember receiving or sending any messages for Ismay. Senator Smith asked particularly about messages on Sunday.

"I don't remember, sir," said Bride. "There was so much business Sunday."

He was asked if Captain Smith received or sent any messages Sunday.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"How do you know he did not?"

"Because I see the messages Mr. Philips takes when they are made up."

"Were those for Sunday made up?"

"No, they never were."

After testifying he made no permanent record of the iceberg warnings, Bride insisted he gave the memorandum of the warning to the officer on the watch. The name of the officer he could not tell.

"I know the officers by sight but not by name," he said. He did not inform Captain Smith.

Bride said he was in bed when the impact came. He was not alarmed at the collision and remained in bed about ten minutes. He saw Phillipps in the operating room.

"He told me he thought the boat had been injuried in some way and he expected it would have to go back to the builders." said Bride.

BETTER SEND OUT A CALL FOR ASSISTANCE.

The witness said that according to arrangement he relieved Phillipps. "Immediately the captain came in and said we had better send out a call for assistance," testified Bride. "Phillipps asked if he wanted to send a distress call. The captain said he did. I could read what Phillipps sent—C. Q. D."

"How soon did he get a reply?"

"As far as I know, immediately. I could not hear what he received, however."

The witness told of having intercepted a message from the Californian intended for the Baltic, which told of the presence of three huge icebergs in the vicinity of the former vessel.

"I gave the message to the captain personally," he said.

Bride did not take down the message and could not give its precise form. "The Californian was seeking out the Baltic, and I merely noted that it was an ice report and told the captain," he said.

Under a fire of questions Bride acknowledged that a half hour previously, or at 4.30 Sunday afternoon, he was working on

his accounts in the wireless room when he heard the Californian trying to raise the Titanic. He did not respond, he said, because, he was "busy."

"You had the telephone apparatus at your ear?" inquired Senator Smith, in surprise

"Yes, sir."

"And you did not respond to the call?"

"No, sir."

"Then a half hour later on, about five hours before the disaster, you took the message when it was intended for another vessel, the Baltic?"

"Yes, sir."

In an effort to determine whether the signal "C. Q. D." might not have been misunderstood by passing ships Senator Smith called upon Mr. Marconi.

MEANING OF DIFFERENT CALLS.

"The C. Q.," said Mr. Marconi, "is an international signal which meant that all stations should cease sending except the one using the call. The 'D' was added to indicate danger. The call, however, now has been superseded by the universal call, 'S. O. S."

Senator Smith then resumed the direct examination of Bride, who has said the North German Lloyd was the first to answer the Titanic's distress signal.

"Have you heard it said that the Frankfurt was the ship nearest to the Titanic?" the senator asked.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Phillipps told me that."

"How did he know?"

"By the strength of the signals," said the witness, who added that the Carpathia answered shortly after.

The witness said that twenty minutes later the Frankfurt operator interrupted to ask "what was the matter?"

"What did you reply?" the senator inquired.

"Mr. Phillipps said he was a fool and told him to keep out."

There was no further effort to get the Frankfurt's position.

Time after time Senator Smith asked in varying forms why the Titanic did not explain in detail its condition to the Frankfurt.

"Any operator receiving C. Q. D. and the position of the ship, if he is on the job," said Bride, "would tell the captain at once."

"Ask him if it would have taken longer to have sent 'You are a fool, keep out,' than 'we are sinking?' " suggested Senator Reed.

"Was your object in dismissing the somewhat tardy inquiry of the Frankfurt due to your desire to hang on to a certainty, the Carpathia?" inquired Senator Smith.

The witness said it was. "But under the circumstances could you not with propriety send a detailed message to the Frankfurt?" Senator Smith insisted.

"I did not think we could under the circumstances."

BRIDE INTERROGATED.

"Would you still make the same reply if you were told that the Frankfurt was twenty miles nearer to you than the Carpathia?"

Bride replied that the Carpathia was then on its way with its lifeboats ready.

Mr. Marconi testified to the distress signals and said the Frankfurt was equipped with Marconi wireless. He said the receipts of the signals C. Q. D. by the Frankfurt's operator should have been all sufficient to send the Frankfurt to the immediate rescue.

Under questioning by Senator Smith Bride said that undoubtedly the Frankfurt received all of the urgent appeals for help sent subsequently to the Carpathia.

"Why did you not send the messages to the Frankfurt as well as to the Carpathia?" asked Senator Smith.

"He would not have understood."

The witness said that before leaving the cabin ten minutes before the ship went down Phillipps sent out a final C. Q. D.

There was no response, Bride saying the spark was then so weak that it probably did not carry.

When Bride and Phillipps stepped out on the beat deck he said they found persons rushing around in confusion. They were seeking life belts.

"There were no big lifeboats aboard at that time," said Bride. "There was a life raft over the officers quarters, which later was lost over the side."

The witness then told of his experience in following with a small boat beneath which he nearly was drowned before he could extricate himself. With a number of other survivors he clambored on the overturned boat.

"One of these was Phillipps," said the witness. "He died on the way to the Carpathia and was buried later at sea."

When Bride gained the bottom of the boat he found between 35 and 40 men already there.

THE LAST MAN ABOARD.

"I was the last man invited aboard," said Bride.

"Did any others seek to get on?"

"Yes, sir, dozens. We couldn't take them."

The witness said he did not see J. Bruce Ismay, and that the last he saw of Captain Smith he was in the act of jumping from the bridge just as the ship went down. He said he was swimming within 150 feet of the ship when it went down and that he felt no suction.

Long before the hearing was resumed in the afternoon crowds besieged the Waldorf-Astoria rooms, but few who had not been sought by the committee were admitted.

C. P. Neil, commissioner of labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Representatives Levy and Livingston, of New York, were among the visitors.

Senators Smith and Newlands conferred after luncheon for more than an hour, and it was nearly 4 o'clock when they reached the committee room.

"Is Mr. Bride, the operator of the Titanic, here?" Senator

Smith asked of Mr. Marconi and Mr. Sammis, of the Marconi Company.

They told him that Mr. Bride had been sent to a physician, but could be brought back later. The senator said he wanted to ask the operator several additional questions, but could postpone them.

The second officer of the Titanic, C. H. Lightoller, was called by Senator Smith, but was not present, and the third officer of the Titanic, Herbert John Pittman, took the stand.

"Do you know of your own knowledge whether the Titanic's ship's log was preserved or taken from the Titanic?" asked Senator Smith.

"I do not."

After the hearing adjourned Senator Smith made a statement to the press in which he explained the intentions of the committee. He said:

"The object of the committee in coming to New York coincidental with the arrival of the Carpathia was prompted by the desire to avail itself of first-hand information from the active participants in this sad affair. Our course has been guided solely by this purpose—to obtain accurate information without delay."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FUNERAL SHIP AND ITS DEAD.

116 Buried at Sea—Nearly All Sailors—No Prominent Men Buried—No Bullet Wounds Found—Halifax's Bells Toll For Dead—Astor's Body Identified—Death Ship's Voyage—The Captain's Story—Canon Hind's Narrative.

The cable ship Mackay-Bennett which had been sent out to recover as many as possible of the Titanic's dead, reached her pier in the dockyard at Halifax, Nova Scotia, the nearest port, at 9.30 on the morning of April 30, almost exactly two weeks after the disaster.

Down the gangway to the pier in the sunlight of a perfect April day they carried 190 of those who had started forth on the maiden voyage of the biggest ship afloat.

In her quest the Mackay-Bennett had found 306 of the Titanic's dead, but only 190 were brought to shore. The rest, the 116, were buried at sea. And 57 of those 116 were among the identified dead.

Of those who were brought to shore, 60 lay unnamed at the curling rink on the edge of the town. It was believed that the 60 were all members of the Titanic's crew, but the slender hope that their own dead might be among them sent many to the rink.

One of the sixty was a little baby girl. Five of them were women, but none of the women that were found were from the first cabin passengers. There was no hope that the body of Mrs. Straus was among them. There was practically no hope that Major Butt was among the unnamed sixty. The quest of the Mackay-Bennett bore greater results than were anticipated, and Capt. Lardner believed that his ship recovered about all of those who did not go down in the Titanic.

The search was continued over five days, sometimes with

the ship drifting without success amid miles and miles of wreckage, tables, chairs, doors, pillows, scattered fragments of the luxury that was the White Star liner Titanic.

At other times the bodies were found close together, and once they saw more than a hundred that looked to the wondering crew of the Mackay-Bennett like a flock of sea gulls in the fog, so strangely did the ends of the life belts rise and fall with the rise and fall of the waves.

Those whose dead the Mackay-Bennett brought to shore came forward with their claims, and from the middle of the afternoon the rest of the day was filled with the steps of identification and the signing of many papers.

The first to be claimed was John Jacob Astor and for his death was issued the first "accidental drowning" death certificate of the hundreds who lost their lives in the wreck of the Titanic.

Vincent Astor and Nicholas Biddle started for New York with the body the next night.

THE BODY OF ISADORE STRAUS IDENTIFIED.

The second identified was Isidor Straus. The start for New York was made early the next morning. Three went on the same night. These were George E. Graham, Milton C. Long, and C. C. Jones. Lawrence Millett has identified his father.

Friends quickly took charge of the bodies of E. H. Kent, W. D. Douglass, Timothy McCarty, George Rosenshine, E. C. Ostby, E. G. Crosby, William C. Porter, A. O. Holverson, Emil Brandies, Thomas McCafferty, Wykoff Vanderhoef, and A. S. Nicholson.

Sharp and distinct in all the tidings the Mackay-Bennett brought to shore the fact stands out that fifty-seven of those who were identified on board were recommitted to the sea. Of the 190 identified dead that were recovered from the scene of the Titanic wreck only 130 were brought to Halifax.

This news, which was given out almost immediately after the death ship reached her pier, was a confirmation of the sus-

picion that in the last few days had seized upon the colony of those waiting here to claim their dead.

Yet it came as a deep, a stirring surprise. It stunned the White Star men who have had to direct the work from Halifax.

They had been confidently posting the names of the recovered as the wireless brought the news in from the Atlantic. When the suspicion arose that some of the identified might have been buried at sea the White Star people said that they did not know, but they were working on the assumption that Capt. Lardner would bring them all to port, and that only the unidentifiable had been recommitted to the sea.

THE UNNAMED DEAD.

Then they learned that the Mackay-Bennett had brought in sixty unidentified. The hallway of the curling rink where the dead were removed from the cable ship was thronged all afternoon with friends and relatives eager beyond expression to see those unnamed dead, but the attention of the embalmers was turned to those already identified, for whom the claimants were waiting. For the most part the unidentified could not be viewed until the next morning.

One of them was thought to be Arthur White, a member of the Titanic's crew.

The suspense was acute. Yet those who were most anxious for the morrow to come knew that hope was of the slenderest. They knew that the nameless sixty were almost all members of the crew. Capt. Lardner said that he was sure of it. He knew it by the clothes they wore.

As to the fifty-seven identified dead that were buried at sea, the whole colony was stirred by pity that it had to be, and not a few wonder if it really had to be, a wonder fed by the talk of some of the embalmers. Yet few were immediately concerned, most of those in Halifax were waiting for men who sailed first cabin of the Titanic. It appears that only one of these was among the ones who were buried at sea. This was Frederick Sutton, of

Philadelphia. The large majority were either members of the Titanic's crew or steerage passengers.

Of the 116 that Capt. Lardner thought best to return to the sea, he explained that the unidentified seemed unidentifiable, that the identified were too mutilated to bring to shore.

"Let me say first of all," he announced when the reporters gathered around him, "that I was commissioned to bring aboard all the bodies found floating, but owing to the unanticipated number of bodies found, owing to the bad weather and other conditions it was impossible to carry out instructions, so some were committed to the deep after service, conducted by Canon Hind."

Capt. Lardner explained that neither he nor any of his people had dreamed that so many of the Titanic's dead would be found floating on the surface of the Atlantic.

ONLY 106 BODIES PRESRRVED.

It was more than his embalmer could handle, for, although the material for embalming seventy bodies, which was all that Halifax sent out with the Mackay-Bennett, was supplemented at sea by materials borrowed from the Minia, the number of dead so preserved for the return to shore was only 106.

He did not know how long he would have to stay at his grim work on the scene of the wreck. He did not know how long bad weather would impede the homeward voyage.

He did not know how long he could safely carry the multitude of dead. It seemed best to recommit some to the sea, and so on three different days 116 were weighted down and dropped over the edge of the ship into the Atlantic.

Then rose the question as to why some were picked for burial at sea and others left on board to be brought home to the waiting families on shore. The reporters put the question to the Captain, and he answered it:

"No prominent man was recommitted to the deep. It seemed best to embalm as quickly as possible in those cases where large property might be involved. It seemed best to be sure to

bring back to land the dead where the death might give rise to such questions as large insurance and inheritance and all the litigation.

"Most of those who were buried out there were members of the Titanic's crew. The man who lives by the sea ought to be satisfied to be buried at sea. I think it is the best place. For my own part I should be contented to be committed to the deep."

To emphasize the uncertainty of the task he directed, Capt. Lardner pointed silently to the forward hold, where an hour before those on the pier had seen the dead lying side by side on the floor, each in the wrapping of tarpaulin.

"They were ready for burial," the Captain said. "We had the weights in them, for we didn't know when we should have to give them up."

A FEW MORE BODIES RECOVERED.

To those who hoped to find their own among the unidentified in the curling ring to-morrow Capt. Lardner held out little encouragement except the prospect that the quest of the Minia may result in a few more bodies being recovered. He believed that his own ship gathered in most of those who were kept afloat by the lifebelts.

Almost all of the rest, in his opinion, went down with the rush of waters that closed over the Titanic, driving them down in the hatchways and holding the dead imprisoned in the great wreck.

Survivors told of many pistol shots heard in those dark moments when the last lifeboats were putting off, and though the pier on the night the Carpathia landed was astir with rumors of men shot down as they fought to save their lives, not one of the bodies that were recovered yesterday had any pistol shots, according to Capt. Lardner and the members of his crew.

The mutilations which marked so many were broken arms and legs and crushed skulls, where the living on the Titanic were swept against the stanchions by the onrush of the sea.

The little repair shop on the Mackay-Bennett was a treasure

house when she came to port. Fifteen thousand dollars in money was found on the recovered bodies and jewelry that will be worth a king's ransom. One of the crew related his experience with one dead man whose pockets he turned inside out only to have seventeen diamonds roll out in every direction upon the littered deck.

It was a little after 9.30 that the Mackay-Bennett was sighted by those waiting for her since the break of day. For it was in the chill of 6 o'clock on a Canadian Spring morning that the people began to assemble on the pier in the dockyard.

They were undertakers for the most part, mingling with the newspaper men who hurried to and fro between the water's edge and the little bell tent set up a few yards back to guard the wires that were to flash the news to the ends of the continent.

WATCH FOR MEN WITH CAMERAS.

The dockyard was patrolled by twenty members of the crew and four petty officers from H. M. C. S. Niobe and by a squad of men from the Dominion police, who were instructed to keep out all without passes countersigned by the commandant, and who were particularly vigilant in the watch for men with cameras.

Just as the death ship reached her pier, and in the midst of the eager movement forward to learn what news she brought from the scene of the Titanic's wreck, a little tug was spotted near by, and Commander Martin, in charge of the dockyard, scented a moving picture man.

In a very few moments he was putting out for the tug in the little patrol launch. Again a few moments and he was standing on the pier with a complacent smile on his face.

"I have the films," he said in explanation, so the privacy was guarded.

The friends and relatives of those who were lost when the great liner went down were urged not to assume the ordeal of meeting the Mackay-Bennett. Almost without exception they followed this advice, and only a scattering few could be seen among those waiting on the pier.

In all the crowd of men, officials, undertakers, and newspaper men, there was just one woman, solitary, spare, clasping her heavy black shawl tightly around her.

This was Eliza Lurette, for more than thirty years in the service of Mrs. William August Spencer, who was waiting at her home on East Eighty-sixth Street, New York, while Miss Lurette had journeyed to Halifax to seek the body of Mr. Spencer, who went down with the Titanic.

So the crowd that waited on the pier was made up almost entirely of men who had impersonal business there, and the air was full of the chatter of conjecture and preparation.

Then, warned by the tolling of the bells up in the town, a hush fell upon the waiting people. The gray clouds that had overcast the sky parted, and the sun shone brilliantly on the rippling water of the harbor as the Mackay-Bennett drew alongside her pier.

THE DEAD LAY EVERYWHERE.

Capt. Lardner could be seen upon the bridge. The crew hung over the sides, joyously alive and glad to be home. But in every part of the ship the dead lay. High on the poop deck coffins and rough shells were piled and piled.

Dead men in tarpaulins lined the flooring of the cable-wells both fore and aft, so that there was hardly room for a foot to be put down. And in the forward hold dead men were piled one upon another, their eyes closed as in sleep, and over them all a great tarpaulin was stretched. Those that pressed forward to see were sickened and turned back.

The business of moment was to discharge that freight, and this was done with all possible dispatch.

The uncoffined dead were carried down in stretchers, placed in the rough shells that were piled upon the pier, and one by one driven up the slope and into the town in the long line of hearses and black undertaker's wagons that had been gathered from every quarter. It was speedily done, but quietly and without irreverent haste.

For two hours this business proceeded before anyone could go upon the pier and the sounds were like the hum of a small factory. There were the muffled orders, the shuffling and tramping of feet, the scraping as of packing boxes drawn across the rough flooring and the eternal hammering that echoed all along the coal sheds.

Two hours it was before any one could go on board, and then came another hour when the coffins were swung down from the deck and piled up on the wharf ready for the removal that took until well into the middle of the afternoon.

Few of the relatives were allowed to pass beyond the cordon that stretched all about the pier at which the dead were landed.

One of the first to get through the lines and the first of all the waiting crowd to make his way aboard after the ship reached her pier was Capt. Richard Roberts, of the Astor yacht, who was filled with a great concern at the news that had come from the Widener party.

NOT MR. WIDENER.

For long before the Mackay-Bennett reached her pier it was established as definitely as it may ever be established that the man who was picked up at sea for George D. Widener was not Mr. Widener, but his man-servant Edward Keating.

Although the name was sent in by wireless, a later examination of the dead man's clothing and effects proved that it was Keating's body. A letter in the pocket was addressed to Widener, but the coat was labeled "E. K." and the garments were of an inferior quality. Identification by features was out of the question, for the dead man had been struck by some spar or bit of wreckage, and the face was mutilated past recognition. He was buried at sea, and the news sent on to the waiting family.

Young Mr. Widener, who had been waiting here for a week with a private car to carry the body of his father home to Philadelphia, had heard of the uncertainty, and in a fever of impatience he met the Mackay-Bennett at Quarantine, went over the effects

with Captain Lardner, and was satisfied that it was Keating whose body was found and who was later committed to the deep.

The haunting fear that this same error might have been made in the case of Colonel Astor had possession of the whole Astor party and grew acute as the Widener story went out. That was what sent Captain Roberts hurrying to the ship. He was admitted and saw for himself. The coffin top was removed on board.

The plain gold ring with the two little diamonds set deep, the gold buckle on the belt that Colonel Astor always wore, and a sum amounting to nearly $3000 in the pockets settled the uncertainty. Twenty minutes after he had boarded the ship Captain Roberts was hurrying through the crowd to reach the nearest telephone that he might speed the news to waiting Vincent Astor.

QUESTIONS OF IDENTITY.

Beyond these two cases the questions of identity were taken up at the Mayflower Curling Rink at the edge of the town, where the line of hearses had been trundling since the Mackay-Bennett landed. As they passed the crowds were hushed, men bowed their heads, and officers saluted.

At the rink the great main floor was given over to the coffins and shells containing the identified dead, and as soon as the embalmers had done their work the friends and relatives came forward and claimed their own.

Upstairs in the large, bare room the packets of clothing were distributed in rows upon the floor.

There the oak chests of the Provincial Cashier were opened for the sorting of the canvas bags that contained the valuables, the letters and the identifying trinkets of the dead. It was all very systematic. It was all very much businesslike, and while a lunch counter served refreshments to the weary workers, and while the Intercolonial set up a desk for railway tickets, the Medical Examiner was busy issuing death certificates, and the Registrar was issuing burial permits, all to the accompanying click, click of several typewriters.

A satisfactory arrangement was reached as to the disposition of the personal effects. A man would claim his dead, take the number, make his way to the representatives of the Provincial Secretary, and there claim the contents of the little canvas bag by making affidavit that he was the duly authorized representative of the executor or next of kin.

The little crimson tickets that are the death certificates were printed for the tragedies of every day in the year. Their formal points and dimensions seemed hopelessly inadequate for even the briefest statement of the tragedy of the Titanic.

CERTIFICATE FOR THE DEAD.

The first body claimed and removed from the rink was that of John Jacob Astor. The certificate, the first issued for one of the Titanic dead, reads:

> Name of deceased—John Jacob Astor. Sex—M. Age —47. Date of death—April 15, 1912. Residence, street, etc. —840 Fifth Av., N. Y. C. Occupation—Gentleman. Married. Cause—Accidental drowning. S. S. Titanic at sea. Length of illness—Suddenly. Name of physician in attendance.

Such details as these filled the day.

After the greater part of the Titanic's dead had been shifted from the Mackay-Bennett to the pier, Captain Lardner descended to the dining saloon, and with the reporters from all over the country gathered around the table, he opened the ship's log and, slowly tracing his fingers over the terse entries, he told them the story of the death ship's voyage.

Lardner is English by birth and accent, and tall and square of build, with a full brown beard and eyes of unusual keenness.

"We left Halifax," he began, "shortly after noon on Wednesday, April 17, but fog and bad weather delayed us on the run out, and we did not get there till Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

"We asked all ships to report to us if they passed any wreckage or bodies, and on Saturday at noon we received a communication from the German mailboat steamship Rhein to the effect

that in latitude 42.1. N. longitude 49.13, she had passed wreckage and bodies.

"The course was shaped for that position. Later in the afternoon we spoke to the German steamship Bremen, and they reported having passed three large icebergs and some bodies in 42 N. 49.20 W.

"We arrived on the scene at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, and then we stopped and let the ship drift. It was in the middle of the watch that some of the wreckage and a few bodiese were sighted.

"At daylight the boats were lowered, and though there was a heavy sea running at the time, fifty-one bodies were recovered

The Rev. Canon K. C. Hinds, rector of All Saints' Cathedral, who officiated at the burial of 116 bodies, the greatest number consigned to the ocean at one time, tells the story of the Mackay-Bennett's trip as follows:

OUR JOURNEY SLOW.

We left Halifax shortly after noon on April 17, and had not proceeded far when fog set in so that our journey was slow. We reached the vicinity of the wreckage on Saturday evening. Early on Sunday morning the search for bodies began, when the captain and other officers of the ship kept a lookout from the bridge.

Soon the command was given "Stand by the boat!" and a little later the lifeboat was lowered and the work begun of picking up the bodies as they were pointed out in the water to the crew.

Through the day some fifty were picked up. All were carefully examined and their effects placed in separate bags, all bodies and bags being numbered.

It was deemed wise that some of them should be buried. At 8 P. M. the ship's bell was tolled to indicate all was in readiness for the service. Standing on the bow of the ship as she rocked to and fro, one gazed at the starry heavens and across the boundless deep, and to his mind the psalmist's words came with mighty force·

"Whither shall I go then from Thy spirit, or whither shall I go then from Thy presence? If I ascend up to heaven Thou art there, I make my bed in the grave, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

In the solemn stillness of the early night, the words of that unequaled burial office rang across the waters: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in Me shall never die."

When the time of committal came these words were used over each body:

COMMIT HIS BODY TO THE DEEP.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take upto Himself the soul of our dear brother departed, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep to be turned to corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the seas shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

The prayers from the burial servicee were said, the hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," sung and the blessing given.

Any one attending a burial at sea will most surely lose the common impression of the awfulness of a grave in the mighty deep. The wild Atlantic may rage and toss, the shipwrecked mariners cry for mercy, but far below in the calm untroubled depth they rest in peace.

On Monday the work began again early in the morning, and another day was spent in searching and picking up the floating bodies and at night a number were buried. On Tuesday the work was still the same until the afternoon, when the fog set in, and continued all day Wednesday.

Wednesday was partly spent in examining bodies, and at noon a number were committed to the deep. Thursday came in

fine and from early morning until evening the work went on.

During the day word came that the cable ship Minia was on her way to help and would be near us at midnight.

"Early on Friday some more bodies were picked up. The captain then felt we had covered the ground fairly well and decided to start on our homeward way at noon. After receiving some supplies from the Minia we bid good-bye and proceeded on our way.

"The Mackay-Bennett succeeded in finding 306 bodies, of which 116 were buried at sea, and one could not help feeling, as we steamed homeward, that of those bodies we had on board it would be well if the greater number of them were resting in the deep.

"It is to be noted how earnestly and reverently all the work was done and how nobly the crew acquitted themselves during a work of several days which meant a hard and trying strain on mind and body.

"What seems a very regrettable fact is that in chartering the Mackay-Bennett for this work the White Star Company did not send an official agent to accompany the steamer in her search for the bodies.

CHAPTER XXII.

INQUIRY BY UNITED STATES SENATE.

Loading at the Rail—Inadequate Life-saving Appliances—No Extra Lookout—Searchlights Blinding—Wireless Rivals Not All Aroused—Went to Death in Sleep—Scratch Seamen—Cries of Agony—A Pitiful Story—Senators Ascertain Pertinent Facts—Much Good Accomplished.

What has been accomplished by the Senatorial inquiry into the loss of the Titanic with sixteen hundred lives?

For more than a week of the two that have elapsed since the Titanic made a record on her maiden voyage—a record never paralleled in marine history for its horrors, its sacrifice of life and material property—an earnest body of United States Senators has been at work conscientiously striving to uncover the facts, not alone for the purpose of placing the responsibility for what has now become one of the most heartrending chapters of all ocean history, but also in the hope of framing remedial legislation looking to the prevention of its recurrence.

To attempt to draw conclusions as to the value of the work of a committee which is yet upon the threshold of its task would be presumptuous, but it is not too soon to present and formulate some of the pertinent facts which its researches have established in the light of sworn evidence.

Any attempt at systematic analysis of the facts deduced from the many thousand of pages of testimony already taken naturally divided itself into two departments:

Were the Titanic's equipment and her general state of preparedness such as to justify the broad claims made in her behalf before the crisis arose, that she represented the acme of human possibility not only in ocean going comfort and speed but also in safety at sea?

Were the personnel and discipline of her officers and crew of such a standard that, after the supreme crisis confronted them, they utilized to the best advantage such facilities for the safeguarding and preservation of life as remained at their disposal?

With ten thousand families on both sides of the Atlantic mourning the untimely death of relatives and friends who went down into the depths from the decks of a brand new ship, widely proclaimed the greatest and the safest that ever ploughed the sea, these are, after all, the most pertinent questions that may be asked by a sorrowing world as it looks to the future rather than the past.

LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS INADEQUATE.

It has been demonstrated—and frankly conceded by the company's managers and officers in the light of after knowledge—that the Titanic's life-saving appliances were woefully inadequate to the safeguarding of even one-half her complement of passengers and crew. On the day after the disaster was known to the world it was shown that the ship's equipment of lifeboats complied with the requirements of the English Board of Trade, but that those requirements were so obsolete and antiquated that they dated back to 1898 and were drafted to provide for vessels of less than one-quarter the gross tonnage of the mammoth craft of 46,000 tons of displacement.

The Titanic carried on her boat deck—sometimes referred to as her sun deck—fourteen of the largest regulation size lifeboats, seven on her port side and seven on the starboard. Each of these had a carrying capacity, according to the Board of Trade's established method of computation, of 65.5 persons. Their aggregate capacity when afloat, therefore, was 917. The ship carried, in addition, four of the so-called collapsible boats and two others known as emergency boats—comparatively small craft employed in occasional duty—as when a man falls overboard.

The combined capacity of these six when afloat was hardly more than sufficient to care for two hundred persons. At the most liberal estimate, therefore, the entire equipment of boats aboard the great White Star liner might have afforded refuge, in the most favorable

conditions, to less than 1,200 persons, or not quite half the number actually aboard the ship, on her maiden voyage.

In stating the lifeboat capacity the term "when afloat" has been used advisedly. One of the points which each of the Titanic's surviving officers has emphasized in evidence is the vast difference between loading with its human freight a boat that has been already placed in the water and loading one "at the rail," from a deck seventy feet above the water, with the subsequent perils of lowering it by means of the tackles sustaining its weight from bow and stern. Several of the officers have said that, in lowering loaded boats from the rail of the Titanic's boat deck, they would consider it unwise and even dangerous to fill the boats to more than one-half their rated capacity.

All the lifeboats that went away from the Titanic were loaded and lowered from the rail. Some of the smaller collapsible and emergency boats did not get away at all until the ship was so low in the water that they were simply pushed overboard, and one of them went over bottom up.

BOAT CARRIES 58 PERSONS.

Harold G. Lowe, the fifth officer, commanded a boat which carried fifty-eight persons aboard. This, so far as is known, is the largest number of passengers carried in any of the lifeboats. Mr. Lowe testified that as his craft was lowered away from the davits he feared momentarily that, as a result of the tremendous strain upon her structure, she would buckle amidships and break before she reached the sustaining surface of the water, dropping all into the sea. "Had one more person leaped aboard her amidships as she was going down past the other decks," he said, "it might well have proved to be the last straw."

Mr. Lowe feared this might happen, as he saw steerage passengers "glaring at the boat" as it was lowered past the decks whereon they stood. It was for that reason, he explained to the investigating committee, that he discharged his revolver three times into the air as he and his boatload were dropping past the three lower decks. His purpose, he said, was to show that he was armed and to prevent any

effort to overload the craft beyond a point which he already considered perilous.

C. H. Lightoller, second officer and ranking surviving officer of the Titanic, expressed the opinion that, in filling lifeboats from the Titanic's boat deck, "at the rail," it was involving serious risk to load them to more than half their rated capacity for filling while afloat. H. G. Boxhall, fourth officer, expressed a like view, but added that in an extreme emergency one man might take more chances than another.

In view of these expert opinions, it will be seen that, when it came to loading the Titanic's passengers into lifeboats "from the rail," the actual life-saving capacity of her available equipment was far less than the one thousand or eleven hundred that might have been carefully packed away into boats already resting safely on the surface of a calm sea.

A PUZZLING QUERY.

And this consideration naturally suggests the query, Why were the Titanic's lifeboats all loaded "from the rail" of the topmost deck, at a point fully seventy feet above the sea? Why were they not lowered empty, or with only the necessary officers or crew aboard, and then filled with their quota of passengers, either from some lower deck, or else after they had reached the sustaining surface of the water?

It is evident that course was contemplated. Three of the surviving officers have testified that the available force of seamen was depleted after the ship struck, because a detail of men had been sent below to open up the gangway doors, for the purpose of embarking the passengers into the ilfeboats from those outlets. There is nothing in evidence as yet to show that this purpose was ever accomplished, or to reveal the fate of the men sent to do the work.

Whether the men were unable or incompetent to force open the gangway doors, from which the lowered boats might easily have been filled, as the sea was as smooth as a mill pond; whether these outlets were jammed as a result of collision with the berg, or stuck

because the ship's mechanisms were new, has not been revealed and may never be known.

Certain it is that all the lifeboats were loaded "from the rail," and their safe capacity was thereby reduced one-half in the judgment of the officers to whom their command was entrusted.

The inadequacy of the Titanic's lifeboat appliances is not disputed. Steamship companies are already vying with one another to correct in this respect the admitted shortcomings of the past. The sole excuse offered is that collision bulkheads, watertight compartments and other like devices have been regarded until now as making the marvelous vessels of the present day "their own best lifeboats." The Titanic and many of her sister ships of the ocean fleets have been called "unsinkable." They were generally believed to be so, and it is only since this greatest of disasters has shattered many illusions that marine engineers have confessed ruefully that the unsinkable ship has never yet been launched.

PERILS MINIMIZED.

Since the day of the watertight compartment and of the wireless telegraph sea perils have been so minimized that in the most extreme of likely emergencies the function of the lifeboat had come to be regarded as that of an ocean ferry capable of transferring passengers safely and leisurely from an imperilled vessel to another standing by and co-operating in the task.

That was all the lifeboat had to do when the Republic sank. That was all they had to do years ago, when the Missouri, under Captain Hamilton Murrell's expert management, took off a thousand persons from a foundering ship without the loss of a single life. So it had come to be believed that the lifeboats would never be called upon to do more than that, and least of all in the case of the Titanic, latest and most superb of all the vessels built by man since the world began.

So deep rooted was this conviction in the minds of seagoing men that when Senator Smith, of Michigan, chairman of the investigating committee, asked one of the surviving officers: "What was the purpose of the Titanic carrying her fourteen full-size lifeboats?"

he naively replied: "To comply, I suppose, with the regulations of the London Board of Trade."

There has been no evidence to indicate that the Titanic lacked the proper number of life jackets, or life belts—one for every person aboard the ship—and it has not been proven that these life belts were not new and of proper quality and strength. Major Peuchen, of Toronto, one of the surviving passengers, however, in the course of his testimony, made two significant comments. He said that when the Carpathia, on the morning after the disaster, steamed through a lot of the Titanic's floating wreckage, he was surprised to note great quantities of broken bits of cork, such as are used in life preservers. He was astonished also that he did not see a larger number of floating bodies.

"I have always supposed," said Major Peuchen, who is an experienced yachtsman, "that a life preserver in good condition would sustain a dead body as well as a live one."

STEAMING AT 21 KNOTS.

It has been demonstrated by ample evidence that at the time the Titanic hit the iceberg she was steaming at the undiminished speed of twenty-one knots an hour into a zone littered with icebergs and floating ice fields, warning of which her officers had received hours before by wireless from several other ships, including the Amerika, of the Hamburg-American Line. When day broke on Monday, according to Mr. Lane, at least twenty icebergs surrounded the Carpathia, the largest of which was 150 feet high. They were within a six-mile radius.

In the chart room, tucked into the corner of a frame above the table where the navigating officers of the Titanic did their mathematical work, was a written memorandum of the latitude and longitude wherein two large icebergs had been reported directly in the track. Mr. Boxhall had worked out this position under Captain Smith's instructions. Mr. Lightoller, the second officer, was familiar with it, and when his watch ended at 10 o'clock Sunday night and he surrendered the post on the bridge to the first officer, Mr.

Murdock, the remark was made that they would probably "be getting up into the ice during Mr. Murdock's watch."

Despite all this the Titanic was rushing on, driving at railroad speed toward the port of New York and "a record for a maiden voyage."

It was a cloudless and starlit night with no sea running. No extra lookout was posted in the "ship's eyes," the most advanced position on the vessel's deck. Up in the crow's nest Fleet and Lee, both experienced lookouts, were keeping a sharp watch forward. They had been duly warned of ice by the pair of lookouts whom they had relieved.

UNAIDED BY SEA GLASSES.

But the men in the crow's nest had to depend entirely upon the vision of the naked eye. They had no glass to aid them. Fleet had occupied a similar post of responsibility four years on the Oceanic without mishap. His testimony before the committee was that he never before had been without the aid of a glass. He had a pair of binoculars when the ship made her trial trip from Belfast, but they had been mislaid, and when the Titanic steamed out from Southampton he asked Mr. Lightoller for another pair and was told that there was no glass for him. Fleet's warning was too late to prevent the impact. His testimony was that with a glass he would have reported the berg in time to have prevented the ship striking it.

When Quartermaster Hitchens came on watch at 10 o'clock the weather had grown so cold that he, experienced seaman that he was, immediately thought of icebergs, though it was no part of his duty to look out for them. The thermometer showed thirty-one degrees, and the first orders he received were to notify the ship's carpenter to look to his fresh-water supply because of the freezing weather, and to turn on the steam-heating apparatus in the officers' quarters.

Still no extra lookout was placed and the men in the crow's nest were straining their tired eyes ahead without the help of a lens.

Captain Arthur Rostrom, of the Carpathia, testified that when he was rushing his ship to the aid of the stricken Titanic, taking un-

usual chances because he knew lives were at stake, he placed a double watch on duty.

Each of the surviving officers, when he was questioned as to the Titanic's speed at a time when the proximity of dangerous ice was definitely reported and clearly indicated by the drop in temperature, said that it was "not customary" to slacken speed at such times, provided the weather was clear. The custom is, they said, "to go ahead and depend upon the lookouts in the crow's nest and the watch on the bridge to 'pick up' the ice in time to avoid hitting it."

Mr. Lowe, the fifth officer, who was crossing the Atlantic for the first time in his life, most of his fourteen years' experience at sea having been in the southern and eastern oceans, yawned wearily in the face of the examiner as he admitted that he had never heard that icebergs were common off the Banks of Newfoundland and that the fact would not have interested him if he had. He did not know that the Titanic was following what is known as "the southern track," and when he was asked, ventured the guess that she was on the northerly one.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED BY SEARCHLIGHT.

Questions framed by Senator Smith several times have suggested that the use of a searchlight might have saved the Titanic. War ships of all nations make the searchlight a part of their regular equipment, as is well known. The Titanic's surviving officers agreed that it has not been commonly used by vessels of the merchant marine. Some of them conceded that in the conditions surrounding the Titanic its use on a clear night might have revealed the iceberg in time to have saved the ship. Major Peuchen, of Toronto, said emphatically that it would have done so.

Mr. Lightoller, however, pointed out that, while the searchlight is often a useful device for those who stand behind it, its rays invariably blind those upon whom they are trained. Should the use of searchlights become general upon merchant vessels, he thought, it would be a matter for careful consideration, experiment and regulation.

The Senatorial inquiry has indicated that the single lifeboat

drill upon the Titanic had been a rather perfunctory performance; there had been neither a boat drill nor a fire drill from the time the great ship left Southampton until she struck the iceberg. While she lay in harbor before starting on her maiden voyage, and with her port side against the company pier, two of her lifeboats had been lowered away from her starboard side, manned by a junior or a warrant officer and a crew of four men each, who rowed them around a few minutes and then returned to the ship.

There had also been an inspection in the home port to see whether the lifeboats contained all the gear specified by the Board of Trade regulations and Officer Boxhall testified that they did. Yet, when the emergency came, many of the boats were found to contain no lights, while others lacked extra oars, biscuits and other specified requisites.

UTILITY OF WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS DOUBTED.

The Titanic's loss has completely exploded the fallacy that watertight compartments, of which the big ship had fifteen in her main divisions, can save a vessel from foundering after having sustained a raking blow, tearing and ripping out her plates from thirty feet aft of the bow almost to midships.

Mr. Lightoller expressed the belief under oath that the starboard side of the Titanic had been pierced through compartments 1, 2, 3 and probably 4, numbering from the collision bulkhead toward the midship section. The testimony of Quartermaster Hitchins showed that the vessel filled so fast that when the captain looked at the commutator five minutes after the ship struck, the Titanic showed a list of five degrees to starboard. Rushing water drove the clerks out of the mail room before they could save their letter bags.

One reform that is likely to take shape early as a result of the Senatorial investigation is a more thorough regulation of wireless telegraphy both in shore stations and on ships at sea. Interference by irresponsible operators will probably be checked by governmental action, and the whole subject may come up for uniform international regulation in the Berlin conference.

It is conceded that on all ships the receiving apparatus of the wireless instruments should be manned at all hours of the day and night, just as are the ship's bridge and the engine rooms. The Senate inquiry has showed that had the death call of the Titanic gone out five minutes later it would never have reached the Carpathia, whose one wireless operator was about to retire for the night when he heard the signal that took the Cunarder to the rescue of the seven hundred who survived.

There has been shown, too, grave need of some cure for the jealousies and rivalries between competing systems of wireless. To the Frankfurt, which was one of the nearest, if not the nearest, of the several ships to the sinking Titanic, her operator sent the curt message, "Shut up!" From the Californian the operator refused to take a message, which proved to be an ice warning, because "he was busy with his accounts." With the sanction of high officers of their company wireless operators have suppressed vital public information for the purpose of commercializing their exclusive knowledge for personal profit.

So much for the Titanic's boasted equipment—or the lack of it. There remains to be summarized the evidence adduced as to the personnel and discipline, as these were indicated by what occurred after the ship confronted the direst of all emergencies.

The Titanic was expected to make a record on her maiden voyage. She made one unapproached in ocean annals; one which, it is hoped, may long stand unparalleled.

Report Censures Captain of Californian.

Says All Passengers Might Have been Saved but for Captain Lord's Indifference.

TITANIC COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

That the Titanic was rushing at a speed of 24½ miles an hour when she crashed into the iceberg.

That of 2223 persons aboard, only 32 per cent. were saved.

That all might have been saved but for "negligent indifference" of the steamship Californian to the Titanic's distress signals.

That those rescued comprised: Sixty per cent. of the first-class passengers, 42 per cent. of second-class, 25 per cent. of third-class and 24 per cent. of the crew.

That four warnings of "ice ahead" were ignored by the Titanic's officers.

That the Titanic struck at 10.13 P. M. on Sunday, April 14, and sank at 12.47 A. M. (New York time) on April 15.

That eight vessels were near at time of the collision with the iceberg and only the Carpathia went to the assistance of the Titanic.

That there was no panic, but a "short" crew, poorly drilled and poorly commanded, only enough men to partially man the twenty lifeboats.

Teeming with eloquence, combining praise for heroism and scathing rebuke for negligence and cowardice in the most appalling marine tragedy of history, was the final and official requiem on May 28 in the Senate for the victims of the Titanic. Senator Smith, of Michigan, chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee, summed up his views of the evidence developed.

That every soul aboard the giant liner might have been saved but for the indifference, inattention and almost criminal neglect of

Captain Stanley Lord and the other officers of the Californian was the most startling charge Smith bitterly made.

"Needless sacrifice" of at least five hundred lives because the "strangely insufficient number of life boats" were not filled was also charged.

"Obsolete and antiquated shipping laws" and "laxity of regulation and hasty inspection" by the British Board of Trade were denounced by Smith. As a contributory cause he named the indifference of Captain Smith, of the Titanic, for ignoring ice warnings and forcing the Titanic full speed through the northern waters. That Captain Smith had expiated his offense by a heroic death was Smith's tribute to the dead commander.

LACK OF DISCIPLINE ARRAIGNED.

Lack of discipline among the crew and cowardice of some of its members indicated after the crash was scathingly arraigned. To the two Titanic wireless operators—Phillips and Bride—the speaker paid a glowing tribute. He lauded Captain Rostrom, of the rescue ship, Carpathia.

In eloquent terms the chairman, Senator Smith, depicted the folly of sending out the greatest ship afloat without sufficiently testing a strange crew and with no drills or discipline. The Titanic, he said, was following the proper course, although one known to be dangerous at that season, but the speed was gradually and continually increased until the maximum was the death-blow.

Rebuke for those in half-filled lifeboats who "stood by" and refused aid to struggling, drowning swimmers until "all the noise had ceased" was voiced.

"Upon that broken hull," the Senator concluded, "new vows were taken, new fealty expressed, old love renewed, and those who had been devoted in life went proudly and defiantly on the last life pilgrimage together. In such a heritage we must feel ourselves more intimately related to the sea than ever before, and henceforth it will send back to us on its rising tide the cheerful salutations from those we have lost.

"At 10 o'clock on that fateful Sunday evening this latest mar-

itime creation was cutting its first pathway through the North Atlantic Ocean with scarcely a ripple to retard its progress.

"From the builders' hands she was plunged straightway to her fate and christening salvos acclaimed at once her birth and death. Builders of renown had launched her on the billows with confident assurance of her strength, while every port rang with praise for their achievement; shipbuilding to them was both a science and a religion; parent ships and sister ships had easily withstood the waves, while the mark of their hammer was all that was needed to give assurance of the high quality of the work.

"In the construction of the Titanic no limit of cost circumscribed their endeavor, and when this vessel took its place at the head of the line every modern improvement in shipbuilding was supposed to have been realized; so confident were they that both owner and builder were eager to go upon the trial trip; no sufficient tests were made of boilers or bulkheads or gearing or equipment, and no lifesaving or signal devices were reviewed; officers and crew were strangers to one another and passengers to both.

PASSENGERS AND CREW STUPEFIED.

"Neither was familiar with the vessel or its implements or tools; no drill or station practice or helpful discipline disturbed the tranquillity of that voyage, and when the crisis came a state of absolute unpreparedness stupefied both passengers and crew and, in their despair, the ship went down, carrying as needless a sacrifice of noble women and brave men as ever clustered about the judgment seat in any single moment of passing time.

"We shall leave to the honest judgment of England its painstaking chastisement of the British Board of Trade, to whose laxity of regulation and hasty inspection the world is largely indebted for this awful fatality. Of contributing causes there were very many. In the face of warning signals, speed was increased and messages of danger seemed to stimulate her to action rather than to persuade her to fear.

"Captain Smith knew the sea and his clear eye and steady hand had often guided his ship through dangerous paths. For forty

years storms sought in vain to vex him or menace his craft. But once before in all his honorable career was his pride humbled or his vessel maimed. Each new advancing type of ship built by his company was handed over to him as a reward for faithful service and as an evidence of confidence in his skill.

"Strong of limb, intent of purpose, pure in character, dauntless as a sailor should be, he walked the deck of this majestic structure as master of her keel, titanic though she was. His indifference to danger was one of the direct and contributing causes of this unnecessary tragedy, while his own willingness to die was the expiating evidence of his fitness to live.

OVERCONFIDENCE AND NEGLECT.

"Those of us who knew him well—not in anger, but in sorrow—file one specific charge against him, overconfidence and neglect to heed the oft-repeated warnings of his friends; but, in his horrible dismay, when his brain was afire with honest retribution, we can still see, in his manly bearing and his tender solicitude for the safety of women and little children, some traces of his lofty spirit when dark clouds lowered all about him and angry elements stripped him of his command.

"His devotion to his craft, even as it writhed and twisted and struggled for mastery over its foe, calmed the fears of many of the stricken multitude who hung upon his words, lending dignity to a parting scene as inspiring as it is beautiful to remember.

"Life belts were finally adjusted and the lifeboats were cleared away, and, although strangely insufficient in number, were only partially loaded, and in instances unprovided with compasses and only three of them had lamps. They were manned so badly that, in the absence of prompt relief, they would have fallen easy victims to the advancing ice floe, nearly thirty miles in width and rising sixteen feet above the surface of the water.

"Their danger would have been as great as if they had remained on the deck of the broken hull, and if the sea had risen these toy targets, with over 700 exhausted people, would have been helplessly tossed about upon the waves without food or water. The life-

boats were filled so indifferently and lowered so quickly that, according to the uncontradicted evidence, nearly 500 persons were needlessly sacrificed to want of orderly discipline in loading the few that were provided.

"The lifeboats would have easily cared for 1,176, and only contained 704, 12 of whom were taken into the boats from the water, while the weather conditions were favorable and the sea perfectly calm. And yet it is said by some well-meaning persons that the best of discipline prevailed. If this is discipline, what would have been disorder?

"Among the passengers were many strong men who had been accustomed to command, whose lives had marked every avenue of endeavor, and whose business experience and military training especially fitted them for such an emergency.

MEN RUDELY SILENCED.

"These men were rudely silenced and forbidden to speak, as was the president of the company, by junior officers, a few of whom, I regret to say, availed themselves of the first opportunity to leave the ship. Some of the men to whom had been intrusted the care of passengers never reported to their official stations, and quickly deserted the ship with a recklessness and indifference to the responsibilities of their positions as culpable and amazing as it is impossible to believe.

"And some of these men say that they 'laid by' in their partially filled lifeboats and listened to the cries of distress 'until the noise quieted down' and surveyed from a safe distance the unselfish men and women and faithful fellow-officers and seamen, whose heroism lightens up this tragedy and recalls the noblest traditions of the sea.

"Some things are dearer than life itself, and the refusal of Phillips and Bride, wireless operators, to desert their posts of duty, even after the water had mounted to the upper deck, because the captain had not given them permission to leave, is an example of faithfulness worthy of the highest praise, while the final exit of the Phillips boy from the ship and from the world was not so swift as to prevent him from pausing long enough to pass a cup of water

to a fainting woman, who fell from her husband's arm into the operator's chair, as he was tardily fleeing from his wireless apparatus, where he had ticked off the last message from his ship and from his brain.

"It is no excuse that the apparatus on the Carpathia was antiquated; it easily caught the signal of distress and spoke with other ships nearly 200 miles away, both before and after the accident, while the operator says it was good for 250 miles. The steamship Californian was within easy reach of this ship for nearly four hours after all the facts were known to Operator Cottam.

"The captain of the Carpathia says he gave explicit directions that all official messages should be immediately sent through other ships, and messages of passengers should be given preference. According to Binns, the inspector, the apparatus on the Californian was practically new and easily tuned to carry every detail of that calamity to the coast stations at Cape Sable and Cape Race, and should have done so."

CRITICISM FOR CAPTAIN LORD.

Regarding the part played after the disaster by Captain Lord, of the steamship Californian, Senator Smith declares that, while it is not a pleasant duty to criticize the conduct of others, the plain truth should be told. Referring to the testimony of repeated signals given from the Californian with Morse lights, he declared:

"Most of the witnesses of the ill-fated vessel before the committee saw plainly the light, which Captain Lord says was displayed for nearly two hours after the accident, while the captain and some of the officers of the Titanic directed the lifeboats to pull for that light and return with the empty boats to the side of the ship.

"Why did the Cailfornian display its Morse signal lamp from the moment of the collision continuously for nearly two hours if they saw nothing? And the signals which were visible to Mr. Gill at 12.30 o'clock and afterward, and which were also seen by the captain and officer of the watch, should have excited more solicitude than was displayed by the officers of that vessel, and the failure of Captain Lord to arouse the wireless operator on his ship,

who could have easily ascertained the name of the vessel in distress, and reached her in time to avert loss of life, places a tremendous responsibility upon this officer from which it will be very difficult for him to escape.

"Had he been as vigilant in the movement of his vessel as he was active in displaying his own signal lamp, there is a very strong probability that every human life that was sacrificed through this disaster could have been saved. The dictates of humanity should have prompted vigilance under such conditions, and the law of Great Britain, giving effect to Article II of the Brussels convention in regard to assistance and salvage at sea, is as follows:

" 'The master or person in charge of a vessel shall, so far as he can do so without serious danger to his own vessel, her crew and her passengers (if any), render assistance to every person, even if such person be a subject of a foreign state at war with his Majesty, who is found at sea in danger of being lost, and if he fails to do so, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.'

PRAISE FOR CAPTAIN OF CARPATHIA.

"The Senate passed on the 18th day of April last a bill giving effect to the same treaty, which clearly indicates the disposition of the Government of England, and our own as well, in matters of this character. Contrast, if you will, the conduct of the captain of the Carpathia in this emergency and imagine what must be the consolation of that thoughtful and sympathetic mariner, who rescued the shipwrecked and left the people of the world his debtor as his ship sailed for distant seas a few days ago.

"By his utter self-effacement and his own indifference to peril, by his promptness and his knightly sympathy, he rendered a great service to humanity. He should be made to realize the debt of gratitude this nation owes to him, while the book of good deeds, which had so often been familiar with his unaffected valor, should henceforth carry the name of Captain Rostrom to the remotest period of time.

"With most touching detail he promptly ordered the ship's officers to their stations, distributed the doctors into positions of the

greatest usefulness, prepared comforts for man and mother and babe; with foresight and tenderness he lifted them from their watery imprisonment and, when the rescue had been completed, summoned all of the rescued together and ordered the ship's bell tolled for the lost, and asked that prayers of thankfulness be offered by those who had been spared. It falls to the lot of few men to perform a service so unselfish, and the American Congress can honor itself no more by any single act than by writing into its laws the gratitude we feel toward this modest and kindly man.

"The lessons of this hour are, indeed, fruitless and its precepts ill-conceived if rules of action do not follow hard upon the day of reckoning. Obsolete and antiquated shipping laws should no longer encumber the parliamentary records of any government, and over-ripe administrative boards should be pruned of dead branches and less sterile precepts taught and applied."

LIST OF TITANIC PASSENGERS MISSING AND RESCUED

The following passengers on the Titanic were lost:

FIRST CABIN

A

Anderson, Harry.
Allison, H. J.
Allison, Mrs. and maid.
Allison, Miss.
Andrews, Thomas.
Artagavoytia, Mr. Ramon.
Astor, Col. J. J., and servant.
Anderson, Walker.

B

Beattie, T.
Brandies, E.
Mrs. William Bucknell's maid.
Baumann, J.
Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Quigg.
Bjornstrom, H.
Birnbaum, Jacob.
Blackwell, S. W.
Borebank, J. J.
Bowden, Miss.
Brady, John B.
Brewe, Arthur J.
Butt, Major A.

C

Clark, Walter M.
Clifford, George Q.
Colley, E. P.
Cardeza, T. D. M., servant of.
Cardeza, Mrs. J. W., maid of.
Carlson, Frank.
Case, Howard B.
Cavendish, W. Tyrrell.
Corran, F. M.
Corran, J. P.
Chaffee, H. I.
Chisholm, Robert.
Compton, A. T.
Crafton, John B.
Crosby, Edward G.
Cumings, John Bradley.

D

Davidson, Thornton.
Dulles, William C.
Douglas, W. D.
Nurse of Douglas, Master, R.

E.

Eustis, Miss E. M. may be reported saved as Miss Ellis.
Evans, Miss E.

F.

Fortune, Mark.
Foreman, B. L.
Fortune, Clarles.
Franklin, T. P.
Futrelle, J.

G.

Gee, Arthur
Goldenberg, E. L.
Goldschmidt, G. B.
Greenfield, G. B.
Giglio, Victor
Guggenheim, Benjamin.

H.

Servant of Harper Henry S.
Hays, Charles M.
Maid of Hays, Mrs. Charles M.
Head, Christopher.
Hilliard, H. H.
Hopkins, W. F.
Hogenheim, Mrs. A.
Harris, Henry B.
Harp, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M.
Harp, Miss Margaret, and maid.
Hoyt. W. F.
Holverson, A. M.

I.

Isham, Miss A. E.
Servant of J. Bruce Ismay.

J.

Julian, H. F.
Jones C. C.

K.

Kent, Edward A.
Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. F. R., (may be reported saved as Kenchen and Kennyman
Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. E. N., (may be reported saved as Mr. and Mrs. E. Kimberley).
Klober, Herman.

L.

Lambert, Williams.
Lawrence, Arthur.
Long, Milton.
Longley, Miss G. F.
Lewy, E. G.
Lindsholm, J., (may be reported saved as Mrs. Sigrid Lindstrom).
Loring, J. H.
Lingrey, Edward.

M.

Maguire, J. E.
McCaffry, T.
McCaffry, T., Jr.
McCarthy, T., Jr.
Marvin, D. W.
Middleton, J. C.
Millett, Frank D.
Minahan, Dr. and Mrs.
Marechal, Pierre.
Meyer, Edgar J.
Molson, H. M.
Moore, C., servant.

N.

Natsch, Charles.
Newall, Miss T.
Nicholson, A. S.

O.

Ovies, S.
Ostby, E. C.
Ornout, Alfred T.

P.

Parr, M. H. W.
Pears, Mr. and Mrs.
Thomas.
Penasco, Mr. Victor.
Partner, M. A.
Payne, V.
Pond, Florence, and maid.
Porter, Walter.

R.

Reuchlin, J.
Maid of Robert, Mrs. E.
Roebling, Washington A., 2d.
Rood, Hugh R.
Roes, J. Hugo.
Maid of Countess Rothes.
Rothschild, M.
Rowe, Arthur.
Ryerson, A.

S.

Shutes, Miss E. W. (probably reported saved as Miss Shutter).
Maid of Mrs. George Stone.
Straus, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor.
Silvey, William B.
Maid of Mrs. D. C. Spedden.
Spedden, Master D., and nurse.
Spencer, W. A.
Stead, W. T.
Stehli, Mr. and Mrs. Max Frolisher.
Sutton, Frederick.
Smart, John M.
Smith, Clinch.
Smith, R. W.
Stewart, A. A. (may be reported saved as Frederick Stewart.
Smith L. P.

T.

Taussig, Mrs. Emil.
Maid of Mrs. Thayer.
Thayer, John B.
Thorne, C.

V.

Vanderhoof, Wyckoff.

W.

Walker, W. A.
Warren, F. M.
White, Percival A.
White, Richard F.
Widener, G. D. and servant.
Widener, Harry.
Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P.
Weir, J.
Wick, George D.
Williams, Duane.
Wright, George.

SECOND CABIN

A.

Abelson, Samson.
Andrew, Frank.
Ashby, John.
Aldsworth, C.
Andrew Edgar.

B.

Beacken, James H.
Brown, Mrs.
Banfield, Fred.
Beight, Nail.
Braily, Bandsman.
Breicoux, Bandsman.
Bailey, Percy.
Bainbridge, C. R.
Byles, the Rev Thomas
Beauchamp, H. J.
Beesley, Lawrence.
Berg, Miss E.
Benthan, I.
Bateman, Robert J.
Butler, Reginald.
Botsford, Hull.
Bowener, Solomon.
Berriman, William.

C

Clarke, Charles.
Clark, Bandsman.
Corey, Mrs.
Carter, the Rev. Ernest
Carter Mrs.
Coleridge, Reginald.
Chapman, Charles.
Cunningham, Alfred
Campbell, William.
Collyer, Harvey.
Corbett, Mrs. Irene.
Chapman, John R.
Chapman, Mrs. E.
Colander, Erie.
Cotterill, Harry.
Charles, William (probably reported saved as William Charles).

D.

Deacon, Percy.
Davis Charles, (may be reported saved as John Davies).
Debben, William.
De Brits, Jose.
Danborny, H.
Drew, James.
Drew, Master M.
David, Master J. W.
Duran, Miss A.
Dounton, W. J.
Del Vario, S.
Del Vario, Mrs.

E.

Enander, Ingar.
Eitmiller, G. F.

F.

Frost, A.
Fynnery, Md.
Faunthrope, M.
Fillbroock, C.
Funk, Annie.
Fahlsthom, A.
Fox, Stanley N.

G.

Greenberg, S.
Giles, Ralph.
Gaskell, Alfred.
Gillespie, William.
Gilbert, William.
Gall, Harry.
Gall, S.
Gill, John.
Giles, Edgar.
Giles, Fred.
Gale, Harry.
Gale, Phadruch.
Garvey, Lawrence.

H.

Hickman, Leonard.
Hickman, Lewis.
Hume, bandsman.
Hickman, Stanley.
Hood, Ambrose.
Hodges, Henry P.
Hart, Benjamin.
Harris, Walter.
Harper, John.
Harper, Nina.
Harbeck, W. H.
Hoffman, Mr.
Hoffman, Child.
Hoffman, Child.
Herman, Mrs. S.
Howard, B.
Howard, Mrs. E. T.
Hale Reginald.
Hamatainen, Anna, and infant son (probably reported saved as Anna Hamilton).
Hilunen, M.
Hunt, George.

J.

Jacobson, Mr.
Jacobson, Mrs.
Jacobson, Sydney.
Jeffery, Clifford.
Jeffery, Ernest.
Jenkin, Stephen.
Jarvis, John D.

K.

Keane, Daniel.
Kirkland, Rev. C.
Karnes, Mrs. F. G.
Kaynaldo, Miss.
Krillner, J. H.
Krins, bandsman.
Knight, R.
Karines, Mrs.
Kantar, Selna.
Kantar, Mrs. (probably reported saved as Miriam Kanton).

L.

Lengam, John.
Levy, P. J.
Lahtigan, William.
Lauch, Charles.
Leyson, R. W. N.
Laroche, Joseph.
Lamb, J. J.

M.

McKane, Peter.
Milling, Jacob.
Mantville, Joseph.
Malachard, Noll, (may be reported saved as Mme. Melicard).
Moraweck, Dr.
Mangiovacci, E.
McCrea, Arthur G.
McCrie, James M.
McKane, Peter D.
Mudd, Thomas.
Mack, Mary.
Marshall, Henry.
Mayberg, Frank H.
Meyer, August.
Myles, Thomas.
Mitchell, Henry.
Matthews, W. J.

N.

Nessen, Israel.
Nichols, Joseph C.
Norman, Robert D.
Nasser, Nicholas, (may be reported saved as Mrs. Nasser).

O.

Otteo, Richard.

P.

Phillips, Robert,
Ponesell, Martin (may be reported saved as M. F. Pososons).
Pain, Dr. Alfred.
Parkes, Frank.
Pengelly, F.
Pernot, Rene.
Peruschitz, the Rev.
Parker, Clifford.
Pulbaum, Frank.

R.

Rogers, Getina (probably reported saved as Miss Eliza Rogers).
Renouf, Peter E.
Rogers, Harry.
Reeves, David.

S.

Slemen, R. J.
Sjoberg, Hayden.
Slatter, Miss H. M.
Stanton, Ward.
Sinkkonen, Anna (probably reported saved as Anna Sinkkanea).
Sword, Hans K.
Stokes, Philip J.
Sharp, Percival.
Sedgwick, Mr.
Smith, Augustus.
Sweet, George.
Sjostedt, Ernst.

T.

Toomey, Ellen, may be reported saved as Ellen Formery.
Taylor, Bandsman.
Turpin, William J.
Turpin, Mrs. Dorothy.
Turner, John H.
Trouneansky, M.
Tervan, Mrs. A.
Trant, Mrs. Jesse (probably reported saved as Mrs. Jesse Traut).

V.

Veale, James.

W.

Wilhelm, Charles (probably reported saved as Charles Williams.
Watson, E.
Woodward, Benjamin
Woodward, Bandsman.
Ware, William C.
Weiss, Leopold.
Wheadon, Edward.
Ware, John J.

Ware, Mrs.. (may be reported saved as Miss Florence Mare).
West, E. Arthur.
Wheeler, Edwin.
Wenman, Samuel.

THIRD CLASS—S

A.

Allum, Owen.
Alexander, William.
Adams, J.
Alfred, Evan.
Allen, William.
Akar, Nourealain.
Assad, Said.
Alice, Agnes.
Aks, Tilly.
Attala, Malakka.
Ayont, Bancura.
Ahmed, Ali.
Alhomaki, Ilmari.
Ali, Willliam.
Anders, Gustafson.
Assam, Ali.
Asin, Adola.
Anderson, Albert.
Anderson, Ida.
Anderson, Thor.
Aronson, Ernest.
Ahlin, Johanna.
Anderson, Anders, and family.
Anderson, Carl.
Anderson, Samuel.
Andressen, Paul.
Augustan, Albert.
Abelsett, Glai.
Adelseth, Karen.
Adolf, Humblin.
Anderson, Erna.
Angheloff, Minko.
Arnold, Josef.
Arnold, Josephine.
Asplund, Johan.

B.

Braun, Lewis.
Braun, Owen.
Bowen, David.
Beavan, W.
Bachini, Zabour.
Belmentoy, Hassef.
Badt, Mohamet.
Betros, Yazbeck.
Barry, —
Bucklely, Katherine.
Burke, Jeremiah.
Barton, David.
Brocklebank, William.
Bostandyeff, Cuentche.
Bensons, John.
Billiard, A. and two children.
Bontos, Hanna.
Baccos, Boulos.
Bexrous, Tannous.
Burke, John.
Burke, Katherine.
Burke, Mary.
Burns, Mary.
Berglind, Ivar.
Balkic, Cerin.
Brobek, Carl.
Backstrom, Karl.
Berglund, Hans.
Bjorkland, Ernest.

C.

Can, Ernest.
Crease, Earnest.
Cohett, Gurshon.
Coutts, Winnie, and two children.
Cribb, John.
Cribb, Alice C.
Catavelas, Vassilios.
Caram, Catherine.
Cannavan, P.
Carr, Jenny.
Chartens, David.
Conlin, Thomas.
Celloti, Francesco.
Christman, Emil.
Caxon, Daniel.
Corn, Harry.
Carver, A.
Cook, Jacob.
Chip, Chang.
Chanini, Georges.
Chronopolous, Demetris
Connaghton, M.
Connors, P.
Carls, Anderson.
Carlsson, August.
Coelhe, Domingo.
Carlson, Carl.
Coleff, Sotie.
Coleff, Peye.
Cor. Ivan, and family.
Calic, Manda.
Calic, Peter.
Cheskosics, Luka.
Cacic, Gego.
Cacic, Luka.
Cacis, Taria.
Carlson, Julius.
Crescovic, Maria.

D.

Dugemin, Joseph.
Dean, Bertram.
Dorkings, Edward.
Dennis, Samuel.
Dennis, William.
Drazenovic, Josef.
Daher, Shedid.
Daly, Eugene.
Dwar, Frank.
Davies, John.
Dowdell, E.
Davison, Thomas.
Davison, Mary.
Dwyer, Tillie.
Dakic, Branko.
Danoff, Yoto.
Dantchoff, Christo.
Denkoff, Mitto.
Dintcheff, Valtcho.
Dedalic, Regzo.
Dahlberg, Gerda.
Demossemacker, Emma
Demossemacher, Guillaume.
Dimic, Jovan.
Dahl, Mauritz.
Dahl, Charles.
Drapkin, Jennie.
Donahue, Bert.
Doyle, Ellen.
Dalbom, Ernst. and family.
Dyker, Adolph.
Dyker, Elizabeth.

E.

Everett, Thomas.
Empuel, Ethel.
Elsbury, James.
Elias, Joseph.
Elias, Hanna.
Elias, Foofa.
Emmett, Thomas.
Ecimosic, Joso.
Edwardson, Gustave.
Eklund, Hans.
Ekstrom, Johan.

F.

Ford, Arthur.
Ford, Margaret, and family.
Franklin, Charles.
Foo, Cheong.
Farrell, James.
Flynn, James.
Flynn, John.
Foley, Joseph.
Foley, William.
Finote, Lingi.
Fischer, Eberhard.

G.

Goodwin, F., and family.
Goldsmith, Frank, and family.
Guest, Frank.
Green, George.
Garfirth, John.
Gillinski, Leslie.
Gheorgeff, Stano.
Ghemat, Emar.
Gerios, Youssef.
Gerios, Assaf.
Ghalil, Saal.
Gallagher, Martin.
Ganavan, Mary.
Glinagh, Katie.
Glynn, Mary.
Gronnestad, Daniel.
Gustafsch, Gideon.
Goldsmith, Nathan.
Goncalves, Mancel.
Gustafson, Johan.
Graf, Elin.
Gustafson, Alfred.

H.

Hyman, Abraham.
Harknett, Alice.
Hane, Youssef, and 2 children.
Haggendon, Kate.
Haggerty, Nora.
Hart, Henry.
Howard, May.
Harmer, Abraham.
Hachini, Najib.
Helene, Eugene.
Healy, Nora.
Henery, Della.
Hemming, Nora.
Hansen, Claus.
Hansen, Fanny.
Heininan, Wendis.
Hervonen, Helga and child.
Haas, Alaisa.
Hakkurainen, Elin.
Hakkurainen, Pekka.
Hankomen, Eluna.
Hansen, Henry.
Hendekovic, Ignaz.
Hickkinen, Laina.
Holm, John.
Hadman, Oscar.
Haglund, Conrad.
Haglund, Invald.
Henriksson, Jenny.
Hillstrom, Hilda.
Holten, Johan.

I.

Ing, Hen.
Iemenen, Manta.
Ilmakangas, Pista.
Ilmakangas, Ida.
Ilieff, Kriste.
Ilieff, Ylio.
Ivanoff, Kanie.

J.

Johnson, A., and family.
Jamila, Nicola, and child.
Jenymin, Annie.
Johnstone, W.
Joseph, Mary.
Jeannasr, Hanna.
Johannessen, Berdt.
Johannessen, Elias.
Johansen, Nils.
Johanson, Oscar.
Johansson, Gustav.
Jonkoff, Lazar.
Johnson, Elis, and family.
Johnson, Jakob.
Johnsson, Nils.

Jansen, Carl.
Jardin, Jose.
Jansen, Hans.
Johansson, Eric.
Jussila, Eric.
Jutel, Henry.
Johnsson, Carl.
Jusila, Kathina.
Juslia, Maria.

K.

Keefe, Arthur.
Kassen, Houssein.
Karum, Franz, and child.
Kelly, Anna.
Kelly, James.
Kennedy, John.
Kerane, Andy.
Kelley, James.
Keeni, Fahim.
Khalil, Lahia.
Kiernan, Philip.
Kiernan, John.
Kilgannon, Theodore.
Kakic, Tido.
Karajis, Milan.
Karkson, Einar.
Kalvig, Johannes.
King, Vincenz, and family.
Kallio, Nikolai.
Karlson, Nils.
Klasson, Klara, and two children.

L.

Lovell, John.
Lob, William.
Lobb, Cordelia.
Lester, James.
Lithman, Simon.
Leonard, I.
Lemberopolous, P.
Lakarian, Orsen.
Lane, Patrick.
Lennon, Dennis.
Lam, Ah.
Lam. Len.
Lang, Fang.
Ling, Lee.
Lockyer, Edward.
Latife, Maria.
Lennon, Mary.
Linehan, Michael.
Leinenen, Antti.
Lindell, Edward.
Lindell, Elin.
Lindqvist, Vine.
Larson, Viktor.
Lefebre, Frances and family.
Lindblom, August.
Lulic, Nicola.
Lundal, Hans.
Lundstrom, Jan.
Lyntakoff, Stanka.
Landegren, Aurora.
Laitinen, Sofia.
Larsson, Bengt.
Lasson, Edward.
Lindahl, Anna.
Lundin, Olga.
Linehan, Michael.

M.

Moore, Leonard.
Mackay, George.
Meek, Annie.
Mikalsen, Sander.
Miles, Frank.
Miles, Frederick.
Morley, William.
McNamee, Neal.
McNamee, Ellen.
Meanwell, Marian.
Meo, Alfonso.
Maisner, Simon.
Murdlin, Joseph.
Moor, Belle.
Moor, Meier.
Maria, Joseph.
Mantour, Mousea.
Moncarek, Omine, and two children.
McElroy, Michael.
McGowan, Katherine.
McMahon —.
McMahon, Martin.
Madigan, Maggie.
Manion, Margaret.
Mechan, John.
Mocklare, Ellis.
Moran, James.
Mulvihill, Bertha.
Murphy, Kate.
Mikahen, John.
Melkebuk, Philomen.
Merms, Leon.
Midtsjo, Carl.
Myhrman, Oliver.
Myster, Anna.
Makinen, Kale.
Mustafa, Nasr.
Mike, Anna.
Mustmans, Fatina.
Martin, Johan.
Malinoff, Nicola.
McCoy, Bridget.
Markoff, Martin.
Marinko, Dimitri.
Mineff, Ivan.
Minkoff, Iazar.
Mirko, Dika.
Mitkoff, Nitto.
Moen, Sigurd.

N.

Nancarror, William.
Nomagh, Robert.
Nakle, Trotik.
Nosworthy, Richard.
Naughton, Hannah.
Norel, Manseur.
Niels, ——.
Nillson, Herta.
Nyoven, Johan.
Naidenoff, Penke.
Nankoff, Minko.
Nedelic, Petroff.
Nenkoff, Christe.
Nilson, August.
Nirva, Isak.
Nandewalle, Nestor.

O.

O'Brien, Dennis.
O'Brien, Hanna.
O'Brien, Thomas.
O'Donnell, Patrick
Odele, Catherine.
O'Connoy, Patrick.
O'Neill, Bridget.
Olsen, Carl.
Olsen, Ole.
Olson, Elin.
Olson, John.
Ortin, Amin.
Odahl, Martin.
Olman, Velin.
Olsen, Henry.
Olman, Mara.
Olsen, Elide.
Orescovic, Teko.

P.

Pedruzzi, Joseph.
Perkin, John.
Pearce, Ernest.
Peacock, Treesteall, and two children.
Potchett, George.
Peterson, Marius.
Peters, Katie.
Paulsson, Alma, and family.
Panula, Mari, and family.
Pekonami, E.
Peltomaki, Miheldi.
Pacruic, Mate.
Pacruic, Tamo.
Pastche, Petroff.
Pletcharsky, Vasil.
Palovic, Vtefo.
Petranec, Matilda.
Person, Ernest.
Pasic, Jacob.
Planks, Jules.
Peterson, Ellen.
Peterson, Olaf.
Peterson, Wohn.

R.

Rouse, Richard.
Rush, Alfred.
Rogers, William.
Reynolds, Harold.
Riordan, Hannah.
Ryan, Edward.
Rainch, Razi.
Roufoul, Aposetun.
Read, James.
Robins, Alexander.
Robins, Charity.
Risian, Samuel.
Risian, Emma.
Runnestvet, Kristian.
Randeff, Alexandre.
Rintamaki, Matti.
Rosblon, Helen, and family.
Ridegain, Charles.

S.

Sadowitz, Harry.
Saundercock, W.
Shellark, Frederick.
Sage, John and family.
Sawyer, Frederick.
Spinner, Henry.
Shorney, Charles.
Sarkis, Lahound.
Sultani, Meme.
Stankovic, Javan.
Salini, Antoni.
Seman, Betros.
Sadlier, Matt.
Scanlon, James.
Shaughnessay, P.
Simmons, John.
Serota, Maurice.
Sommerton, F.
Slocovski, Selmen.
Sutchall, Henry.
Sather, Simon.
Storey, T.
Spector, Woolf.
Sirayman, Peter.
Samaan, Jouseef.
Saiide, Barbara.
Saad, Divo.
Sarkis, Madiresian.
Shine, Ellen.
Sullivan, Bridget.
Salander, Carl.
Sepelelanaker, Alfons.
Skog, William and family.
Solvang, Lena.
Strangberg, Ida.
Strilik, Ivan.
Salonen, Ferner.
Sivic, Husen.
Svenson, Ola.
Svenst, ——.
Sandman, Mohan.
Saljilsvick, Anna.
Schelp, Peter.
Sihvola, Antti.
Slabenoff, Peter.
Staneff, Ivan.
Stoytcho, Mikoff.
Stoytehoff, Illa.
Sydcoff, Todor.
Sandstrom, Agnes and two children.
Sheerlinch, Joan.
Smiljanik, Mile.
Strom, Elma, and child.
Svensson, John.
Swensson, Edwin.

T.

Tobin, Roger.
Thomson, Alex.
Theobald, Thomas
Tomlin, Ernest.
Thorneycroft, P.
Thorneycroft, F.
Torber, Ernest.
Trembisky, Berk.
Tiley, Edward.
Tamini, Hilion.
Tannans, Daper.
Thomas, John.
Thomas, Charles.
Thomas, Tannous.
Tumin, Thomas, and infant.
Tikkanen, Juho.
Tonglin, Gunner.
Turoin, Stefan.
Turgo, Anna.
Tedoreff, Ialie.

U.

Usher, Haulmer.
Uzelas, Jose.

V.

Vander and family.
Vereuysse, Victor.
Vjoblon, Anna.
Vaclens, Adulle.
Vandersteen, Leo.
Vanimps, Jacob, and family.
Vatdevehde, Josep.

W.

Williams, Harry.
Williams, Leslie.
Ware, Frederick.
Warren, Charles.
Waika, Said.
Wazli, Jousef.
Wiseman, Philip.
Werber, James.
Windelor, Einar.
Weller, Edward.
Wennerstrom, August.
Wendal, Olaf.
Wistrom, Hans.
Wiklund, Jacob.
Wiklund, Carl.
Wenzel, Zinhart.
Wirz, Albert.
Wittewrongel, Camille.

Y.

Youssef, Brahim.
Yalsevac, Ivan.

Z.

Zakarian, Mapri.
Zievens, Rene.
Zimmerman, Leo.

OFFICIAL LIST OF PASSENGERS RESCUED.

The following is the official list of passengers rescued by the Carpathia and taken to New York :

FIRST CABIN

A.

Anderson, Harry.
Appleton, Mrs. E. W.
Alison, Master, and nurse.
Allison, maid of.
Andrews, Miss K. T. (Miss Cornelia I.?)
Allen, Miss E. W.
Astor, Mrs. John Jacob, and maid.
Aubert, Mrs. N., and maid.

B.

Behr, Karl.
Bucknell, Mrs. William and maid.
Barkworth, Mr. A. H.
Bowerman, Miss E.
Brown, Mrs. J. J.
Burns, Miss C. M.
Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. D. (Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson Bisley).
Blank, Mr. H.
Baxter, Mrs. Jas.
Brayton, Geo. A.
Bonnell, Miss Caroline.
Bonnell, Miss Eliz.
Brown, Mrs. J. Murray.
Bowen, Miss Grace I.
Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. R. L.

C.

Cardeza, Mrs. J. W., and maid.
Cassebere, Mrs. H. A., Jr.
Clarke, Mrs. W. M.
Chibnail, Mrs. H.
Crosby, Mrs. E. G.
Crosby, Miss H.
Cardell, Mrs. Churchill.
Calderhead, E. P.
Cavendish, Mrs. Turrell, and maid.
Chaffee, Mrs. H. L.
Cardeza, Mr. Thos.
Cummings, Mrs. J. B.
Chevre, Mr. Paul.
Cherry, Miss Gladys.
Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. N. C.
Carter, Mr. and Mrs. W. F.
Carter, Miss Lucille P.
Carter, Master Wm. T.
Cornell, Mrs. Robt. C.

D.

Douglass, Mrs. Fred C.
De Villiers, Mme.
Daly, Mr. P. D.
Daniel, Mr. Robt. W.
Davidson, Mrs. Thornton.
Douglass, Mrs. Walter, and maid.
Dodge, Mr. Washington.
Dodge, Mrs. Washington, and son.
Dick, Mr. and Mrs. A. A.
Drachstedt, Mr. A.
Duff-Gordon, Sir Cosmo.
Duff-Gordon, Lady.

E.

Endress, Miss Caroline (Mrs.?)
Earnshaw, Mrs. Boulton.
Eustis, Miss Eliz. M.

F.

Flegenheim, Miss Antoinette.
Francatelli, Miss M.
Flynn, Mr. J. I.
Fortune, Miss Alice.
Fortune, Miss Ethel.
Fortune, Mrs. Mark,
Fortune, Miss Mabel.
Fraunethal, Mr. and Mrs. Hy. W.
Frauenthal, Mr. and Mrs. I. G.
Frolicher, Mr. and Max.
Frolicher, Miss Margaret.
Futrelle, Mrs. Jacques.

G.

Gracie, Col. Archibald.
Graham, Mrs. Wm.
Graham, Miss.
Gibson, Miss Dorothy.
Goldenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel.
Greenfield, Mrs. Lee D
Greenfield, Mr. W. B.
Gibson, Mrs. Leonard.

H.

Haven, Mr. H.
Nippach, Mrs. Ida S.
Hippach, Miss Jean
Harris, Mrs. H. B.
Holverson, Mrs. Alex.
Hogebloom, Mrs. J. C.
Hawksford, Mr. W. L.
Harper, Mrs. H. S.
Harper, Mr. Henry S., and manservant.
Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M.
Harder, Mr. and Mrs. George.
Hays, Mrs. Chas. M.
Hays, Miss Margaret B

I.

Ismay, Mr. J. Bruce.

K.

Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. E. M.
Kenyon, Mrs. F. A.
Krenchen, Miss Emile. (F. R. ?)

L.

Longley, Miss G. F.
Leader, Mrs. F. A.
Lines, Mrs. Ernest.
Lines, Miss Mary C.
Lindstrom, Mrs. Sigfrid.

M.

Meyer, Mrs. E. G.
Madill, Miss G. A.
Maloney, Mrs. R. (Marvin?), Mrs. D. W.
Marechell, Pierre, Mr.
Minahan, Mrs. Wm. E.
Minahan, Miss Daisy.
Mock, Mr. Philip E.
McGough, Mr. Jas.

N.

Newell, Miss Marjorie (Miss Alice?).
Newell, Miss Madeline.
Newson, Miss Helen M.

O.

Ostby, Miss Helen.
Ormond, Mr. F.

P.

Penasco, Mrs. Joseph, (Victor?).
Potter, Mrs. Thos. J.
Peuchen, Major Arthur
Pears, Mrs. Thomas.
Perreault, Mrs. A.

R.

Rothschild, Mrs. Marton.
Rosenbaum, Miss Edith
Rheims, Mr. George.
Rothes, Countess of.
Roberts, Mrs. E. S.
Rolmane, Mr. C.
Ryerson, Mr. J. B.
Ryerson, S. R., Miss
Ryerson, Miss Emily.
Ryerson, Mrs. Arthur.

S.

Stone, Mrs. Geo. M. and maid.
Seward, Mr. Fred. K.
Shutes, Miss E.
Sloper, Mr. Wm. T.
Swift, Mrs. F. Joel.
Schaber, Mrs. Paul.
Spedden, Robert Douglass.
Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. John.
Silverhorn, Mr. R. Spencer.
Saalfeld, Mr. Adolf.
Smith, Mrs. Lucien P.,
Stephenson, Mrs. W. B.
Solomon, Mr. Abraham.
Silvey, Mrs. Wm. B.
Stengle, Mr. and Mrs., C. E. H.
Spencer, Mrs. W. A. and maid.
Slayter, Miss Hilda.
Spedden, Mr. and Mrs. F. O.
Straus's, maid of

T.

Thayer, Mrs. J. B., and maid.
Thayer, J. B., Jr.
Taussig, Miss Ruth.
Taussig, Mrs. E.
Taylor, E. Z.
Taylor, Mrs. E.
Tucker, Gilbert M., Jr.
Thorne, Mrs. Gertrude

W.

Woolner, Hy.
Williams, Rich. M., Jr.
Warren, Mrs. F. M.
Wilson, Miss Helen A.
Willard, Miss C.
Wick, Mrs. George.
Wick, Miss Mary.
Widener, Mrs. George D., and maid.
White, Mrs. J. Stewart, and maid.
Widener, Valet G.

Y.

Young, Miss Marie G.

SECOND CABIN

Angle, Mrs.
Abelson, Mrs. Hanna.
Abbott, Mrs. Rosa.
Argenia, Mrs. Genovia, and two children.

Balls, Mrs Ada E.
Bass, Miss Kate.
Becker, Mrs. A. O., and three children.
Beane, Mr. Edward.
Beane, Mrs.
Brown, Mildred.
Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth
Bentham, Lillian W.
Bystron, Karolina.
Bryhl, Dagmar,
Beesley, Mr. L.

Clark, Mrs. Ada.
Cameron, Miss Clara.
Caldwell, Albert F.
Caldwell, Mrs Sylvan.
Caldwell, Infant Alden
Christy, Alice.
Christy, Julia,
Collet, Stuart (Mr.).
Collyer, Mrs. Charlotte
Collyer, Miss Marjorie
Doling, Mrs. Ada.
Doling, Miss Elsie
Drew, Mrs. Lulu and child.
Davis, Mrs. Agnes.
Davis, Miss Mary.
Davis, John M.
Duran, Florentine.
Duran, Miss A.

Faunthorpe, Mrs. Lizz.

Garside, Ethel.

Hart, Mrs. (Esther).
Hart, Child, (Eva)
Harris, George.
Hewlett, Mrs. Mary.
Harper, Nana.
Hold, Mrs. A.
Hosno, Mr. Masabumi.
Hocking, Mrs. and daughter.
Herman, Mrs. Jane
Herman, Miss Kate,
Herman, Miss Alice
Hamlia, Mrs. H. and child.
Hoffman, Lolo.
Hoffman, Lues.
Ilett, Bertha,

Jacobson, Mrs. Amy,
Jerman, Mrs. M.

Keane, Miss Nora A.
Kelly, Mrs. F.
Kemton, Mirriam.
Leitch, Jessie,
Laroche, Mrs.
Laroche, Miss Simmome.
Laroche, Miss Louise.
Lehman, Bertha.
Lauch, Mrs. A.
Lamore, Amelia.

Mellinger, Eliz.
Mellinger, Child.
Marshall, Mrs. Kate.
Mallet, Mrs.
Mallett, Master R. E
Mellers, W. J.
Mussa or Nesser, Mrs.

Nye, Elizabeth.

Oxenham, Thomas.

Phillips, Alice.
Pallas, Mrs. Emilio (?)
Padro, Mr. Julian.
Pinsky, Rosa.
Portaluppi, Emilio.
Parish, Mrs. David.
Quick, Mrs. Jane.
Quick, Miss Vera.
Quick, Miss Phyllis.

Rinaldo, Mrs. Emcarmacion.
Ridsdale, Lucy.
Renouf, Mrs. Lily.
Rugg, Miss Emily.
Richards, Emily, and two children.
Rogers, Miss Selina.

Sincock, Miss Maude.
Smith, Miss Marion.
Silven, Lylle.
Simpson, Alma.

Toney, Miss.
Trent, Mrs. Jessie.
Trout, Miss E.

Williams, C. Chas.
Weitz, Mrs. (Mathilda)
Webber, Miss Susie.
Wright, Miss Marion.
Watt, Mrs. Bessie.
Watt, Miss Bertha.
West, Mrs.
West, Miss Constance.
West, Miss Barbara.
Wells, Addie.
Wells, Miss.
Wells, Master.
Ware, Mrs. Florence.
Whilems, Chas.
Water, Nellie.
Woolcroft, Nellie.

THIRD CLASS STEERAGE

Anderson, Emma.
Aks, Leah.
Aks, Fily.
Abrahamson, August.
Asplund, John.
Abelseth, Olaus.
Abelseth, Koran.
Asplund, Selina.
Asplund, William.
Asplund, Felix.
Assay, Marion.
Ajul, Bemora.
Anderson, Carla.

Brien, Hanno O.
Buckley, Daniel.
Bradley, Bridget.
Badman, Emily.
Bockstrom, Mary.
Bolos, Monthora.
Bakline, Latifa.
Bakline, Marie.
Bakline, Eugene.
Bakline, Helena.

Coutts, Winnie.
Coutts, William.
Coutts, Veville.
Carr, Ellen.
Colier, Gosham,
Cribb, Laura.
Cassen, Nassef.
Connelly Kate.

Dorkings, Edward.
Driscoll, Bridget.
Daly, Eugene.
Devincy, Margaret.
Draplin, Jennie.
Dean, Ettie.
Dean, Bertram.
Dean, Gladys.
Davidson, Mary.
Dahl, Charles.
Daly, Marcella.
Dardell, Elizabeth.
Dyker, Elizabeth.
Darawich, Hassin.
Darawich, George.
Darawich, Marian.
Dugennon, Joseph.

Emanuel, Ethel.

Fastaman, David.
Frithjof, Mathesen.
Fatnai- Ermaculmam.

Glynn, Mary.
Goldsmith, Emily.
Goldsmith, Frank.
Gallinagh, Kate.
Gunner Tonjlon.

Hyman, Abraham.
Howard, Mary.
Hokkarmer, Ellen.
Hermen, Hilda.
Hanson, Jenny.
Hedman, Oscar.
Hamann, Merris.
Hillsbrom, Hilda.
Hakanen, Line.
Hankonen, Elena.

Jelscrac, Ivar.
Jermyn, Annie.
Johansen, Oscar.
Joseph, Katherine.
Joseph, Mary.
Jenson, Carl.
Johanson, Berendt.
Johanson, Oscar L.
Johnson, Alice.
Johnsen, Eleanora.
Johnsen, Harold.
Joseph, Mary.
Jousef, Shanin.
John, Borah.
Janson, Carl.
Jonsila, Eric.
Kelly, Annie.
Kelly, Mary.
Kockoven, Erichan.
Kennedy, John.
Kink, Anton.
Kink, Louisa.
Kink, Louisa.
Kurum, Franz.
Kurum, Anna.
Karlson, Einac.
Lindin, Olga.
Lundstrom, Imric.
Lundegren, Aurora.
Lulu, Newlin.

Mulder, Theodor De.
Moran, Bertha.
Madigan. Maggie.
Mechlane, Ellen.
McDermott, Delia.
Marion, Margaret.
Murphy, Maggie.
Murphy, Kate.
Moor, Neuna.
Moor, Belle.
Mulvehill, Bertha.
McCoy, Bernard.
Mullen, Kate.
Murphy, Norah.
Midtago, Carl.
Moss, Albert.
Messenacker, Arcina.
Monbarck, Annie.
Monbarck, Gurio.
Monbarck, Halim.
McCormack, Thos.
McCoy, Agnes.
McCarthy, Kate.
McCoy, Alice.
McGovan, Mary.
McGovan, Annie.
Nelson, Bertha.
Nzsten, Annan.
Nelson, Helmina.
Nicola, Jancole.
Nicola, Elias.
Neckard, Said.
Neckard, Wodar.
Neckard, Marim.
Nigel, Joseph.
Niskanan, John.

O'Dwyer, Nellie.
O'Keefe, Patrick.
O'Leary, Norah.
Olsen, Archer.
Olman. Vilm.
Osman, Mara.

Person, Ernes.

Ryan, Edward.
Reardon, Hannah.
Roth, Sarah.

Schurlich, Jane.
Sap, Jules.
Sunderland, Victor.
Shina, Ellen.
Smyth, Julian.
Stanley, Amig.
Sevenson, Servin.
Sundman, Julian.
Sjoblom, Annie.
Sandstrom, Agnes.
Sandstrom, Margaret.
Sandstrom, Beatrice.
Salkjelsock, Anna.
Scunda, Famimi.
Scunda, Assed.
Strand, Jahs.

Thornycroft, Florence.
Treunbisky, Buk.
Turnqu, Wm. H.
Turgen, Ann.
Turkala, Hevig.

Vagie, Adele Jane.
Winnerstrom, Amy E.
Wilkes, Ellen.
Yeslick. Salamy.
Zuni, Fabim.

Luigi, Finoli.
Ah Lam.
Bing Lee
Tang Lang.
Hee Lang.
Chip Chang.
Foo Chang.
Stachelm, Mr. Max.
Simonius, Mr. Alfon.

Date Due

Jun6'34			
Jun19'34			
Mar15'35			
May13'35			
JUL 28 1964			
JAN 2 ENT'D			
JUL 1 0			

G -2- 01459
530
T6M7
Mowbray, Jay Henry
AUTHOR
Sinking of the Titanic
TITLE

G Mowbray 01459
530
T6M7